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Vol. 2

# HERALDIC ANOMALIES;

OR,

*John Haycock*

## RANK CONFUSION

IN OUR

# ORDERS OF PRECEDENCE.

WITH

## DISQUISITIONS,

MORAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND HISTORICAL, ON

ALL THE EXISTING ORDERS OF

## SOCIETY.

BY

IT MATTERS NOT *WHO*.

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci  
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*

HORACE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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第 一 章 概 論

一

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## ESQUIRES AND GENTLEMEN.

BELOW the rank of Nobility, and titles *personal* or *official*, it has ever been difficult to assign the proper steps and degrees of worth and precedence. The times are past for adjusting such matters by a "*Were*" or "*Weregeld*," which was the name given to the *fine* paid by our ancestors, for causing the *death* of any person, and which was supposed to express the *comparative value* of the *life lost*, and to be paid accordingly to the relations of the deceased, for the injury they had sustained. There were for instance, as our antiquarians tell us, very different fines exacted for "*Twelf-hinds*," "*Six-hinds*," and "*Twihinds*." The "*Were*" of a *Twelfhind*, was (as the terms import) double that of a *Sixhind*, and equal to that of six Ceorls or *Twihinds*. Their wives were estimated according to similar rates, as *Cyrlisca's*, *Sexhinda's*, and *Twelfhinha's*. These "*weres*" had respect to more offences than the

deprivation of life. The violation of female purity was subjected to fines, in proportion to the rank of the Lady, while the beards of the men were under similar protection. The *virtue* of a *Cyrlisca*, and the *beard* of the *Ceorl*, were estimated at a very low rate, while a man might be *ruined* for offending the chastity of a *Twelfthinda*, or applying a pair of scizzars to the chin of a *Twelfthind*.

But, as I said before, these times are past ! To the credit of our modern system of Jurisprudence, the *life*, the *virtue*, and the *beards* of our most ordinary plebeians are estimated as high as those of the greatest of our nobility. As to the law of murder in particular, it is the same whether we slay a Duke or a Chimney-sweeper. A Spanish soldier once, who had run away in the heat of a battle, very gravely assigned the following reason for what he had done, to the officer who reproached him for his cowardice. " I had *rather*," said he, " to tell you the *real truth*, that *ten Grandees* had been killed than *I myself*." And yet upon the principle of the " Weregeld," the life of a common soldier would not have been valued at so much as the fiftieth part of the life of *one Grandee* !

But to return to our *Saxon* ancestors. There seem to have been about four ranks or degrees below that of Earls, which was the chief title of Nobility. *Twelf-hinds*, *Six-hinds*, *Twihinds* or *Ceorls*; and perhaps *Villans* made a fourth.

I know not where school-boys learned their four degrees of "*Gentleman, Apothecary, Plough-boy, Thief.*" But I think the two latter at least must have come from the Saxons, or some of our feudal ancestors. The *Ploughboy* possibly might represent all the *mercenarii* of the feudal *desmesnes*, or *Rustici*, enumerated in little *Dooms-day* book, as the *Porcarii*, *bovarii*, (herdsmen, bovers french, *boors* in short,) *Vaccarii*, *Cotarii*, *Bordarii*, and so forth. The latter have been thought to be connected with *ploughs*, from the following entry; Terra x bon. ibi iii bord' et I *Caruca*. (Heywood on ranks) *Caruca* I suppose being the same as the French *Charrue*.

In regard to the *rank* of *Thief*, it would seem that there was such a *degree*, for by the laws of Athelstan, whoever was not subject or amenable to some particular *lord* or feudal chief, was accounted a *thief*, and to be dealt with as such; "pro *Fure* eum capiat quisquis in eum incidit."

Of the rank and dignity of an *Apothecary*, I

have said something elsewhere, but who in these days can attempt to define the rank of a *Gentleman*? It is singular enough, but scarcely anybody seems to like to be a *Gentleman*. If he is at all above a Ploughboy and a Thief, he must needs be an *Esquire*. The term *Gent.* after a name, is pretty generally held to be a sort of degradation, a peculiarity however, which on looking into the *Spectator*, I find to be not so modern as I at first apprehended.—See the excellent Letter on Family Genealogy, No. 612.

A curious trial took place not very long ago, to determine whether a particular person were a *Gentleman* or not? it arose out of the following circumstances. A match had been made to run some horses which were to be ridden by *Gentlemen*—on the day appointed the race took place, and was won by a horse, ridden by a person of upwards of seventy years of age, an old sportsman, but who, according to the feelings (not to say prejudices) of the other parties, did not come up to *their* ideas of a *Gentleman*. The prize therefore was disputed, and the dispute brought into open court; I was not present at the trial, but the report of it soon after passed through my hands, and though I cannot undertake to give it exactly, some circumstances struck me so for-

cibly, that I believe I may venture to vouch for their truth. Those who had made the match, and some who rode, were young men of very large fortunes, and to mend the matter M.P.'s, which being interpreted means, *Members of Parliament*. They were of course, all subpoenaed as witnesses on the trial.

Unfortunately, the cause did not come on so soon as was expected, and after all, in the *evening* of the day of trial, at an hour when all the young M.P. witnesses, having finished their libations at the hotel, came into Court by no means so sober as the Judge. They came in also just as they had ridden into the town in the morning, *booted, spurred, splashed, and dirty*. Vexed at having been kept waiting longer than they expected, and impatient to be gone, they behaved very rudely to the *Judge*, the *Jury*, and the *Counsel* for the defendant. The latter, who rose afterwards to one of the highest stations in Westminster Hall, and to the dignity of the Peerage, began with very gravely stating to the Court, that he was afraid he must throw up his brief, for that though he came into Court fully persuaded that his client was a *Gentleman*, he now despaired, from what he saw, of being able

to prove him so, for as the other parties, from the very nature of the case, must be presumed to be, beyond all dispute, *proper Gentlemen*, he could only proceed in the way of *comparison*. He was therefore afraid to call the attention of the Judge and Jury to the manners and appearance of *those Gentlemen*, because if *they* exhibited proper specimens of the conduct and character of a *real Gentleman*, his *Client* was decidedly *not* one.

That *his* habits of life, for instance, were of that *temperate* and *sober* cast, that nothing he was sure would have induced him, (but especially at such a time) to drink to such excess, as to stupefy his understanding, and bewilder his senses, which was evidently the condition of all the *Gentlemen* in the *witnesses' box*. Had his *Client* been to attend personally, he was confident he would have felt such an *awe* and respect for the Court in general, as well as for the laws and public institutions of his country, as to have suffered his tongue to be cut out, rather than utter such speeches as had been so recently addressed to the Judge, the Jury, and himself, by the *Gentlemen* who appeared *against* him. His client was a man so attentive to all matters of established decorum, that it was most likely, that if

he had been called to appear before the Court, he would have been seen there in *decent, clean, and comely* apparel, not in *dirty boots, and dirty shirts, and dirty breeches*, like the *Gentlemen* then before them.

To judge therefore from appearances, and in comparing his client with the "*Gentlemen*" who disputed his right to that appellation, he was afraid he must give way upon those three points, inasmuch as being *sober, civil, and cleanly*, he could not be *such a Gentleman* as *they* were.

But there were other traits in his client's character, which he was afraid, upon comparison with the characters and habits of the *Gentlemen* before them, might tend still farther to degrade him in their eyes. His fortune for instance, was *small*, not exceeding a few hundreds a year, but, *entirely unencumbered*, which he was apprehensive would be thought not *gentlemanlike* by many persons of much larger fortunes; nor yet his mode of *spending* his income, for he *never went beyond it*; never squandered any portion of it in *idle, useless, and unnecessary* expences; never *gambled* with it; never *ran in debt*. He bred up his family, (three daughters and a son,) in a *plain and frugal* manner. He was careful to set them

the example of a *moral* and *religious* life. He *hallowed* the *sabbath*, and gave rest to all dependent on him, both man and *beast*. He was careful above all things, not to travel on a Sunday, to the disturbance of the rest of others, and profanation of the Lord's Day; in fine, however *ungentlemanlike* it might appear to the opposite party, he did not wish to conceal from the court, that his client was in all respects a *good Christian*, a *good husband*, a *good father*, a *good master*, a *good neighbour*, and a *good friend*!—for, *after all*, it was *friendship* alone, that had brought him into the predicament in which he now stood. *Friendship* not for the living, but the *dead*. It was entirely in consequence of an *old promise* to a *dead friend*, that at 70 years of age, he had acceded to the proposal of his friend's *son*, to ride the race. He need not go further into particulars; he had stated these things exactly as they were, for the information of the Court. What effect they might produce, he could not pretend to judge; there were those present, who seemed to say, that a person of this description did not come up to *their ideas* of a *Gentleman*; it would remain with the Court and Jury to say whether he came up to *their*

ideas of such a character. I am happy to have to record, that this worthy person so described was in the fullest manner allowed by the Judge and the Jury to be a proper *English Gentleman*, to the great satisfaction of a most crowded hall, who hailed the decision with the loudest acclamations !

Though the *title* of *Gentleman* has thus been solemnly placed upon so respectable a footing, and though there is nothing upon which men more pride themselves than that of passing for *Gentlemen*, yet as I said before, they do not like to be *formally denominated* such.

It seems to be the fashion to consider A. B. *Esquire*, as many degrees above A. B. *Gent.*—and this has had the effect of rendering the *former* title too common. Upon which I shall have more to say hereafter. At present I shall go on with what I have to observe upon the term *Gentleman*. One definition of a *Gentleman* amongst us, is that of being able to “live without manual labour.” All such are said to be Gentlemen in England ; and perhaps this is as good a description as any we could have. It *excludes* all who *are* dependent upon manual labour for their maintenance, and *includes* every body else, how-

ever distinguished in other particulars. *Selden* acknowledges that it is a title, concerning which writers of all countries have disputed. The author of an "Historical and critical History on the true rise of Nobility, political and civil," observes, that in the question of Nobility, not only the ignorant, but even the learned also much err, whilst they agree not upon the proper signification of the six following words; *Eugenia*, *Nobilitas*, *Generosus*, *Nobilis*, *Ingenuus*, *Gentilis*, which he renders, "Honor of birth, Nobility, a Gentleman, a Nobleman, a man free born, a Gentleman." We have here therefore two words signifying Gentleman, *Generosus* and *Gentilis*; but it seems to bring us no nearer to the mark, as the author himself indeed tells us; for learned men (says he) still differ about them both. The odd thing is, that the less we attempt to explain it, the more it seems to have in it. If we go to explain it, it seems *distinct from*, and *inferior to*, the term *Nobleman*; but yet there is not a *Nobleman* upon earth probably who would not resent being told that he was *not* a *Gentleman*. *Gentilis* and *Nobilis* were used by the ancients nearly in the same sense, and we read that Henry VI. created one Bernard Auquin a *Gentleman*, by the

term *Nobilitamus*. Francis the First of France is reported to have commonly used the asseveration, "Foi de *Gentilhomme*." He had once asserted something to one of his courtiers, "Foi de *Roi*," which the latter did not appear to believe. Francis perceiving this, said, "Foi de *Gentilhomme*," and the courtier was perfectly satisfied.

"What a Gentleman is," says Selden in his Table-talk, "it is hard for us to define; in other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the Court of Honor, he that has arms. The *King* cannot make a Gentleman of *blood*, (what have you said?) nor *God Almighty*; but he can make a Gentleman by *creation*. If you ask which is the better of these two? *civilly*, the Gentleman of *blood*; *morally*, the Gentleman by *creation* may be better; for the other may be a debauched man, this a Gentleman of worth."

"In the beginning of Christianity," says the same author, "the Fathers writ contra *Gentes*, and contra *Gentiles*. They were all one; but after all were Christians. The better sort of people still retained the name of *Gentiles* throughout the four provinces of the Roman Empire;

as *Gentilhomme* in French; *Gentilhuomo* in Italian; *Gentilhuombre* in Spanish, and *Gentleman* in English." But I question the fact; for Cicero I apprehend in his topics, had given us the true meaning of the term *Gentilis*, as it enters into the composition of the above terms long before the *Fathers* wrote; whereas the *Gentiles* of the latter were plainly the *heathen nations*.—the Greek  $\epsilon\theta\nu\nu$ —the Hebrew *Goïm*. Cicero's *Gentiles* were indeed *proper Gentlemen, well-born and free-born, of a good stock and kindred, and in all cases above the state of servitude*. I think it is scarcely necessary to look for any better derivation of the term. *Gentilis* in the other sense, would be in the common language of Rome a *barbarian*, in the language of the Church a *heathen*.

As I have in another place shewn that according to the Heralds, *Adam* was the first *Nobleman*, and *Olibion, Japhet's* descendant, the first *Knight!* I shall here add some extracts from a book of singular eminence, to shew that one of the first *Gentlemen* was even *Lucifer*, the Arch-angel!!

Extracts from the third Part of that very curious work, the *Boke of St. Alban's*, 1486, so

scarce even in the days of *Shakspeare*, as to require to be set forth in a new form by *Gervase Markham*, 1595, as “*absolutely necessary and behovefull to the accomplishment of the Gentlemen of this flourishing ile, in the heroical and excellent study of armory.*” The extracts I give are from the *original*.

“Insomuch thatt all gentilness commys of *God of hevyn*, at hevyn I will begin, where were V orderis of Aungelis, and now stand but IV, in *cote armoris* of knowlege encrowned ful hye with precious stones, where *Lucifer* with miliory’s of Aungelis owt of hevyn fell unto hell and odyr places, and ben holdyn ther in bonage, and all were erected in hevyn of *Gentill* nature. A bondman or a churl wyll say all we be cummyn of *Adam*, so *Lucifer* with his cumpany may say all we be cummyn of *hevyn*.”

Next follows how *Gentilmen* first began on earth, and how they are to be distinguished from *Churles*; or *Gentilmen* from *ungentilmen*.

“Ther was never *Gentilman* nor *Churle* ordeynynd by *kynde*, bothe had *fadre* and *modre*. *Adam* and *Eve* had nother *fadre* nor *modre*, and in the *sonmys* of *Adam* and *Eve* were founde bothe *Gentilman* and *Churle*. By the *sonmys* of

Adam and Eve, (Seth, Abell and Cayn,) devyded was the *royall* blode from the *ungentill*; a brother to sley his brother contrary to law, where might be more *ungentilness*? (What could be more *ungentlemanly* or *vile*? in Markham's edition.) By that dyd *Cayn* become a *churle*, and all his offspring after hym, by cursing of God and his own fadre Adam, and *Seth* was made a *Gentilman* thorow his fadre's and modre's blessing; and of the offsprung of Seth, *Noe* came a *gentilman* by kynde. Among Noah's 3 sons, *Cham*, *Sem* and *Japhet*, the two latter were *Gentilmen*, but Cham a proper *Churle*." I am sorry to say we *Europeans* have to rue this, if the Boke of St. Alban's be correct; for thus is Noe made to curse his son Cham.

" Now to thee I give my curse wycked kaytiff for ever, and I give to thee the *northe* parte of the worlde to drawe thyne habitacion, for ther schall it be, where sorow and care, cold and myschef as a *Churle* thow shalt have, in the thirde parte of the worlde wich schall be calde *Europe*, that is to say, the contre of *Churlyls*.

" Japeth cum hyder my sonne, I made the a *Gentilman* to the *weste* part of the worlde, and to the *occident* end when as welth and grace shall

be so, then thyr habitacion shall be to take that other thirde parte of the worlde, wich schall be calde *Asia*, that is to say, the contre of *Gentilmen*, and Sem my son also, a *Gentilman*, the *oryente* thow shalt take, that other theirde parte of the worlde wich shall be calde *Affrica*, that is to say, the contre of *tempurnes*.

“ Of the offspr yng of the *Gentilman* Japheth come *Habraham*, *Moises*, *Aron*, and the *profettys*, and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that *gentilman* *Jhesus* was borne very God and man; after his manhode kyng of the lorde of *Jude* and of *Jues gentilmen*, by is modre Mary, prynce of cote armure.” In another place we read “ *Criste* was a *Gentylman* of his moder be halve, and bare *cotarmure* of aunseurie.”

This Author or *Authoress*, (for it seems doubtful who actually wrote this third part of the Boke of St. Alban's) establishes “ IX artikelis of *Gentilnes*, V of them amorows and iiij soverayn.”

“ The V amorows, lordeli of *cowntenawnce*, treteable in *language*, wyse in *answere*, perfite in *gouvernawnce*, and cherefull to *faythfulness*. The iiij soverayn, boxom to *Goddis byddyng*, know-

ying his own birth in beryng, and to drede his soverayn to offende.”

There be (according to this right admirable book) “ Nyne maner of *Gentylmen*.”

“ There is a *Gentylman* of *auncetre* and of *blode*, and there is a *Gentylman* of *bloode*, ther is a *Gentylman* of *coot armure*, and thos be three, oon of the *kyngis bage*, another of a *lordship*, and the therde is of *kyllyng a saryson*, and ther is a *Gentylman untryall*, and ther is a *Gentylman yprocreset*, and ther is a *Gentylman sperytuall*, and there is also a *Gentylman sperituall* and *temporell*.”

This is certainly a curious specimen of ancient *heraldry*, and seems to preclude all further enquiries concerning the title of *Gentleman*, which as an addition of estate in law, was adjudged to be a *good* addition, under the terms *Gentilis Homo*, in the reign of Edward III. But it could not have been, (one would think,) a *very good* addition, if *Gentilis* meant either a *heathen* or a *barbarian*. I am persuaded we ought to adopt *Cicero's* interpretation of the word. Though there is *still* another derivation of the term *Gentleman*, which I shall just mention, as it seems

to bring the *Gentleman* and the *Esquire* so nearly upon a footing. Towards the declension of the Roman Empire, according to *Ammianus Marcellinus*, there were two companies of brave soldiers, the one called *Gentilium*, and the other *Scutariorum*; the names of *Gentleman* and *Esquire* are supposed to be derived from these. The Gauls, according to *Pasquier*, perceiving that these *Scutarii* and *Gentiles* obtained the best appointments, tenements, &c. became accustomed insensibly to apply the same names, (*Gentil-hommes* and *Ecuyers*,) to such as were most noticed by the Kings.—In the Preface to his *Titles of Honor*, Selden has something upon the subject that should not be omitted. “ He that is both *ευγενης* and *Γενναιος*, *i. e.* both descended from truly noble parentage, and withal following their steps, or adding to the name, is *the GENTLEMAN*, that may lawfully glory in his title. But the ancestors’ Nobility in a *degenerating* issue, gives no more true glory, than Phœbus his name did to Sixtus Quintus.

“ ——— perit omnis in illo  
Nobilitas, cujus laus est in origine sola.”

LUCAN.

Gentlemen in Greece he tells us were called *ευπατριδαι*, *i. e.* descended from worthy parentage, which was noted in the particular names of their noble tribes, as in Athens, *Pandionidæ*, *Acamantidæ*, *Heraclidæ*, &c. To complete their character, there was to be a concurrence of *Γενος*, *παιδεία*, and *χρησων επιδευματων συνηθεια*, birth, education, and continual affectation of good manners. *Generosus* indeed in Latin, was often applied to beasts, trees, fruits, &c. with reference to the *good stock* whence they came. The Dutch have a good word for *Generosus* in this sense, *Wellgeboren*, well-born.

Let these titles of Gentleman and Esquire, however, come from whence they will, they seem to be so confounded in modern use and application, as to be no longer distinguishable. A rich *Tailor* retired from business, is not contented with passing for a *Gentleman*, he must be an *Esquire* also; he becomes both *Armiger* and *Scutifer* too, without the aid of the Heralds, and if he set up his carriage, has his shield and escutcheon, or (what may seem more appropriate,) his *coat* of arms, to paint upon the pannels, as proudly as the Duke of Norfolk. Formerly the heralds or antiquarians used to be at least

applied to, to help these *novi homines*, in their pretensions to Gentility, living or *dead*.

In Walker's History of Independency, is an account of one "Cornelius *Holland*, a Servant of the *Vanes*, who got so much wealth in those days of *mock Gentilism*, as to make him saucy enough to hire William Lilly, and other pamphleteers to derive his pedigree from John *Holland*, Duke of Exeter, although it be known he was originally a link-boy."

In Sir Richard Steele's *Mock-Funeral*, or *Grief Alamode*, there is a good fling at these *soi-disant* Gentlemen or *Esquires*. The Servant of *Sable* the Undertaker is introduced, as saying,

"Sir, I had come sooner, but I went to the Herald's for a coat of arms, for Alderman *Gathergrease*, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow.

"*Sable*. Ah! deuce take some of our cits; the first thing after their death is to take care of their birth. Let him bear a *pair of stockings*, for he is the first of the family that ever wore one."

These things are more easily accomplished at present; (though it must be confessed that at all events, as Hudibras says,

———— An Herald

Can make a Gentleman scarce a year old  
To be descended of a race  
Of ancient Kings in a small space.)

And,

—— For a piece of coin,  
Twist any Name into the line.

At present, *similarity of name* is quite enough to lead any man to conclude *himself* to be a branch of some very ancient or noble stock, and if occasion arise, to assume the arms appropriate to such families, without any appeal to the Heralds' Office; nor would any *Alderman Gathergrease* living in affluence, be without such marks and symbols on his *plate, seals, carriages, &c.* with no higher authority perhaps than his own fancy and conceit. I doubt, nevertheless, whether our modern Heralds, if applied to, are so particular in these things as they should be; for I remember to have seen, over the tobacco-smoked chimney piece, not indeed of any *Alderman Gathergrease*, but of as plain a *Country Bumpkin* as could be found in the whole extent of his Majesty's dominions, in a fine frame, and richly emblazoned, the very *arms* of one of our high and puissant Dukes, which, as he told me, had been actually drawn and prepared at the *Heralds' Office*, as the

proper armorial bearings of the aforesaid Bumpkin; upon his application for his *coat* of arms, on succeeding to a fortune, under a *name*, (with the difference of one letter only,) the *same* as that of the noble Duke. Nor did the Bumpkin fail to consider it, and represent it to his visitors, as a plain proof, that some time or other, his family had been as great as any Duke's in the kingdom, and at all events one with that of the particular Duke, whose arms had been so authoritatively assigned to him; though if you had asked him about his genealogy, he could scarcely have gone back so far as his father's father.

This assigning of arms on the mere ground of a *similarity of names*, is, I think, extremely objectionable, and should be more attended to. The plan of the *stockings* would be better for the distinguishing such *novi Homines*; admitting so easily of *augmentation*, as the family rose higher; so that for instance, if Alderman *Gathergrease* had had a pair of *stockings* assigned him, as being the first of his family who wore them, his next heir might arrive at *boots* and *spurs*, and the family in two or three generations be honored with a *sidelong helmet* as an established ensign of

*Squiralty*—but by *degrees*: not jumping at once into such distinctions, by any accidental coincidence of names; for which the mere index to any book of Heraldry would serve; and often I fancy *does* serve, if the truth were known. Of course, I am not objecting to any assumption of arms, that may have the countenance and support of *genealogy*, as well as *name*; but I think a coincidence of name, without any known claims of kindred, insufficient to warrant the assignment of arms, previously appropriated to noble or ancient families.

In the old and very curious description of Ireland in *Hollinshed*, there is a formal complaint made of the tricks played upon the family of “Girald Fitz-Girald, Erle of Kildare,” much to the purpose. “The corrupt orthographie that divers use in writing this name, doth incorporate it to houses thereto linked in no kindrede. — Some write *Gerolde*, sundry *Geralde*, divers very corruptly *Gerrot*, others *Gerarde*; but the true orthographie is *Giralde*, as may appear by Giraldus Cambrensis and others. Divers estraunge houses have also bene shuffled in among this familie, by sundry Gentlemen christening of their children, and calling them *Gi-*

*raldes*, though their surnames were of other houses, and if after it happened that *Girald* had issue *Thomas, John, Robert*, or such lyke, then they would bear the surname of *Girald*, as *Thomas Fitz-Girald*, and thus within two or three discentes, they shoove themselves among the kindrede of the *Giraldines*. This is a general fault in Ireland and Wales, and a great confusion and extinguishment of houses.”

Perhaps the English have most reason to complain of the *Fitz's* and *Ap's* of Ireland and Wales, inasmuch as they may have been robbed of the credit and glory accruing to some of the first families in both countries; for let the Irish be as proud as they please of their *Fitz-Geralds*, *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who was one of the true race, and who lived in Henry the Second's time, expressly says in his History of Ireland, after sundry encomiums on the *Geraldines*, “this family is English.”

It is but fair I think that we should reclaim these illustrious wanderers, the *Geraldines*, the very heads at this moment of the *Irish Nobility*, especially as even his Grace of Leinster has two strong marks of an Irishman upon him, the *Fitz* in his name, and the *Crom a Boo* in his motto.

If any may dispute the claim of England, the Florentines perhaps have the best right to them. But this by the bye. At all events they were English before they became Irish, how much soever it may offend the pride of the latter, amongst whom we should all have been reckoned mere *churles* or *bobdeaghs*, according to the following curious account in Stanihurst.—“The Irishe-man standeth so much upon his *gentilitie*, that he termeth any one of the English sept, and planted in Irelande *Bobdeagh Ealteagh*, that is English *Churle*; but if he is an Englishman born, then he nameth hym, *Bobdeagh Saxonnegh*, that is, a Saxon *Churle*: so that both are *Churles*, and he the onely Gentleman; and thereupon if the basest peasant of them name hymselfe with hys superior, he will be sure to place hymselfe first, as I and O’Neile, I and you, I and he, I and my master.” According to this statement, a wild Irish peasant (for it is of the wild Irish the historian is speaking) might still be expected to say, I and the Duke of Leinster; for in his origin, the latter is decidedly but a *Bobdeagh Ealteagh*, or English *Churle*, though perhaps His Grace himself may have never thought about it. It is a curious compliment to an English *Churle*,

to be placed at the very head of the Irish *Nobility*. Surely we may mark this as a *wild Irish heraldic anomaly*.

Formerly our Heralds used to be sent out upon *Circuits* by the Earl *Marshal*, to compile, arrange and register *Genealogies*, particularly in the reigns of Henry IV. and his successors. And there appears to have been due and proper provision made, for elevating the deserving, as well as degrading the unworthy. And it affords an admirable proof of the advancement of liberty in this country, to observe that at such visitations, many of *mean origin*, but possessed of *considerable property*, were brought into notice, and procured entries of themselves to be made, (not as the mere *shreds* of some *antiquated coat*) but as the *founders* of *modern families*. This was quite right, supposing their wealth to have been honestly and creditably acquired. It served to break down the distinction between the civil and the military, to raise the commonalty or *third Estate*, (if I may call it so,) consistently with the changes that had taken place, in the decline of the feudal system, extension of commerce, and admission of citizens and burgesses into the National Assembly. And there was so much

strictness and authority in these proceedings, that “to bear anie signes or tokens of armes or devices in escocheons, *targetts*, *banners*, *pennons*, *standard*, or in anie manner of wise at anie time, withowte being authorized so to do by *Clarenceulx*, King of *Arms*, &c. &c.” subjected the offender to imprisonment and fine at the King’s pleasure. Nor were the Heralds allowed to “geve or graunt armes to anie vyle or dishonest occupation in anie wyse.” The fees settled by the Earl Marshal were not exorbitant, which gave a greater facility to this new order of men, to assume their proper rank in society.

To shew the fair, equitable, and creditable grounds upon which the Heralds proceeded, it may not be amiss to transcribe a concession of arms in the time of King *Henry VIII.* (1542) that all may know, what, according to the just principles of Heraldry, is held to constitute a proper English Gentleman or *Armiger*.

“To all crysten people thise present letters seying or herying. I *Chrystofer Barker*, *esquier*, G. K. of armes, &c.—send due and humble commendation, &c.—Equite willeth and reason ordeyneth that vertuose men of commendable disposition be by their *merites* had in perpetuall

memorie for their *good name* and *fame*, and not only all they in their persones in this mortall lyffe so bryeve and transitory, but also after theym all those that of their bodies shall dis-cende and procreate to be in all places of honor and worship emong other noble men to be renowned, reputed, taken and accepted, by shewyng certeyn ensignes and demonstracions of honnour and noblesse, that is to witt of *armes*, *helme*, and *creest*, with their appurtenaunce, to the entent that by their example other men shall the more enforce themselves perseverantly to use their time in honourable werkes and vertuous deeds, for to purchase and get the renoune of ancient nobleness in their lyne and posterite—and therefore I the sayde *Gartier* princypall Kyng of *Armes* of English-men—am verly infourmed and advertised that *Thomas Bell* of Gloucester, *Gentilman*, hath long contynowed in vertue and in all his actes and other his affaires hath right worshipfully guyded and governed himself so that he hath deserved and is well worthy from hensfourth, he and his posteryte to be in all places of honnour and wurship admytted renowned accompted noumbred accepted and receyed into the noumbre and of the company of

other auncyent *Gentilmen*—and therefore by the vertue power and authorite unto myne office, &c. appurteyning, have devysed ordeyned and assigned unto and for the said *Thomas Bell* the *armes helme creest* in maner and fourme following, that is to say, Sylver a *chiveron* betweene iii *hawkes bells* goules. Upon the *chiveron* ii *gymmells* of the fylde a *chief* goules, a *lyeur* betweene ii *martletts* sylver. Upon his creste a *hande* holdyng a *possaxe* asure the *helve* goules the *sleve* goules. The *cuffe* golde sette on a *wrethe* golde and asure the *manteletts* goules lyned sylver, botoned gold.”

I have given the full blazonry of the arms, persuaded that they must be grand enough to encourage any man to “guyde and govern himself right wurshippefully” all the days of his life. 3 *bells*, 2 *Gymmells*, 1 *lyeur* and 2 *Martletts*, a blue *possaxe*, *gold cuffs*, &c. &c. &c.!!

But I shall offer one more specimen of the morality of ancient Heraldry, from Sir *John Ferne's* Works; particularly from the Dialogues introduced between the six following Interlocutors,

*Paradinus*, the *Herald*.

*Torquatus*, a *Knight*.

*Theologus*, a *Divine*.

*Bartholus*, a *Lawyer*.

*Berosus*, an *Antiquary*.

*Collumen*, a *Plowman*.

In one of these *Torquatus* asks *Paradinus*, “Doth your Heraldrie preferre a *new Gentleman*, which by the industrie of his vertues, hath obteyned to be so called, before those of *auncient bloud*?”

To which *Paradinus* the Herald without hesitation replies, “Yea certesse, as touching the verie essentiall substance of noblenesse. If your Gentleman of *bloud* be without vertue, not shewing fourth desert or merit, befitting the place which he possesseth.” The dialogue continues.

*Torquatus*. Should he then be accounted more worthie noble then the other, whose Gentry is confirmed by the succession of many ages? or is it reason that a *new-come* should disturbe him from so auncient a possession wherein his auncestors have lived with fame; when as this sonne of the earth come from an unkowen Generation was in obscuritie? I have heard, that the enheritance of the auncestors Gentry, doth by the lawes, no less appertaine to the heire, than the heritage of his possessions.

*Paradinus.* This is true, the *unworthy sonne* of the *auncient* house, is suffered as I sayd, to challenge the honor of his bloud, although unworthely: Notwithstanding, I hold as before, that such a person, which wanting the provocations of the domesticall examples of his aunces-tors, being in obscure and base degree, and without liberall or honest education, and yet, hath through vertue, so much prevailed against the malignitie of fortune, that his family, before hidden in the dust, and obscured with ignobilitie, should from *thencefoorth* be cleped *noble*, deserveth rather to be called noble then the other: which although he be of gentle byrth, and having notable furtherances to vertue; as first, the enterview of that noble estate, which his forefathers did before him possesse: secondly, a liberall education: and lastly, the expectation of the multitude, (all of which or any of these, bringeth with them a poynant pricke to drive a slugglish nature, to the embracing of vertue) yet neverthesse exhibiteth *no* desert or merit of vertue. Therefore, to stand upon the *bare* and *rude* title of *noblenesse*, and that he is a *Gentleman* of *auncient bloud* esteeming those most worthie of the rest, which can but

only shew us a long succession of their name, we shall therein I say approue ourselves, neyther well taught Philosophers, ne yet well reformed Christians.”—And after setting forth the claims of Gentlemen to the display of arms and ensigns at their funerells, he adds, “ all which are denied to the *ungentle* person, whose estate and life, the laws have esteemed so base, that they deeme him not worthie of memoriall, but that his name shall end with his life, and no man shall see the steps of his way, no more then the furrows of a shippe is discerned in the swallowing gulphes of the ocean.”

I shall beg leave still to introduce another specimen of the moral allegories of the Heralds, from old Gerard Legh’s *Accedence of Armourie*, 1568 ;—as follows : “ And after he had thus shewed me thorder of his studie, he ledde me towards the pallace of his Prince, to passe the tyme wyth *pleasure*, and by the way began to tell me a tale, the effect whereof I will recite. A Gentleman (quod he) named *Desire*, walking for his pastaunce in the fayre fieldes, beeholding the bewtifull shapes of *dame natures* deckynges, sodenly felt the aire of pleasaunt *Eolus*, the breath of Fame, who sweetely recounted to him

dame *Bewtie's* giftes, whyche done, as he suddenly came, so likewise, vanished unknowen, whereat the Gentlemen not a little marveiled. In whyche amaze, *Gouvernaunce* him saluted saying, be not aghast, for *I Gouvernaunce* shall be your sheilde, and even yonder cometh *Grace*, who also will bee your protectour, wherewith *Grace* likewise, him embraced, I thanke you both, (sayeth the Gentleman) I was somewhat astonied at the sodaine comming, and retourne of *Eolus*, 'till comforted by *Gouvernaunce*—and I rejoyce my so happy chaunce to meete you here, whome so long I desyred to see. Well, saith *Gouvernaunce*, seing we are so well mette, we will this faire daye (wherein *Phebus* sheweth himselfe) walke for our recreation to the tower of *Doctrine*, whether when they came, *comelye countenance* the portres, frindly them saluted, and required them to passe in, taking *Gouvernaunce* by the hand, and conveide them to th' artes liberall: where dame *Congruitie* received *Desire* with his companions: and them instructed in all thorders of there house—and after a time they had thus abiden there, *Desire* chaunced to espye dame *Bewty* passing to and fro in the tower of *Solace*, whom he earnestly beholding,

praised much her comly shape and wished her company, myndinge to presse forth into her presence, and ready to enter in at the doore, *Daunger*, depainted his blushing face, and would not suffer him to approche, wherewith he receaved Griefe. For remdye herein hee made suit to *Counsell*, declaring that with beholdinge *Bewtye* hee was entrapped unwares, and desyr-ous t' acquaint himselfe with her qualities, he thoughte to offer her his services. But thrust backe by *Daunger*, durst not attempt his sute. *Counsell* bade him not dispaire, though *dayntie Daunger* and *froward Fortune* had geven him repulse. The meanes herein (saith he) to spye them is tacquainte your selfe with *wisdome*, whose swaye is suche, in this court, that daynty *Daunger* wyth her fewmate *Fortune*, dare not appeare in his presence, for hee lifteth alofte, suche as to hym seemeth good, and treadethe downe their darelings like weakelinges, voyde of any refuge. Therefore, whoso will pleasure winne, let him with *wisdome* firste beginne, and then no doubtte your *Ladye* will pitie your plainte, and the rather, when she seeth that by diligence you seeke to obtaine her service, for hard is the harte, that love perceth not!"

But to return. In regard to all public honors and distinctions, wherever they are judged to be proper or necessary, they should undoubtedly be kept under due regulation, there being nothing so common to man's nature, as to make too much of himself, and consequently, though we would not discourage his endeavours to acquire honor and distinction, we would in no instance leave it to his own arbitrament, but to the proper authorities, to assign his particular rank and station.

Lewis XI. of France, to render himself independent of the *Nobles*, did much to encourage *trade* and *manufactures*, and those who pursued such callings; so as even to admit them to his table, esteeming them more, as he used to say, than lazy and useless Gentlemen. A certain Merchant whom he had thus distinguished, applied to him for letters of *Nobility*. The King granted them immediately, but never afterwards took the least notice of him; "Go your ways, Mr. Gentleman," said the shrewd Monarch to him, "when I permitted you to sit at my table, I looked upon you as the *first* man of your condition in life; now that you are become the

*last*, I should act unjustly to my Nobility, if I continued to do you the same honor."

It is this propensity to assume a higher rank than actually belongs to us, that has produced amongst us, in all probability, such a number of *Esquires*, and depreciated in the same degree the rank of *Gentleman*.

Though some of our orders of Precedence make mention only of Esquires by creation or office, there are no doubt Esquires by *birth*; as the *eldest* sons of Knights, "and their *eldest* sons in succession," and indeed all the sons of our Nobility: though the eldest may by courtesy be called Marquesses, Earls, or Viscounts. This serves to shew, that at all events the rank of Esquire ought not to be trifled with, or assumed without authority. They were undoubtedly in the ages of Chivalry the *Scutiferi* or *Armigeri* of the Knights. They bore their shield, lance, or other weapons, in virtue probably of the nature of their landed property, which they held in *scutage* of the Knight, as the latter held his of the King by military service. The Spanish *hidalgo*, according to Smollett in his notes to *Don Quixotte*, much resembled our *Esquire*,

signifying in its literal acceptation the Son of *Something*, in contradiction to those who were the Sons of *Nothing*.—In this however I think he must have been a little mistaken, because though a man might not be an Hidalgo de *Sangre*, or nobly born, he might, even as a Son of Nothing, be *made* an Hidalgo de *Privilegio*.—I fear *Sancho Panza* was a true Esquire only in regard to his *services*, holding *no land in scutage*, and being but a Son of *Nothing*; nevertheless perhaps he was more entitled to the name and appellation, than most of our English *Esquires*; for as I observed before, almost every body now-a-days, who has no higher title, would pass for an *Esquire*; not that this is indeed any new assumption, as we may learn from the admirable Lucubrations of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, (himself an Esquire,) who in the 19th number of the *Tatler*, dated so long ago as May the 24th, 1709, thus feelingly laments the great breach of order and decorum in this particular, and in terms, which with a little allowance, might be well made to apply to the present times. The multiplicity of modern periodical works has so interfered with the general perusal, if not of the *Spectator*, yet of the *Tatler*, *Guardian*, &c. &c. of

former times, that I shall make no scruple to transcribe the whole paper.

“ *From my own Apartment, May 23.*

“ There is nothing can give a man of any consideration greater pain, than to see order and distinction laid aside amongst men, especially when the rank (of which he himself is a member) is intruded upon by such as have no pretence to that honor. The appellation of *Esquire* is the most notoriously abused in this kind of any class amongst men, insomuch that it is become almost the subject of derision ; but I will be bold to say, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in its true origin. I shall therefore as briefly as possible do myself and all true *Esquires* the justice to look into antiquity upon this subject.

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and settlements, when the noble passion of love had possession of the hearts of men, and the fair sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful disposition which they have shewed in later centuries, it was natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to rivulets, woods and caves, to lament their destiny, and

the cruelty of the fair persons who were deaf to all their lamentations. The hero in this distress was generally in armour, and in a readiness to fight any man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary qualifications : it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, lest it should come within the observation of the cruel one, by whom its own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a person of a second value, and subordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an enchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat) or in his absence, when he was retired to his apartment in any King's Palace, tell the Prince himself, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage and adventures of his valiant master.

“ This trusty companion was called his *Esquire*, and was always fit for any offices about him ; was as gentle and chaste as a Gentleman-usher ; quick and active as an Equerry ; smooth and eloquent as a Master of the Ceremonies. A man thus qualified was the first, as the ancients affirm, who was called an *Esquire* ; and none without these accomplishments ought to assume our order : but to the utter disgrace and confusion of

the Heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the *Post-Office* for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, including all in the Buttery books, and in the lists of the House, 5000. In the Inner 4000. In the King's Bench Walks, the whole building is inhabited by *Esquires* only. The adjacent street of *Essex*, from *Morris's Coffee House*, and the turning towards the *Grecian*, you cannot meet one who is not an *Esquire* till you take water. Every house in *Norfolk* and *Arundel* streets is governed also by a 'Squire or his Lady; *Soho Square*, *Bloomsbury Square*, and all other places where the floors rise above nine foot, are so many Universities, where you enter yourselves and become of our order. However if this were the worst of the evil, it were to be supported, because they are generally men of some figure and use; though I know no pretence they have to an honor which had its rise from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are still more imposed upon by this innovation. We are indeed derived from the

field, but shall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes, that halloo when they see an hare, or venture their necks full speed after an hawk, immediately to commence *Esquires*? No: our order is temperate, cleanly, sober and chaste: but these rural Esquires commit immodesties—wear shirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. These men are also to the last degree excessive in their food: an Esquire of *Norfolk* eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to it by our order; an Esquire of *Hampshire* is as ravenous in devouring *hog's-flesh*: one of *Essex* has as little mercy on *calves*. But I must take the liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those persons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that shews a 'Squire. But above all, I am most offended at small quill-men, and transcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no reason that I know of, but that they can easily flourish it at the end of their name. I'll undertake, that if you read the superscriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you shall not find three letters directed to any but *Esquires*. I have myself a couple of clerks; one directs to Degory Goose-quill, *Esquire*, to which the other

replies by a note to Nehemiah Dashwell, *Esquire*, with respect. In a word it is now, *Populus Armigerorum*, a *People of Esquires*!—All these improprieties flow from the negligence of the Heralds' Office. Those gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not so rightly as they ought understand themselves : though they are dressed cap-a-pie in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. It is their business to act for us in the case of our arms and appellations, and should take care that we be not jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a manner. I design to take this matter into further consideration, and no man shall be received as an *Esquire* who cannot bring a certificate, that he has conquered some lady's obdurate heart : that he can lead up a country-dance, or carry a message between her and her lover, with address, secrecy, diligence and dispatch. A *'Squire* is properly born for the service of the *Sex*, and his credentials shall be signed by *three Toasts* and one *Prude* before his title shall be acknowledged in my office."

*Toasts* are out of fashion, and *Prudes* we have none, so that for the *present* times different credentials need to be devised ; but I have no ob-

jection to those credentials originating with the *ladies*, especially if it be the object to render all our *Esquires* such as they *should* be, according to the rules of their order, as laid down in the foregoing remonstrance, “*temperate, cleanly, sober, and chaste!*” Only I hope they won’t think it *necessary* to make an *Esquire* of *Jack Ketch*, who from the notes to *Hudibras* in Dr. Gray’s Edition, Part III. Canto ii. l. 1534, may fancy he has a regular claim to the title.

Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff (I should say Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esquire!*) seems disposed to be very severe upon our *Country ’Squires*, as they are commonly called. I know not how it comes to pass, that this class of persons should generally lie under a kind of *heraldic* stigma. “*Country ’Squire*” is a sort of nick-name given to individuals, oftentimes very independent in their circumstances, though very *John Bullish* perhaps in their manners, habits, and pursuits. The French have or had, a particular name for this description of persons, as we may see in their Dictionaries; *Gentillâtre* [petit Gentilhomme dont on fait peu de cas] a *Country ’Squire*. *Gentilhommiere* [petite maison de Gentilhomme de la Campagne] a *Country ’Squire’s* house. It

must however be observed, that the true English Country 'Squire, the subject of *ridicule* or *contempt* in former days, is now become a very rare character. The improvement of our roads, and easy access to the metropolis in all directions, have tended exceedingly to alter the manners of our Country Gentlemen; and we must have recourse to books for the true subject of ancient banter. Not that I feel at all disposed, I must confess, to look upon even the old English Country 'Squire with an evil or malignant eye; I am persuaded there was, in almost every instance, a mixture of *blunt honesty*, and *uneducated simplicity*; of *social mirth*, and *neighbourly affection*, which may be ill replaced by the refinements of modern times. Our present Country Gentlemen may be less noisy and boisterous at table, more reserved in their conversation, more decorous in their manners, and less given possibly to field-sports; but though these things bespeak individual improvement, I question whether the *public* did not reap more advantage from the *rude hospitalities* and *constant residence* of such Country 'Squires, than from all the refinements acquired by a greater knowledge of the world, and acquaintance with the metropolis.

To a sentimental or philosophical mind, there may always appear much of cruelty, hard-heartedness, want of feeling, and waste of time in field-sports ; but if they serve to attach any person of independent fortune to the *place* of his *nativity*, and the *seat* of his *ancestors*, they cannot fail to be beneficial to the poorer neighbours around him. Nothing else I think can excuse our Game Laws.

“ Happy the man whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound ;  
 Content to breathe his native air,  
     In his own ground,  
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
     In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find  
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,  
 In health of body, peace of mind,  
     Quiet by day.  
 Sound sleep by night !—study and ease  
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ?  
 And innocence, which most does please  
     With meditation.”

The “ *Beatus ille*” of Horace is too long to introduce ; and as Claudian’s old man of Verona, though a good specimen of local attachments,

has nothing in common with a Country 'Squire, except in running a race with the trees planted in his childhood, around the house where he first drew his breath. Claudian evidently borrowed from *Horace*, and *Horace* from *Virgil*; classical readers may consult them all, for the "*Vitæ Rusticæ Laudes*;" I shall at present confine myself to English authors or *translators*. The following is from Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1605. Du Bartas himself was an amiable man, but not a good poet; being engaged in public affairs, his love of retirement is the more striking; I question however, whether *he* did not borrow from *Claudian*, and so the wheel goes round. Thus Sylvester makes him speak.

O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares  
 Of *City* troubles, and of *State*-affairs;  
 And, serving *Ceres*, tills with his own team,  
 His own free land, left by his friends to him!  
 And leading all his life at home in peace,  
 Always in sight of his own smoke; no seas,  
 No other seas he knows, nor other torrent,  
 Than that which waters with his silver current  
 His native meadows; and that very earth  
 Shall give him burial, which first gave him birth.  
 To summon timely sleep, he doth not need  
 Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy seed,  
 The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,  
 His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Even the consequence assumed by these Country Residents had its importance; the common people stood more in dread of offending the 'Squire than the King; not through any want of loyalty, but because the one was present, the other remote; because the one was known to them more as the dispenser of punishments than the assigner of rewards, while the other was constantly before their eyes, the daily dispenser of numberless rustic hospitalities, the promoter of all their festivities and amusements; the patron of the young, and the friend of the old. Nor should it be omitted, that when the 'Squire acted as a *Justice of the Peace*, he was an object of *public* as well as *private* awe and veneration. "The *hall* of the 'Squire," says honest Aubrey, "was usually hung round with the *insignia* of the 'Squire's amusements, such as *hunting, shooting, fishing, &c.* but in case he were a *Justice of Peace*, it was dreadful to behold. The skreen was garnished with *corslets* and *helmets*, gaping with open mouths, with *coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown-bills, bucklers, &c.*" Such 'Squires were probably often *very illiterate*, but their deficiencies in this respect, were the best excuses that could be offered, for the many

*coarsenesses* and *vulgaritys*, into which no doubt they were often betrayed; while perhaps these failings were compensated to the public, by virtues, too often missing in the more refined. When they offended against good manners, their known ignorance could not but suggest to wiser persons, the ready excuse, that “*they knew no better;*” a plea of which many of quicker parts, and better education, would have been glad to have availed themselves, had it been in their power. Our old friend and acquaintance, Sir Roger de Coverley, was wont to say, “that none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged.” “The reflections of such men,” he would add, “are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities.” In the days of Sir Roger, the difference probably between the Town and Country *Squire*, was exactly to be traced in these words. The one was *coarse* but *honest*, and had the excuse of *ignorance* and *con-*

*finer education* to plead for his *occasional* transgressions ; the other was more *refined* and *polished*, but vicious and dissipated against the plainest dictates of an enlightened understanding.

Such were their natures, and their passions such,  
Those did disguise too little, these too much.

*Aristotle*, in treating of *substantial forms*, observes that the *statue* lies hid in a *block of marble*, which must be brought into life and order by the *art of the statuary*. “ In the same manner,” says *Johnson*, “ the *philosopher*, the *saint*, or the *hero*, the *wise*, the *good*, or the *great man*, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light ;” and carrying on the comparison, “ sometimes,” says he, “ we see the block only *begun to be chipped*, sometimes *rough hewn*, and but just sketched into a human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features : sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several nice touches and finishings.”

The Country 'Squire of old times was but *rough hewn, chipped, and sketched* into a *human figure*, but it is to be doubted whether *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* would have mended him by softening his roughnesses, at the expence of his simplicity, solidity, and weight. We have an admirable specimen of the honest feelings and principles, as well as of the simplicity of some of our retired ancestors in the *Memoirs of a Country Gentleman*, in the 622d No. of the *Spectator*. It is somewhat remarkable that the present *Autocrat of Russia* should be reported to have said, "The man within whose reach Heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy, is an *English Country Gentleman*." See Carr's *Northern Tour*.

The more *polished Country Gentleman* of the present day, with his "nice touches and finishings," is seldom satisfied, (for many months of the year,) "to breathe his *native air* in his *own ground*;" but passes perhaps *some* of his time in *London*, some by the *sea-side*, at *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, or other *public* places, and when at home is seldom brought into any *close* contact with his poorer neighbours, either in the way of bu-

siness or amusement. His household no longer consists, as it used to do, of the children of his tenantry or country dependents, but are comparatively foreigners, in manners, taste, and local attachments. Ill adapted to minister to those rude *hospitalities*, or join in those rustic *festivities*, which were the delights of ancient days, and which opened the hearts of the rich and poor towards each other, as members of *one* family, intimately *acquainted* and *connected* from the *cradle* to the *grave* ! These times are past ; nor are such anti-social manners and habits confined to the Country 'Squire only ; they have passed on to the tenantry of England ; the common farmer in many parts of the kingdom no longer sits down with his family to the same board with his servants, nor do they in general dwell, as they used to do, under the same roof. This is a great evil in country places ; the husbandry servant is becoming every day less attached to his employer ; less under his controul ; less regular in his habits and manners ; more detached and insulated—less acquainted with the comforts and advantages of domestic economy, prudent management, and frugal house-

wifery, which were easily learned and imbibed when one roof covered, and one table fed, not only the farmer and his wife and children, but all the *Mercenarii* who worked under him, all the labourers attached to the farm.

As I never stand upon any ceremonies in borrowing from authors young and old, any thing I find interestingly applicable to the subject in hand, not caring how often it may have been read before, if it read differently and perhaps with some additional effect where I introduce it, I cannot resist the following passage from that delightful poem, the *Deserted Village*; a poem which beautifully describes some at least of the changes introduced by the progress of wealth and luxury in *country* places; I only regret that he did not introduce amongst his characters *the Old Country 'Squire* himself.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade;  
A breath can make them as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man,

For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.  
 His best companions, innocence and health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;  
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;  
 And every want to luxury allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,  
 Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green ;  
 These far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And RURAL MIRTH and MANNERS are no more."

The same poem describes the *rural mirth* and *manners* that were in the view of the author at the time, and it must be acknowledged that in a great degree they ARE NO MORE !—The rural scenes of ancient days are very different from what we see taking place at present. Even the MELL, or harvest supper, so called from the French word "*mesler*," to mingle, because master and man sat down to the same table, and all *inequality* was suspended *pro tempore*, is nearly forgotten.

“ In harvest time, harvest folke, *servants* and *al*,  
Should make altogether good cheere in the hal ;  
And fill out the blacke bol, of bleith to their song,  
And let them be merrie *al harvest time long.*”

There is something in the very cadence of the verse, that bespeaks, what I would wish to have leave to call *jollier times* than those in which we live. Bloomfield in his “Farmer’s Boy,” sorely regrets the abandonment of the old *Harvest feast*, after describing which he adds feelingly,

“ Such *were* the days!—of days *long past* I sing.”

But to return to the elegant author of the *Deserted Village*. His picture of *depopulation* as the consequence of the progress of wealth and luxury, is known to be faulty ; not only contrary to the most acknowledged principles of political œconomy, but to fact. Goldsmith tried to defend himself against these charges, in a dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, but in vain. His “*Deserted Village*” stands marked in one of the most elegant works we have upon the science just alluded to, (Mrs. Marcet’s *Conversations on Political Œconomy*) as full of

errors of this description ; and I do not therefore like to cite it, without this hint to unwary readers ; otherwise I feel quite persuaded in my own mind that luxury *has* wrought very considerable changes in *country mirth* and *manners*, and set the gentry and the peasantry at a distance from each other, to the detriment of both. There is a lovely cast of social affection, kindness and benevolence ; of local feelings and local attachments, in the description of Goldsmith's *Auburn*, which I fear we should now look for in vain in most of our country villages. But Goldsmith is a very modern writer upon these subjects ; though he had undoubtedly *new* changes to describe ; complaints of the same nature may be traced as far back at least as the times of *Elizabeth* and *James*. The celebrated Song of the old and young *Courtier* of their days, is little different from what might have been said of the old and young *'Squire*, in Goldsmith's time. The Song itself I must confess is almost too old to introduce into so modern a work as my own, yet as many of my readers may be *young*, and less acquainted with these things than myself and *my contemporaries*, (whom heaven preserve !)

I shall venture to transcribe it, as extremely illustrative of the subject before us. If only *one* of my readers should not have met with it before, he may as well read it here, as elsewhere; and if of those who have known it long, any one should dislike to see it again, I shall pity his taste.

*The old Courtier.*

I.

An old song made by an aged old pate,  
 Of an *old* worshipful Gentleman that had a great estate,  
 That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate,  
     Like an *old* Courtier of the *Queen's*,  
     And the *Queen's* old Courtier.

II.

With an old lady whose anger one word assuages,  
 They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
 And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, or pages,  
 But kept twenty old fellows with *blue* coats and badges,  
     Like an *old* Courtier of the *Queen's*,  
     And the *Queen's* old Courtier.

III.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
 With an old rev'rend Chaplain, you might know him by his looks,  
 With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
 And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks,  
     Like an *old* Courtier of the *Queen's*,  
     And the *Queen's* old Courtier.

## IV.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,  
 With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,  
 With an old frieze coat, to cover his worshipful trunk hose,  
 And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose ;  
     Like an *old* Courtier of the *Queen's*,  
     And the *Queen's* old Courtier.

## V.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,  
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
 With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,  
     Like an *old* Courtier of the *Queen's*,  
     And the *Queen's* old Courtier.

## VI.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,  
 That never hawk'd nor hunted but in his own grounds,  
 Who like a wise man kept himself within his own bounds,  
 And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds,  
     Like an *old* Courtier of the *Queen's*,  
     And the *Queen's* old Courtier.

## VII.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
 Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,  
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours kind,  
 But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd,  
     Like a *young* Courtier of the *King's*,  
     And the *King's* young Courtier.

*The young Courtier.*

## VIII.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,  
 Who keeps a couple of painted Madams at his command,  
 And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,  
 And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand,

Like a *young Courtier* of the *King's*,  
 And the *King's* young Courtier.

## IX.

With a new fangl'd lady that is dainty, nice, and spare,  
 Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping and care,  
 Who buys gawdy-colour'd fans, to play with wanton air,  
 And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair,

Like a *young Courtier* of the *King's*,  
 And the *King's* young Courtier.

## X.

With a new fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,  
 Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,  
 With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coals nor wood,  
 And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood,

Like a *young Courtier* of the *King's*,  
 And the *King's* young Courtier.

## XI.

With a study stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,  
 And a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays,  
 With a new buttery hatch that opens once in four days,  
 And a French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys,

Like a *young Courtier* of the *King's*,  
 And the *King's* young Courtier.

## XII.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,  
 On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,  
 And leave none to keep house but our new Porter John,  
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone,  
     Like a *young* Courtier of the *King's*,  
     And the *King's* young Courtier.

## XIII.

With a new Gentleman Usher, whose carriage is complete,  
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,  
 With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,  
 Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat,  
     Like a *young* Courtier of the *King's*,  
     And the *King's* young Courtier.

## XIV.

With new titles of honor, bought with his father's old gold,  
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors were sold,  
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,  
 Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold,  
     Amongst the *young* Courtiers of the *King's*,  
     And the *King's* young Courtiers.

Now though the above ditty may seem to refer to *Courtiers*, it is evident that the *Country resident*, or *Country 'Squire*, was the chief character in view; and from a contemporary historian, *Hollinshed*, it appears that towards the close of the XVIth century, there was a great jealousy ex-

cited, in regard to the habits and manners of the *English Gentry*, who were supposed to be in danger of contamination, from the introduction of *French* follies and frivolities, as may be seen in the following extract.

“Neither was it merrier with *England* than when an *Englishman* was knowne abroad by his *owne* cloth, and contented himselfe *at home* with his fine *carsie hosen*, and a *meane slop*: his *coat*, *gowne*, and *cloak* of *browne*, *blue*, or *puke*, with some pretie furniture of *velvet* or *furre*, and a doublet of *sad tawnie*, or *blacke velvet*, or other *comeliè* silke, without such *cuts* and *gawrish colours*, as are worne in these *daies*, and never brought in but by consent of the *French*, who think themselves the gaiest men, when they have most diversities of *jaggés* and *change* of *colours* about them.”

But the very evil of which Goldsmith complains in his *Deserted Village*, the too great resort of the *English Gentry* to the *Metropolis*, of their neglect of rural hospitalities, and contempt of rural manners, appear to have particularly engaged the attention of our English Solomon, *James the First*, and the contemplative

Bishop Hall, in the course of the XVIIth century. Let us first hear what the King says, in his Address to the Council of the Star Chamber.

“ One of the greatest causes,” says his Majesty, “ of all Gentlemen’s desire that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently the pride of the *women*; for if they be *wives*, then their *husbands*, if they be *maids*, then their *fathers*, must bring them up to *London*, because the new fashion is to be had nowhere but in London: and here, if they be unmarried, they mar their marriages; and if they be married, they lose their reputations, and rob their husband’s purses. It is the fashion of Italy—that all the Gentry dwell in the principal towns, and so the whole country is empty: even so now in England, all the country is gotten into London, so as with time England will be only London, and the whole country be left waste: for as we now do imitate the French in fashion of clothes, and lacquies to follow every man, so have we got up the Italian fashion, in living miserably in our houses, and dwelling all in the city: but let us in God’s name, leave these idle foreign toys, and keep the old fashion of England; and there-

fore, as every fish lives in his own place, some in the fresh, some in the salt, some in the mud, so let every one live in his own place, some at Court, some in the city, some in the country : specially at festival times, as Christmas and Easter, and the rest.”

In Bishop Hall’s Satires, the Gentry’s desertion of their country residences is thus feelingly set forth.

“ Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound  
With double echoes doth againe rebound ;  
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,  
Nor churlish porter can’st thou chafing see ;  
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,  
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite ?  
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,  
With house-leek, thistle, dock and hemlock seed,  
Look to the towered chimnies, which should be  
The wind-pipes of good hospitalitie ;—  
Lo, there th’ unthankful swallow takes her rest,  
And fills the tunnel with her circled nest.”

It would be unpardonable, in writing of *Country Squires*, to omit the following *portraits* drawn from the life.

The first is of the celebrated Mr. Hastings of Dorsetshire, of whom a picture is preserved, in

the possession, I think, of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Mr. *Hastings* was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His *cloaths* were always of *green cloth*, his house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with *deer*, *rabbits*, and *fish-ponds*. He had a long narrow *bowling-green* in it; and used to play with round sand bowls. Here too he had a banquetting room built, like a stand, in a *large tree*! He kept all sorts of *hounds*, that ran *buck*, *fox*, *hare*, *otter*, and *badger*; and had *hawks* of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with *marrow bones*, and full of *hawk-perches*, *hounds*, *spaniels*, and *terriers*. The upper end of it was hung with *fox-skins*, of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a *pole-cat* was intermixed; and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a *broad hearth*, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest *terriers*, *hounds*, and *spaniels*. One or two of the great chairs had litters of *cats* in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or

four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trencher to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his *arrows, crossbows,* and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His *oyster table* stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper; with which the neighbouring town of *Pool* supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a Church Bible, the other the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay *hawk's-hoods, bells, old hats,* with their *crowns thrust in,* full of *pheasants' eggs; tables, dice, cards,* and store of *tobacco pipes.* At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the *pulpit,* as the *safest place,*

was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all, but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of *fish*. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with "my part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his *sack*; and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often *stirred about* with *rosemary*. He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eye-sight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past four-score.

Mr. Grose, the Antiquary, has given us, in his sketches of some worn-out characters of the last age, a most amusing portrait of the *Country Squire* of *Queen Anne's* days: "I mean," says he, "the *little independant Gentleman* of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a *plain drab* or *plush coat*, *large silver buttons*, a *jockey cap*, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the

county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the attornies and justices. This man *went to Church* regularly, read the *weekly journal*, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of *grey-hounds* and a *pointer*, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by *smacking his whip*, or giving the *view-halloo*. His drink was generally ale, except on *Christmas*, the *fifth of November*, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation. His hall was furnished with *fitches of bacon*, and the mantle-piece with *guns* and *fishing-rods* of different dimensions, accompanied by the *broad sword*, *partizan*, and

*dagger*, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by *stag's horns*. Against the wall was posted King Charles's *Golden Rules*, Vincent Wing's *Almanack*, and a Portrait of the *Duke of Marlborough*; in his window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Apparitions*, *Quincey's Dispensatory*, the *Complete Justice*, and a book of *Farriery*.

“ In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time, the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.”

These are excellent descriptions, or rather, as I have observed, portraits from life, of the true old English 'Squire, very unlike Mr. John Carelesse's “ Old English 'Squire, in 10 Cantos,” with XXIV absurd but gawdy plates, printed for Thomas M'Lean, 26, Haymarket, 1821; of which I cannot help saying, in *reproof* of the *bad taste* of the *times*, I never saw such a parcel of perfect

nonsense (amounting to no less than 2159 lines) made into a *fine book*, in the whole course of my life.

Of the Christmas festivals of our ancestors, take the following account, from the Collections of Aubrey, 1678.—“ An English Gentleman, at the opening of the great Day, that is, on CHRISTMAS Day, in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours entered his hall by day-break. The *strong beer* was broached, and the *black-jacks* went plentifully about with *toast, sugar, nutmeg,* and *good Cheshire cheese*. The tables were all spread from the first to the last; the *sirloins* of *beef*, the *minced pies*, the *plum-porridge*, the *capons*, *turkeys*, *geese*, and *plum-puddings*, were all brought upon the board; every one eat heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the Proverb,

“ Merry in the hall, when beards wag all.”

But the ancient festivities of Christmas, cannot possibly be better described, than by the pen of Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion*. Every body has read it, and yet I think nobody will dislike to be put again in mind of it, as strictly appertaining to the subject we are upon.

“ — Well our Christian Sires of old  
 Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd,  
 And brought *blithe Christmas* back again,  
 With all his *hospitable* train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honor to the *holy night* :  
 On Christmas *Eve* the bells were rung ;—

\* \* \* \* \*

Forth to the wood did merry men go,  
 To gather in the *mistletoe*.  
 Then opened wide the Baron's hall  
 To *Vassal, Tenant, serf* and *all* ;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doff'd his Pride.  
 The *heir* with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might *village partner* chuse ;  
 The *Lord*, *underogating*, share  
 The *Vulgar* game of “ *post and pair*.”  
 All hail'd, with uncontrolled delight,  
 And general voice, the happy night,  
 That to the Cottage, as the Crown,  
 Brought TIDINGS of SALVATION down.

“ The fire with well-dried *logs* supplied,  
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
 The huge Hall-Table's *oaken* face,  
 Scrubb'd 'till it shone, the day to grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the 'Squire and Lord.  
 Then was brought in the lusty *brawn*,  
 By old *blue-coated* serving-man ;  
 Then the grim *boar's-head* frowned on high,  
 Crested with *bays* and *rosemary*.

—Then came the merry *masquers* in,  
 And *carols* roar'd with blithesome din ;

If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
But O! what masquers, richly dight,  
Can boast of bosoms half so light?  
England was *merry England*, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again—  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year."

"I have often thought," said the kind-hearted Sir Roger de Coverley, "it happens *very well* that *Christmas* should fall out in the *middle* of the *Winter*. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and *Christmas* gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the *whole village* merry in *my* great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a *mince-pie* upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another."

"Alas!" as Bloomfield says, "such *were* the days."—I fear there is now no possible chance of their revival. In *no instance* could the proper *dra-*

*matis personæ* of such highly interesting entertainments be found. Thanks to our mismanaged poor laws, the wealth of our Country Gentlemen is *forced* into other channels, and the poor *demanding* as their right, what formerly was distributed amongst them in the true spirit of *charity* and *social benevolence*, are become too *demoralized, rapacious, covetous, and unthankful*, to participate in such festive scenes. Such RURAL MIRTH AND MANNERS then, I greatly fear, are truly no more. But whose fault is it?—I shall beg leave to introduce some extracts from a work that has lately appeared, said to be written by an American, which may help perhaps to throw some light upon this subject.

“ I do not know a more enviable condition of life, than that of an ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, of sound judgment and good feelings, who passes the greater part of his time on an hereditary estate in the country. He has it greatly in his power to do good, and to have that good immediately reflected back upon himself. He can render essential service to his country—by watching over the opinions and principles of the lower orders around him—by mingling frankly among them, gaining their confidence,

becoming the immediate auditor of their complaints, informing himself of their wants, making himself a channel through which their grievances may be quietly communicated to the proper sources of mitigation and relief; or by becoming, if need be, the enlightened Champion of their rights. It is when the rich and well-educated and highly privileged classes neglect their duties, when they neglect to study their interests, and conciliate the affections, and instruct the opinions and champion the rights of the people, that the latter become discontented and turbulent, and fall into the hands of demagogues: the *demagogue* always steps in where the *patriot* is wanting.

“ It is absurd in a country like England, where there is so much freedom, and such a jealousy of rights, for any man to talk superciliously of the common people. There is no rank or distinction that severs a man from his fellow-subjects; and if by any gradual neglect or assumption on the one side, and discontent and jealousy on the other, the orders of society should really separate, let those who stand on the *eminence* beware, that the chasm is not mining at their feet. There can be no such thing in

a free government as a *vacuum*, and whenever one is likely to take place, by the drawing off of the rich and intelligent from the poor, the bad passions of society will rush in to fill up the space, and rend the whole asunder. So long as the English Nobility and Gentry pass the greater part of their time in the quiet and purity of the country; surrounded by the monuments of their illustrious ancestors; surrounded by every thing that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment; so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honor.—In a constitution like that of England, the titled orders are intended to be as useful as they are ornamental, and it is their virtues alone that can render them both. Their duties are divided between the Sovereign and the subject; surrounding and giving lustre and dignity to the throne, and at the same time tempering and mitigating its rays, until they are transmitted in mild and gentle radiance to the people. Born to leisure and opulence, they owe the exercise of their talents, and the expenditure of their wealth to their *native* country. They may be compared to the clouds; which being drawn up by the sun, and

elevated in the heavens, reflect and magnify his splendour; while they repay the earth, from which they derive their sustenance, by returning their treasures to its bosom in fertilizing showers.”

I have been obliged to pass over many passages, I could willingly have transcribed, as illustrative of my own feelings in regard to a *resident Country Gentry*; and of that reciprocity of honest and cordial attachment, which *once* bound together, in indissoluble harmony, the two orders of society, the high and the low.—The Town and the Country, as some *political economists* admit, may be brought to flourish, not separately but together; to assist each other, if neither be suffered to preponderate; but if the Town tempt too many of our Nobility and Gentry from their country seats, and occasion too wide a chasm between them and their tenantry, *depopulation* would be better perhaps, than *so deserted a population*. In short, the old Country 'Squire, with his hounds and horns, his rude manners, and unrefined hospitalities, would in my estimation be far better than no 'Squire at all.

Having advanced so much in favor of Country

'Squires, it may be well that I should guard against some mistakes into which my readers might be led by what I have said above. It is not a *'Squire Western* that I am contemplating; nor yet a *Mr. Allworthy*; the former has *too many* roughnesses about him, the latter *too much* gentility; and yet, jumbled together, they might a good deal resemble the character I have in view; perhaps, if Sir Roger de Coverley (bating his Knighthood) were added to the lump, scarcely one virtue or one vice would be wanting to complete the Country 'Squire, whose loss I have ventured to deplore.

Sir Roger de Coverley indeed is one of a select number of personages, with whom I would not for the world but feel acquainted, in my passage through this chequered life. I shall just mention some of the others. Falstaff, for instance; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; Gil Blas, Uncle Toby, and there may be a few more originals of the same description; but Sir Roger de Coverley is, I think, my greatest favorite; and though the *Spectator* is a book to be found in every library, yet as I never take up any volume of it without finding something new, or apparently so, as my thoughts or meditations

at the time may happen to direct me to different topics, I cannot forbear, as a conclusion to this section on Country 'Squires, to solicit the reader's attention very particularly to the following Numbers, in which he will be able to see what constituted the intrinsic good qualities of that race of men, "the ornaments of the English nation;" as Sir Roger himself was wont to call them—Nos. 106, 107, 108, 110, 112, 113, 115, 116, 122, 269, 517. I forbear to make extracts; some of my readers I doubt not already know them nearly by heart. But I shall beg to add two more, viz. Nos. 174 and 544. The former is admirably calculated to shew, how injurious the jealousies are which too commonly subsist, between different parties in the State, as particularly between the landed and traded interests, how much trade helps the country, and the country, trade. The latter tends to prove how beneficial in the way of example, the amiable qualities and benevolent views of a true Country Gentleman *may be*, from the visible effects they produce on those dependent upon them, or benefited by them.

## CLERGY.

THERE is one class of persons much out of the way of honors and distinctions; I mean the *Clergy*. I know a certain number of them, (about a *fifty-seventh part* or so of the whole) *may* become *Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Canons, Prebendaries, &c.* But it is most particularly of those who do *not* become so, that I mean to speak, and who very possibly may in abundance of cases, as well deserve to be honored and distinguished, as many who obtain *titles, &c. &c.* merely on the score of *professional merit*. We have spoken of the order of *Knight-hood* being conferred on medical persons, and even people of trade; but who ever heard of an aged *Clergyman* being *knighthed* for having past the best years of his life in close residence upon a country benefice, in pious and strict discharge of his parochial duties, in reclaiming the wicked, in encouraging the good, visiting the sick, and administering to the dying?

I know what I am talking about. I do not really mean to say that *Knighthood* should be conferred on such persons. I apprehend that according to the rules of *Chivalry*, it *could not* be, unless they resigned those very benefices of which I am speaking, for I have read that when a Sir John de Gatesden, in the reign of Henry III. being "*Clericus et multis ditatus beneficiis*," (a Clergyman and pretty considerable pluralist) was to be *knighted*, he was made to resign his preferment, "*quia sic oportuit*," because it behoved him so to do, and then, (*after having done so*) he was girt "*baltheo militari*," or in other words, *knighted*.

In ancient times indeed, *Sir* was a common title of the *Clergy*, at least of the inferior orders, being the regular translation of *Dominus*, the designation of those who had taken their *first* degree in the University. Hence we have in Shakspeare *Sir* Hugh, in "*the Merry Wives of Windsor*;" *Sir* Topas, "*Twelfth Night*;" *Sir* Oliver, in "*As you like it*," and *Sir* Nathaniel in "*Love's Labour's lost*." But that this title was quite distinct from *Knighthood*, is plain from what *Viola* says in *Twelfth Night*, "I am one

that had rather go with *Sir Priest*, than *Sir Knight*."

But indeed I am not going to say more of the *Clergy*, than what I think is due to them. I am intending to speak merely of their *exclusion* from such public honors as seem open to every other profession, and almost every other calling. It may be well enough to say, they are servants of a KING, whose "kingdom" is "not of *this world*;" it is fair enough to allege that they *ought* not to be *worldly-minded*. I agree to all this; but why then, as is the case, so continually cast upon them the reproach of *being worldly-minded*, when they so contentedly forego, what is judged to have the greatest of all attractions for worldly-minded persons, *titles, honor, and personal distinction*?

Besides many of them have families; and why should such families in no instance whatsoever derive honor from the worth or eminence of their parents; for *this* is an *exclusion* that extends to Bishops and Archbishops, as well as the inferior Clergy? I know the Clergy may, if the King see fit, be made *Baronets*, or *Peers of the realm*, but only in case they should be *rich* enough to maintain *such dignities*; this makes the exclusion

of the poorer only the more marked, and though I intend no slight to those who may be endowed with *wealth*, yet surely it is amongst the poorer Clergy that we must look for those retired virtues, and that modest worth, which might be rendered more exemplary, by some sort of fixed remuneration.

There could be no harm in this, *after* the services performed. It would not interfere with the *retired habits* of a Country Clergyman, *while discharging* those duties, if after a certain *series of years*, every truly pious *resident* Incumbent were to be rewarded for his pains and attentions, and removed to some easier or less anxious post. A snug stall in some Cathedral would, I doubt not, be far better, than all the orders of Knighthood in the world? But who is to bestow it upon them? for after all, there is really no proportion between the gifts and the claimants. For what are 200 Stalls, I will not say to 18,000 Clergy, (though I *might* say so,) nor yet to 10,000 parish ministers, but even to the half or third part of 10,000, with the contingencies of suitable vacancies?—For unless they were constantly bestowed on *very old men*, what prospects of succession could old Incumbents have? And

*what chance* would there be for them, *if it should ever become the custom* to bestow them on *very young men* ?

I am not intending to put myself forward as the advocate of the *Clergy* beyond their just deserts. I can espy faults amongst them as well as amongst other people ; but it is on this very account, I allow myself to touch upon the subject at all. They ought not in all justice to be charged with faults, from which as a body, they seem to me to be particularly exempt. Besides, while any real faults that they have are sure to be severely noticed, their best virtues are particularly in the way of remaining much *concealed* : so concealed that I believe I may venture to assert, that no man lives in greater obscurity with respect to the world at large, than the resident Incumbent of a Country Village. No man stands a greater chance of being forgotten by his friends, overlooked by his superiors, and passed by in the distribution of honors and rewards.

There is an old story told of Bishop Butler, author of the *Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion*, which I can well believe. It is said that Queen Caroline, who knew his work, asked

Dr. Clarke one day, how long Dr. Butler, the author of the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, had been dead? “Madam,” replied the Doctor, “he is *not dead*, but *buried*.” He was in fact at the time resident on a country living in the *North* of England. The Queen had him *disinterred*, and interested herself so much in his behalf, that it ended in his advancement at last to the rich See of Durham.

Our Acts of Parliament in denouncing penalties for *non-residence* are certainly not too strict. Residence should be enforced wherever it can be so; but while no honors, rewards, or emoluments are distinctly set apart for those who *do* reside, it may be questioned whether the strictly resident, are not in all instances exposed to the greater penalties of the two. I am not speaking of *Popish Celibates*; I am speaking of the *English Protestant Clergy*, who have commonly families to be *educated*, to *put forward in the world*, and provide for in *different lines and callings*, which cannot be done effectually without *some* commerce with the world itself, some *remote* interest, some *patronage* public or private. Now it is obvious that many who do *not* reside upon their *country*

*livings*, may be much more in the way of these advantages, than those *who do*. The former may have not only lawful but very creditable dispensations for not residing, (as when employed in our Universities for instance) but such dispensations and employments, are in themselves of the nature of *advantages*, and *privileges*, the want of which may be occasionally, very mortifying, if not very detrimental, to the confined resident. It is well that the non-resident should be made to provide amply for his substitute, and that the latter should be placed under episcopal protection, and perhaps the payments and allowances to such a substitute, may operate as a sort of mulct upon the income of the non-resident, for which however his dispensations and employments elsewhere may compensate ; but the *close* and *constant* resident has always to look *forward*, to a mulct or fine of this very kind, when that distressing period arrives, in which he shall be borne down by the weight of years and infirmities, unable any longer to discharge with credit or effect, those duties to which he had devoted all the better years of his life ; doomed to survive all who had witnessed his former exertions,

and become the sport or the prey of their children or children's children. These are the things I lament; it is not merely the loss of worldly honors, much less of personal distinctions, that I consider a grievance, but that, unlike all other professions, the most careful and diligent discharge of its duties, so far from leading to any rewards, bids fair to end in trouble and sorrow; he who rises in the *military* profession, may obtain *riches, titles, stars, ribbands, posts, and pensions*, for slaying or causing to be slain some hundreds or some thousands of his fellow creatures; while he who by a protracted life and long residence on a country living, shall have bestowed Christian burial on a whole generation of honest rustics, may be daily sinking deeper and deeper into obscurity, if not into positive care and disquietude. Worldly honors in such a case would be a mere mockery; nor do I believe that any of the resident Clergy covet such things; but surely some *assistance*, if not *some reward* might be found for those who are particularly exemplary in the discharge of their duties in *this* profession and calling, as well as in others. The Chaplain of the House of Com-

mons is always rewarded with a *King's Stall*, when he has read some *very short* prayers to that honourable assembly for about *eighteen* months in the space of *three* years, or perhaps much less ; this may not be improper, considering the dignity of the appointment ; but *three times eighteen YEARS* residence on a *country living* in the most desolate part of *England* or *Wales*, establishes no *claim* whatsoever to any thing further !

I have already stated that the *Stalls* in our Cathedrals, if expressly appropriated to such purposes, would be far from sufficient ; but that they were formerly so appropriated, *as far as they would go*, I have reason to think from the following extract from a very old book.

Mr. Harrison, in his description of Britaine, prefixed to Hollinshed's Chronicle, speaking of Cathedral Churches, observes, " These Cathedrall Churches have in like maner other dignities and canonries still remaying unto them as heretofore, under the Popish regiment. Howbeit those that are chosen to the same are no ydle and unprofitable persons, (as in times past they have beene when most of these livinges were either furnished with straungers, especially out of Italy, or such ideots as had least skill of

all in discharging of those functions, whereunto they were called by vertue of these stipendes) but such as by preaching and teaching can and doe learnedly set forthe the glorie of God, and farder the overthrow of Antichrist to the uttermost of their powers.”

Whether the learned writer meant to speak *only* of the *minor* canonries and prebends, I am not quite certain, but if the *minor* canonries were so carefully provided for, and worthily bestowed, *who can doubt* but that still greater care, and more consideration of worth, should have been employed, in disposing of the *major* canonries and prebends ?

I grant that where the Clergy *do* reside, there may undoubtedly be many *private* motives to residence ; perhaps the *private* may greatly predominate over the *public* motives ; there may be no small number of resident Clergy who fall strictly under the description given us in the Deserted Village ;

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn,” &c. &c. &c.

The whole is too long to insert ; but there

could surely be no harm in increasing such *private* motives, by a little extraordinary assistance at the close of life, and giving at the same time some *publicity* to the act, to obviate the too common belief that *non-residence* prevails to a much greater extent than perhaps it really does. I have said that this is too common a belief, and I am rather strengthened in the opinion, by the information I have obtained, that, even around the spot where I am writing this book, there are *resident Incumbents* punctually discharging their duties, in (at the least,) XXIII *contiguous* parishes. There may be more, but I am well pleased to learn there are actually so many as the number stated.

I have long been in the way of hearing things imputed to the Clergy *as a body*, to which, if I have any knowledge of history, or any competent notion of their present proceedings and situation, I cannot justly assent. Nothing, I am sorry to say, is more common than to hear them spoken of as notoriously selfish, covetous, rapacious, mercenary, proud and meddling; and yet perhaps there is no order of society which has been *robbed* and *defrauded*, (I can call it no less,) of their public rights, privileges, and property.

I know it may be very unpopular to say such things, but if I really believe them to be so, why may not I avail myself of the boasted *liberty* of the British Press, to speak *well* of any class of my fellow subjects, and of our public institutions, as freely as *others* do to speak *ill* of them, without mercy, and without remorse? but in what I have to say, I shall be very careful to advance no more than what I think every honest layman ought to allow, who would give himself the trouble to take an impartial view of history and common facts.

And first, allow me to ask what is become of their Convocation? I wish not to be mistaken. I am quite aware that to propose its revival, would be very unsuitable to the temper of the times; but it seems to me that they have been strangely juggled out of it, and are wonderfully patient under the trick that has been played them. As far as my own experience goes, scarcely one person in a thousand, nay in ten thousand, seems to know any thing about it. Who would ever think, without being told it, that there once was, almost if not entirely as regular an *Ecclesiastical Parliament*, as a *civil* or temporal one? That there was not only a body

of Spiritual *Lords*, but of Spiritual COMMONS, so called in the very rolls of Parliament, and summoned to attend upon the King *in Parliament* (*ad ipsum Parliamentum vocatos*) by concurrent writs, and with equal privileges? their persons being secured from arrest, and protections extended even to their servants? Nay, who would think or believe that the law seems to be the same at this moment? for though the Convocation never sits, it is always convened afresh on every dissolution of Parliament, and certain forms observed, which tend to confirm and establish all that I have stated. Writs are directed to the two Archbishops to summon the Clergy, and to form a lower house, by summons of the Deans and Archdeacons, who are *ex officio* members, and by issuing precepts to the Clergy of every Archdeaconry, and to every Chapter to elect their representatives or Proctors. Returns are regularly made to these writs and precepts, and on some day, closely connected with the meeting of every new Parliament, both houses of Convocation assemble; the lower house appoints its Speaker or Prolocutor, after which they jointly attend his Majesty, who receives them on his throne, and to whom, as formally

as the lower house of Parliament presents its Speaker, is the new-elected Prolocutor of the lower house of Convocation duly presented and introduced. But here, according to the present course of proceedings, this solemn farce ends. The question is, whether it be terminated properly or not?—Why is the lower house no longer permitted to become, as to this day it may be said to have a *right* to become, (if the King see fit,) an *active, deliberative* assembly?—I confess it appears to me, from the best enquiries I can make, that there is something very irregular and strange in these proceedings; for on the return of the two houses from the foot of the throne, the Archbishop of Canterbury adjourns both houses *sine die*. The Prolocutor, the Deans and Archdeacons, and all the representatives of the Clergy and Chapters, are sent home, while the Archbishop himself, and Bishops take their seats as Legislators in the upper house of Parliament, in a totally different character, not as members of Convocation, not as *representing* the Clergy in any manner whatsoever, but in virtue of their *Baronies*, &c. the lower house being rendered *mute* and *inactive*, by a kind of septennial prorogation, and the whole of the Clergy

still more rudely shut out from the house of Commons, by a decree apparently more arbitrary and irrevocable than that which at present excludes the Roman Catholics, Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics ! and this in times, when by the mode of election of the house of Commons, *every other profession or calling* may fairly be said to have their representatives, the *Army*, the *Navy*, the *Law*, the *agricultural, trading, commercial* and *manufacturing* classes ? The Clergy besides not only being thus roughly excluded, but having *no chance* of admission ; not even by laying aside their sacerdotal character, whatever ill success they may have as ecclesiastics. I know it may be said, the Clergy have brought these things on themselves, but not without a gross departure from the Constitution, which perhaps they have reason enough to repent. I hope I shall not be troublesome to all readers, to some I *must* be ; for though it be a regular *national* topic, quite connected with rights and privileges, honors and dignities, I am well aware it is a part of my work which cannot be rendered amusing. But I will be as brief as possible, and skip as much as I can, consistently with what I conceive to be the true historical account

of matters. Formerly all attendance upon Parliament was burthensome. The expences of those who did attend fell upon their constituents, and the members, lay and spiritual, were generally called together, merely to grant subsidies to the King, which could not very well be evaded. The writs regularly went out to the Sheriffs and Archdeacons; but some boroughs and some archdeaconries, to avoid the expence, were silently passed over, in the returns, being nevertheless liable to pay their proportion, as should be agreed upon by the attendant representatives of wealthier towns and archdeaconries, which might very easily be adjusted, the subsidies being in the form of a fifth, tenth, or fifteenth of their moveables, according to an established rate. The Clergy being constitutionally at this time, exempted from all *lay* exactions, taxed themselves. Their consent *in Convocation* to the subsidies required, was therefore indispensably necessary, and so things seem to have continued till the middle of the XVIIth century; when the Clergy, by an odd piece of management, were led to adopt the expedient of contributing to the public revenue in another way; namely, by voting for their benefices as freeholds in the

election of Knights of the Shire, and thereby including themselves for all purposes of public taxation, in the number of constituents represented by the *lay* members of the House of Commons. And thus the case stands at present; though as a sensible writer on the French Revolution, 1792, has observed, “the final renunciation of the Clergy to the important right of taxing themselves in Convocation, and their acceptance in its stead of the right of voting for Knights of the Shire, was adjusted so very silently indeed after the restoration, that some have doubted whether it ever received the express sanction of the legislature.” For my own part, I very much question if it ever did.

But whenever they renounced this right of taxing themselves in Convocation, (it is commonly referred I believe to the year 1663) they renounced no other rights or privileges appertaining to their ecclesiastical Synods. Had the change that then took place, affected the Convocation generally, it would no longer have been summoned in the way it now is. The renunciation in question, however, has certainly considerably altered the situation of the inferior Clergy. As to ecclesiastical concerns, they

clearly remain without any active representatives whatsoever. The representatives they do appoint scarcely serve to remind them of their dormant privileges, while their interference with Parliament is always regarded with a jealous eye. *Taxation* must be dependent on the *policy* of the *Government*, yet how often are the *Clergy* told they have nothing to do with *Politics*. As long as they contribute to the public taxes as county freeholders, and through *lay* representatives in Parliament, they have constitutionally as much to do with *politics*, as any lay constituents of that representative body. If however their interference in this way be pronounced to be *unconstitutional*, let them revert to their *old mode* of *taxing themselves*; but it is surely unfair, to stop their mouths in *Convocation* and *Parliament* also. They must not be members of the latter, they are no longer allowed to act or deliberate in the former, their lay representatives are expected to give away their money without their interposition, and their ecclesiastical representatives are debarred from helping them, through the adjournment of their assembly by the Archbishop; a right which, though it certainly might appertain to him when there was

only *one* house, has become surely very questionable since the London Convocation separated into two, an *upper* and a *lower* house. This however would be more evident if the Clergy had not *formerly* chosen rather to be summoned as a *Provincial Synod* by the *Archbishop* than as a *Parliamentary Convocation* by the *King*. Hence I apprehend is deduced the Archiepiscopal authority over both houses. But as this happened in the times of Popery, and it rests with the King to *dissolve* the Convocation, the Archbishop's power over *both* houses, seems to be unwarranted. In the Province of York, the Convocation still forms only one house.

Now though I do not wish to see the Clergy too busy about worldly and temporal concerns, yet to be so *silenced* as they really are, and so *excluded* from taking either directly or indirectly, any *active* part in our national Assemblies, seems hard upon them, and ought at least to save them from the too common reproach of meddling with things that do not belong to them, when they occasionally express their opinions upon political affairs. I do not mean in their pulpits, this is a different case ; but in public meetings, where their attendance is generally met by some

pretty rude discouragement. It is this *rudeness* only that I seek to correct, without the smallest desire of adding to the number of the Clergy that may at any time attend such assemblies. I myself think they had always better be quiet, upon occasions where they are sure to be outnumbered by the laity, and not received as a part of *their* body ; though upon all questions of *taxation*, or *policy* connected with *taxation*, I think they might very properly claim to be upon the same footing, as not *then* precisely acting in their *ecclesiastical* character. They would have authority for this of very ancient date, for the cases are nearly similar. When Archbishop Becket, in Henry the Second's reign, anno 1165, was to be condemned, it became a question between the *Bishops* and the *temporal* Lords, which should pronounce the sentence, the temporal Lords insisting that it devolved upon the Bishops, as his *fellow Priests* and *Bishops*. But one of the Bishops stoutly objected to this, upon the ground that they were not Bishops in *that assembly*, but *Barons* " non sedemus hic *Episcopi* sed *Barones*. Nos *Barones*, et vos *Barones* pares hic Sumus." And so might the Clergy say, when as *county freeholders* they attend to discuss

any political question. "We do not attend here as *ecclesiastics*, but as *laymen*. We *lay-men* and you *lay-men*, we *taxed* and you *taxed*." There is indeed I believe some doubt whether Bishops do not sit in the House of Peers, as *Bishops* as well as *Barons*, because some of the most modern Sees are held to have no Baronies attached to them, as *Oxford*, *Bristol*, *Gloucester*, *Peterborough*, and *Chester*. But whether this be so or not, they certainly do not sit there as *representatives* of the Clergy. The House of Lords itself is *not* a *representative* body; the Clergy have *other* representatives; and this brings us in the present state of things, to another *anomaly*, which I can never resolve, in regard to the conduct of the Clergy. We often hear of petitions presented to the House of Commons from *Chapters*, and different *bodies* of the *Clergy*, not merely upon points of foreign or domestic policy, but in cases affecting the *Church* or the *established religion*. How then is this? In these cases the legal and *elected representatives* of the Clergy are wholly passed by, and the constituents of those representatives condescend to become suitors to a House of Commons, from which they are not only personally excluded, but while they have

or ought to have a *House of Commons* of their own. Surely it would be at least more dignified to petition the *King* at once, through their *representatives* in *Convocation*, and if there were any extraordinary difficulty in the case, tack to that petition, an humble address, to be permitted to hold a sitting. For that the *KING* could still at any time call the *Convocation* into *action*, seems to be allowed by all. I hope our Bishops would not object; but I confess in looking into books, I am led to suspect that the *lower* house of *Convocation* has never been a favourite with the Episcopal Bench. It is odd enough, but certainly fact, that when the *Convocation* was an efficient body, the Latin Sermon preached at St. Paul's, before the *two houses* there assembled, was very commonly pretty severe upon the Bishops for neglect of their episcopal duties, and there are sermons of this kind extant, preached by persons, who afterwards were advanced to the Bench themselves, particularly Bishop *Andrewes*. It seems to have been through some neglect or studied exclusion of the inferior Clergy, that even in the *Rolls of Parliament*, after the reign of *Henry VII.* the *Bishops* are mentioned as one of the *three* estates, of the

realm, "though in reality," (says Hody) "the three estates of the realm are the *Clergy*, Lords and Commons."

Many doubts and difficulties, I must grant, have been raised, as to the real and proper character of the Convocation, and how far it may have been considered as having ever borne so near an affinity to the lay Parliament of the kingdom, as has been just represented. These things belong to antiquarians, but unquestionably it is *so far* a *lost* part of our Constitution, that having formerly been called into action by the King, (not indeed invariably, but generally) *concurrently with the lay Parliament*, "to treat upon arduous and weighty affairs," as well as to grant subsidies, it is *no longer permitted* to discuss any such business, whether it regard the Church or the State, though all the forms of summoning and assembling it are kept; more regularly indeed in regard to the assembling and dissolution of our Parliaments, than was the case in times past. Nor do I find that those who most dispute its strict parliamentary character, are at all disposed to deny "that if the exigencies of the Church call for a Convocation, the Church has a *right* to its sitting."—

King William, in a message to the Convocation in 1689, declares that he summoned them, "not only because it was usual to do so upon holding a Parliament, but out of a pious zeal to do every thing that might tend to the best establishment of the Church of England, which is so *eminent* a part of the Reformation, and is *certainly best suited to the Constitution of the Government.*" A curious concession for a Presbyterian by education. Indeed, if we look to every other denomination of Christians, we shall I think find that they all have such meetings for promoting the interests of their respective sects; *Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Methodists* of both classes, *Quakers, Unitarians*, all have their several *conventions*, in which they have opportunities afforded them, of taking such measures for the advancement of their own concerns, as must necessarily affect the interests of the established Church more or less, and which has no doubt a bad effect, as long as the Clergy do *not* assemble for such purposes, inasmuch as it must needs bespeak more zeal and energy, and greater solicitude for the advancement and security of their different societies.

I know the last time the Convocation met to

transact business, it fell into discredit from the intemperance of its proceedings; this was about the year 1717, in the midst of the *Bangorian Controversy*. I hope if it were again to be restored to its proper functions, we should find a great change in the temper and manners of the present Clergy; but with its meeting or not meeting to transact business, I have nothing to do. I shall only say, that if it ever should take place, I trust the members of it will have the prudence to conduct themselves properly; in a *dignified* and *moderate* manner, that is, and as much as possible confine themselves to what especially concerns their own order, their duties, and their charges. I am persuaded they would not any longer wish for the power of *burning priests* and *schismatics*, as was formerly the case; but there are questions that might well be brought before them, discussed and deliberated upon, for the *benefit* of the *Church*; at least, we might reasonably hope so, considering how much is done *against* them in the proceedings of those who are opposed to the Church, namely, the whole body of Dissenters.

I have gone much further into this part of my subject than I intended, finding it to be, not

only a subject little understood in general, but to all appearance never *thoroughly* understood by any body; some of our most learned and gravest writers having taken totally different views of it. But of *this* I feel quite certain, that the *loss* of the *Convocation*, is to the bulk of the Clergy, a loss of privilege and consequence, not compensated by what has been given them instead, especially since the world seems disposed not only to exclude them from the recovery of their former rights, but to view with a more malignant and invidious eye every day, their exercise of those privileges, to which upon ceasing to tax themselves, they are by every rule of right and equity most justly entitled.

In Collier's Ecclesiastical History, it is stated that the change took place by the *contrivance* of Archbishop Sheldon, the Lord Chancellor Hyde, and others, about the year 1663, or 1664, by whom it "was concluded," says the historian, that "the Clergy should *silently* wave the custom of taxing their own *body*, and suffer themselves to be included in the Money Bills, prepared by the Commons." The Clergy in general seem to have done this quite as *silently* as the Archbishop, the Chancellor, the Prelates,

or the Lord Treasurer (for *he* had a hand in it) could have wished ; so that in March, 1664, the Commons passed a Money Bill which included the Clergy. The historian's own reflection on the change is as follows.

“ That the Clergy were gainers by this change is more than appears ; were they allowed to elect some of their function to represent them in the House of Commons, the quitting their ancient right would be more intelligible ; but such a choice will not pass the Committee of *Elections*. The consenting therefore to be taxed by the temporal Commons, makes the Clergy more dependent on a foreign body, takes away the right of disposing of their own money, and lays their estates in some measure at their discretion ; and being in no condition to give subsidies, and present the crown, 'tis well if their *convocation meetings are not sometimes discontinued*, if they do not *sink in their significancy, lie by* for want of a *royal licence*, and grow less *regarded* when their *grievances are offered*. And here I cannot forbear saying, that having the liberty of polling for Parliament men, seems short of an equivalent for the privileges resigned. However the reader may see there is an express

clause in the act for reserving their right and returning them to their former circumstances." Vol. II. p. 893.

In endeavouring to rescue so large a body as the Clergy of England from the unmerited reproach of being *rapacious, worldly-minded, &c. &c.* It is certainly within the scope of this book to shew what they have surrendered of their rights and privileges, with a *quietness* and *forbearance*, very inconsistent with the spirit and temper so commonly imputed to them. Even in our recent Marriage Act, by one particular clause, a large proportion of the Clergy has been deprived of important privileges, so silently, as in all probability to escape the notice not only of the public at large, but of many who voted for the Bill. What has been said of their lost or dormant privileges, may be applied also to their *property* in *tithes, &c.* as I shall presently shew, for in speaking of the Clergy, I wish to be understood of speaking *chiefly* of the inferior Clergy, and among those, of such who do the duty of the parishes assigned to them; these are the people who suffer most from the *general* imputations cast on their profession, because *they* suffer undeservedly.

The Clergy have undoubtedly lost some im-

portance from the gradual depreciation of the penalty and reproach of excommunication. As things stand at present, it would appear to be a much more odious attempt to keep men forcibly within the pale of the established Church, than to expel them from it. And yet when men quit the established Church, what is it they go after? a more sure word of truth, no doubt; a more certain way to the gates of heaven! If any Churchman then would wish to see what a wild-goose chase this must be, I would advise him just to be at the pains of reading through one of those little books called "a View of Religions," or "Alphabetical Compendium of the several Denominations among Christians," and if he be not strongly impressed with the amount of the *fundamental* differences, and discordancies prevailing amongst the Dissenters themselves, and of the common prudence therefore of adhering to the faith of his forefathers, I should certainly be disposed to set no great value on his judgment.

As to the *property* of the Clergy in tithes, I shall leave it as it stands, and certainly neither go into its history, nor attempt to suggest any specific commutation, though I heartily wish for the sake of all parties, it could be put upon a better footing. But *property* as far as regards the *great*

*tithes*, it *certainly is*, whether in the hands of the Clergy or the laity; the large proportion of it, which is now in the hands of the *latter*, renders it so to all intents and purposes. It is undoubtedly property of a particular nature, as not being generally transmissible or alienable by the persons entitled to it, or possessed of it; but this regards the Clergy only. In the hands of the *lay impropiator*, it is both alienable and transmissible. Here then we are to look for its character as *property*; nay the case was *settled* by the Statute 32 Henry VIII. the public, on the alienation of the tithes, having withholden them from the *laity*, arguing, as Fuller tells us, that “it seemed unreasonable that they should receive *wages* who did no work, and that the hire of labourers in the vineyard should be given to lazy lookers on.” But such arguments were soon overruled by the Statute I have mentioned, and the payment of tithes to the laity enforced. “This Statute,” says an able ecclesiastical historian, “though made in favor of lay impropiators, was serviceable to the Clergy; for though the benefit of the Church was not principally in view, the *concurrence* of interest, and the *parity* of the *case*, made it applicable; that is, made it property in the one case as well as in the

other. But it is going too far to say it is not alienable even in clerical hands ; our Archbishops have sold or surrendered Church property to the Crown ; and in cases of alienation of parochial tithes, the Rector's consent has been asked. If the Clergy have no property in their tithes, the compositions they have made in time past, should not be valid against their successors ; we ought to surrender the *moduses* by which in so many places the value of parochial tithes has been lessened, through the negligence or *consent* of former incumbents. If it were *not property*, what right could they have had to alter or even fix its value so much to the loss of those who were to come after ? A writer in the Morning Chronicle has lately endeavoured to shew that tithes are not property ; but in the year 1802, Mr. Wm. Cobbett discussed this question, and as he is generally particularly clear and pointed in his arguments and opinions, I shall quote what he has said upon the subject.

“ The Clergy are *not paid* by the people any more than the landholders are ; the tithes are as much their property as the rent is the property of the landlord ; the title of the former can no more be destroyed than the title of the latter ; and why the Clergyman should receive as *pay*

what the landlord demands as his own, we cannot perceive. A man who should attempt to defraud his landlord, would be deemed, and justly deemed, a cheat; yet we see no loss of character attached to him who is in the constant habit of defrauding his Rector or Vicar.—The tithes do not belong to the husbandman, they never can be called his. The Clergyman claims them as his *right*, unfettered with any conditions whatever, other than those which he enters into with God and the King. It has been the fashion of late years to talk of *abolishing tithes*; those who have lands would do well to consider how they would relish the abolishing of *rents*, for they may rest assured that the latter will never be far behind the former. Those who would make a law for abolishing tithes, would probably not wish to make another for abolishing rents, but they would very soon *find a set of legislators to do it for them.*”

So far Mr. Cobbett in his usual perspicuous, clear and forcible manner; it will not be inapplicable to shew how the property of the Clergy has been dealt with in times past, by a set of legislators, who seem to have pretty well known what they were about. I take it from a very modern work, Mr. Nicholls's *Recollections* and

Reflections; 1822. After observing that the House of Commons, however compliant with the other wishes of Henry VIII. would not grant him the people's money; "I know it may be said," adds Mr. Nicholls, "that the House of Commons consented to let him confiscate the property of the *Convents*; but *that property was not under their protection*. They permitted Queen Mary to re-establish the Roman Catholic Religion; but when she asked them to consent that the confiscated property of the Convents should be *restored*, they *refused* it; for that property was *then* become the property of *laymen*, and *was* under their protection."—Now though I am not sorry for the Monks in a political point of view, if any of them had turned round upon Queen Mary's House of Commons, and said, "then you are not ashamed of being the avowed receivers of stolen goods," I could scarcely have found in my heart to have blamed them.

The *vicarial* tithes may certainly appear more in the shape of a stipendiary payment for ecclesiastical services performed, and ecclesiastical duties discharged, but the *great* tithes, appropriated, or unappropriated, are distinct property; and being such, it is a very simple question, whether to the public, it is better that they should be in the hands

of some parish incumbent, or lay impropiator ; for it is the true parish minister, whose character I am endeavouring to uphold, not for his own sake only, but for the sake of all.

I shall certainly not attempt to go into particulars, or dwell upon things actually passing at this time, but I shall cite from an old book of considerable reputation, some particulars which must, under all circumstances whatsoever, tend to shew, that let a Clergyman be ever so rapacious, tithe-holders have not only always been more than a match for them, but always must be in the nature of things. In his address to the Clergy he writes thus :

“ The greatest part of this little book consists of directions in law, relating to Church affairs. I wish there had not been occasion for me to be so large in these matters ; but one of the greatest temporal difficulties, that belongs to the profession, is, that you are under such a multitude and variety of laws and rules, and those of a different sort, ecclesiastical and civil, which do often interfere and clash with one another ; insomuch that the most learned lawyers in many cases, are not agreed, as to the rights and duties of Churchmen, and you will find by several

instances, in the following papers, that what has sometimes been pronounced to be law, has at other times been denied to be so.

“ Your office and tenure is limited and restrained by so many conditions and qualifications, that a gentleman may more easily settle himself in a post of the greatest honor and profit in the State, than a Clergyman can get a legal title to a vicarage or two of 30*l.* per annum in the Church.

“ And when you are, according to all the punctilios of the law and canon, possessed of a maintenance, yet you daily find occasion to exercise your patience in submitting to the impositions of others ; or to shew your prudence and courage in defending your own and the Church’s rights. For I think it may be justly said, that no order of men in this, or any other nation, are under so fatal necessity of disputing their rights, or being abused as you are ; especially Vicars and Rectors of parochial Churches.

“ I am sensible, that too many, without cause, have charged the Clergy in general with such crimes, which as they are odious in all, so especially in those of your profession, I mean litigiousness and rigour in demanding their dues :

nor is it the Clergy of this age, but those of the ages past, that have lain under this imputation; which plainly demonstrates the falsity of it: for there are not many benefices which are not considerably lessened by the want of care and exactness in those who have formerly enjoyed them; and there may upon occasion be great numbers of instances produced, of livings, which in former ages had all tithes paid in kind; and which, if they were now so to be paid, would be worth several hundreds by the year; which since that by reason of compositions made between the incumbents and parishioners, and in tract of time turned into unalterable customs and prescriptions, are reduced to so small a value, that they will scarce afford a maintenance to a single man. For, granting that in some parishes there were from the beginning, some *modus* agreed to be paid in lieu of tithes, yet it is certain and demonstrable, that in very many, not to say most parishes, these prescriptions and customs grew from voluntary agreement; and yet in these very parishes, if the incumbent be strict in demanding his *modus*, though perhaps it is but a groat or two-pence, where two or three shillings were originally his due, both he and

his order shall be exclaimed against, for extortion and oppression; when yet if the former incumbents were such extreme exactors of their rights, as some would have them thought, these customs and prescriptions could never have prevailed.

“ But farther, the Nobleman and Gentleman often receives thousands by the year from fewer hands than the Vicar his three or four score. I know some places where a less sum than this is paid to the Vicar by near 200, I may say, 500 several persons; among so many ’twere strange if there were not some troublesome and injurious: and if there be one such in a parish, the Vicar must have to do with him. He cannot chuse his dealers as others do, but must accept them for his paymasters, whom the landlord takes for his tenants: and there is many a one who is awed into honesty by the greatness and riches of a landlord, who yet knows himself to be more than a match at law for his poor Vicar, and uses him accordingly.”

Now if this did not appear to be fair and true in all its circumstances, I would not admit it into my book in favor of the Clergy, or any other persons; but the case is so strong, that I think

it might work upon the minds even of *farmers* themselves. In regard to the last paragraph, I have a fact to relate which I believe to be entirely true. In the West of England, not many years ago, an association was formed, to prepare a petition to Parliament for the abolition or commutation of tithes; many meetings were held, much discussion took place, and a large number of persons constantly attended, to offer advice and supply information upon all points connected with the subject, and in support and encouragement of the petition. At length, to the confusion of the whole party, a rough *country farmer*, with a *Stentorian* voice, begged to ask one question. "Pray," says he, "Gentlemen, if the *tithes* be taken from the *Clergy*, whose will they be?" and being answered, the landlord's, "then," says he, "I had rather they'd *bide* as they be, for I can manage the parson at any time, but the landlord will be too much for me." It is reported, that this had such an effect, as to put an entire stop to the proposed petition, and an end to the association. Instead therefore of abusing the Clergy, who *generally speaking*, and *all things considered*, are quite incapable of taking more than their due in law, people would do

well to consider, what would be the state of the property, if it were to change hands. I do not mean to insinuate any thing against landlords, but there is no doubt that if the property now in the hands of the parochial Clergy were to revert to *them*, they would have *more power* of turning it to advantage than the present possessors—very much has already passed into *lay hands*, and to say the least, it seems to be enjoyed with far less trouble and vexation, than what remains to the Clergy. I know not whether these lay possessors of Church property are aware, that they have the mark of *robbery* stamped upon them; but as I am writing about *titles*, I may as well observe to them, (for I have it from high authority, even *Sir Henry Spelman* and *Blackstone*,) that the very term "*Lay Impropiator*," is meant to express neither more nor less than "*Improper Proprietor*." "*Parson*," says the author of the Clergyman's Vade Mecum, "was once a name of honor; but the proper owners are not so fond of it, since men of other professions have usurped it, and a very great part of the revenue that belonged to it."

"My Lords and Masters," (said old Latimer upon this subject in one of his discourses) "all

such proceedings, as far as I can perceive, do intend plainly to make the yeomanry slavery, and the Clergy *shavery*; we of the Clergy *had* too much; but this is taken away, and now we *have* too little."

Another writer or preacher on the same subject, as fond of "*quips, quirks, puns, punnets, and pundignons*, as Fuller the worthy," to apply Mr. Southey's words, remarked, "there are three *Pees* in a line of relation—*Patrons, Priests, People*. Two of these *Pees* are made lean to make one P fat. *Priests* have lean *livings*, *People* lean *souls*, to make *Patrons* have fat *purses*."

"The Rob-altar is a huge drinker, he loves like Belshazzar to drink only in the goblets of the Temple. Woe unto him; he carouses the wine he never sweat for, and keeps the poor ministry thirsty. The tenth sheep is his diet: the tenth fleece, (O 'tis a golden fleece, he thinks) is his drink: but the wool shall choke him. Some drink down whole Churches and steeples, but the bells shall ring in their bellies." So much for *ap* and *im*-propriations.

The parochial Clergy have another claim to be discharged from the imputation of *worldly-mindedness*, inasmuch as they are often found to

be destitute in the highest degree of worldly craft and cunning, especially if they are at all *bookish*, as it is called, and which of course they are expected to be. “It seems,” says the celebrated *Marquis d’Argens*, “that as if to mortify the pride of philosophy, heaven permitted some of the *most wise* amongst *men*, to exhibit the strongest traits of *weakness* and *folly* ;” and he cites a line from *Moliere*, to the following effect ; “Qu’un sot savant, est sot, plus qu’un sot ignorant.” “No man,” he adds, “had more learning than *Cardan*, and yet never was there a *greater fool*,” and he instances in many particulars. Now this may certainly be said of many of our inferior Clergy. If they are *learned*, it is fifty to one that in other respects they are *fools* ; or if they be *great geniuses*, somewhat *mad* ; according to Seneca, who attributes the thought indeed to Aristotle ; “Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ.”

An author already cited says of them, “their education is such, that there is generally nothing they know less of than *law* ;” but they know little enough of many other things conducive to their interests, which may be one reason, why they seldom die rich, or leave much patrimony

behind them. Still the learning of such persons is creditable to them, as a very old writer remarks. " I confesse indeed," says he, " their contemplations farre exceed the worldly man's, for *his* are to *earth* confined ; or the *voluptuous* man's, for *his* are to *pleasures* chained ; or the *ambitious*, for *his* are to *honours* gaged ; or the deluded *Alchymist*, for *his* are to impossible hopes restrained ; yet as profit and pleasure make the sweetest *musicke*, so *contemplation* joined with *practice* make the fruitfulest knowledge." But their contemplations and learning, unless they have been in the way of tuition in great families, are too often impediments in the way of their advancement, rather than helps.

" Qui *Pelago* credit, magno se *fœnore* tollit ;  
 Qui *pugnas* et *castra* petit, præcingitur auro ;  
 Vilis *adulator* picto jacet *ebrius* ostro ;  
 Sola *pruinosis* horret *facundia* pannis ;"

which lines of *Petronius*, I find thus rendered by an old author ;

" A *Merchant's* gain is great that goes to sea ;  
 A *Souldier* is embossed all in gold ;  
 A *Flatterer* lies fox'd in brave array ;  
 A *Scholar's* only ragged to behold."

" Dat *Galenus* opes, dat *Justinianus* honores,  
 Sed Genus et Species Cogitur ire pedes."

“ The rich *Physician*, honor’d *Lawyers* ride,  
While the poor *Scholar* foots it by their side.”

Too often, I fear, as the same anatomist of melancholy remarks of Scholars in general, have our learned Clerks reason to cry out,

“ *Quid me literulas stulti docuere parentes?*”

If this be all the respect, reward and honor we shall have ;

“ *Frangere leves Calamos, et scinde Thalia libellos;*”

what did our parents mean to make us *scholars*, to be as far to seek for *preferment* after *twenty years* study as we were at first? Why do we take such pains? If there be no more hope of reward, no better encouragement; let us turn soldiers, sell our books, and buy swords, guns and pikes, or stop bottles with them; turn our gowns (as *Cleanthes* once did) into millers’ coats; leave all and betake ourselves to some other course of life. “ *Præstat Dentis scalpia radere, quam literariis monumentis magnatum favorem emendicare.*”

“ His Father saw his powers—‘ I’ll give, quoth he,  
My first-born learning : ’twill a portion be ;’  
Unhappy Gift ! a portion for a Son !  
But all he had :—he learn’d, and was undone !”

CRABBE’S *Curate*.

Burton's description of Scholars in his days, deserves to be added, as it tells as much *for* them as *against* them. "Your greatest students are commonly no better—*silly, soft* fellows in their outward behaviour, absurd, ridiculous to others, and no whit experienced in *worldly* business. They can *measure* the heavens, *range over* the world, teach *others* wisdom, and yet in *bargains* and *contracts*, they are circumvented by every base tradesman. Are not these men *fools*?" He adds however for their comfort what Pliny said of Isæus. "He is yet a Scholar; than which kind of men, there is nothing so simple, so sincere; none better; harmless, upright, innocent, plain-dealing men." "We can make Majors and officers every year," says he in another place; "Kings can invest Knights and Barons, as Sigismond the Emperor confessed: but he, nor they, nor all the world, can give *learning*, make *philosophers, orators, artists, poets*. We can soon say, (as Seneca well notes) *O virum bonum! O divitem!* point at a *rich* man, a *good*, an *happy*, a *proper* man, *Sumptuose vestitum; Calamistratum; bene olentem; magno temporis impendio constat hæc laudatis O Virum literatum!* it is not so easily performed to find out a learned

man. Learning is not so quickly got." But to return to the Clergy.

I remember one of these learned Clerks, a very worthy but a very unsuccessful man, gravely telling me, that his father offered him the option of being a *Clergyman* or a *Coach-maker*, and that he had often sorely repented that he did not choose the latter. Such Clergymen as these are the persons of whom the world hears nothing; but yet judges of the *whole order*, from those who happen to render themselves but *too* conspicuous; though I must maintain that generally speaking, a great improvement has taken place, if the conduct of the Clergy, (even of the younger part of the profession) be but candidly weighed and considered. Here and there indeed there may still be found,

“ *The Cassock'd Huntsman and the Fiddling Priest,*”

but even such characters are improved in their manners; seldom do we see such Clergymen as are represented in the song and pictures of the *Vicar* and *Moses*, for instance. How very few of the whole body, smoke, swear; drink hard, gamble, publicly or privately, or lead notoriously

immoral lives. Yet such things *were*, they tell us; probably, with great exaggeration, and many signal exceptions; but *we* have undoubtedly the advantage of much improvement in *manners*, and in the *refinements* of society. Vulgarity and coarseness are not immoral in themselves, but where they prevail, there can be no doubt, that some sort of immoralities are always more general, *less disgusting, less offensive* to the *public eye* and ear.

“ Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant :  
 Ut cunque defecere mores,  
 Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.”

“ ——— Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
 Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.”

I have noticed the imputations thrown on the Clergy, of being *worldly-minded, covetous, and rapacious*, and endeavoured to shew by undeniable instances, that the patience with which they endure their general exclusion from all *titles, privileges, and personal distinctions*; from *Parliament*, (even their *own Constitutional Parliament*, if I may call it so;) from all other

*trades, callings and professions*; and lastly, from what is mostly regarded as *the world*, κατ' ἐξοχην, (as is the case with those who really discharge the duties of their office in *retired country villages*, and parishes remote from the metropolis,) that there is nothing of which the profession at large deserves *less* to be accused, than that of *worldly-mindedness*. The whole body of the Clergy must have entered into the Church, with a certainty of labouring under the enumerated *restrictions and exclusions*, and yet a very large majority, no doubt, descend annually to the grave, without having once uttered a complaint against them during their whole lives, even in these days of *affected liberality*, and *clamour against all restrictions*! I say *affected liberality*, for can it be otherwise, when so very lately, Mr. *Radical* Hunt made it part of his petition to Parliament from Somersetshire, that in addition to all other restrictions and disqualifications, “the Clergy (in general) should be excluded from holding commissions in the Peace, or even acting as Commissioners of Taxes, Sewers, or Turnpikes.” I remember two lines of a poem, in which the Statue in Guildhall, of the celebrated

Alderman Beckford, the favourite of the mob of those days, but who had great possessions in the *West Indies*, was thus alluded to ;

“ Fronting his noble form, who at tyranny raves,  
The *Champion of Freedom*—and dealer in *Slaves!*”

As to the other charge of *rapaciousness*, I have also endeavoured to shew, not only that much has been taken from them, whether they would or no, and which they make no *attempt to recover*, but that whatever has been left to them, is in almost every instance, so clogged with difficulties, so lessened by positive advantages taken against them, (in times past as well as present,) so grudgingly accounted for and up to them, (though undoubtedly their due,) so hardly recoverable in case of disputes, considering the laws and jurisdictions to which they must appeal, and the constant disparity in regard to numbers, that a rapacity the most unbounded could scarcely obtain for any one of them the utmost extent of their dues, and I believe there are very few indeed that are not compelled to submit quietly to some flagrant invasion or other of their undoubted rights. I myself saw a case, (not long ago,) signed by a

very eminent Exchequer Counsel, to whom various questions had been referred, on a dispute between a Rector and his parishioners, the latter of whom had broken an agreement, to the great loss and damage of the former. Upon every question a most decided opinion was given in favour of the Rector, but constantly ending with some such remark as follows, “ but I know not what remedy to advise, the *opposite* parties are so *numerous*.” I was also amused and diverted, almost into a fit of laughter, at a specimen it contained, of the *uncertainty* of our laws in such cases ; one of the questions related to the extent of a *modus*, claiming to be a *modus on meadow land*, &c. ; it was stated in reply, that though there might be sufficient grounds to question the *modus* in general, it would probably be difficult to get rid of it, for it might be doubted what *was intended* by meadow land—“ *perhaps a turnip field* might be meadow land in law.”

In all that I have said, it has been far from my attention to advance any thing in favour of tithes, or the contrary ; I have only sought to rescue a large, and, as I think, a very respectable class of the community, the *resident paro-*

*chial Clergy*, (to whom we ought chiefly to look when we would estimate the real character of a *Clergyman*) from the severe charges of *worldly-mindedness* and *rapacity*.

But there is another propensity attributed to the Clergy as a body, which perhaps deserves some consideration, namely, a great relish for the *pleasures of the table*, "*Gulæ et Ventri dediti*," to use the expression of a very old writer. Is it not even Swift who has said,

" I ne'er knew a *Parson* but had a good *nose*,  
Though the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes."

Which reminds me of a laughable mistake mentioned in one of our newspapers but a very short time ago; of a Mayor of a certain Corporation, who presiding at a great dinner, when the cloth was removed, looked all down the table for a *Clergyman* to say *Grace*, but observing *none* there, gravely got up and said, There is not one *Clergyman* present—" *thank God!*"

But I am strongly disposed to think, that in this particular also, the Clergy have been hardly dealt with; and that if upon some occasions they have appeared to be gluttons *professionally*, it has been the *laity* who drove them into such

appearances. I suppose it will be granted that if a *dinner* be divided into *two* parts, as first and second course for instance; or into *three*, as first and second course and dessert; and of a large and brilliant company, *one particular person* shall be restricted, to the satisfaction of his appetite, out of *one* only of those divisions, and then to rise from the table; leaving all the rest of the party, to feast further, upon all that may follow; perhaps even to wait upon them; if *that particular person* should eat rather more voraciously of *his particular division* than the rest, and not rise from table, without *sometimes* casting a *wistful* eye on the *dainties* he is *compelled* to *forego*, surely we must admit this to be too natural to be censured even as an infirmity, much less as a crime.—But this was just the case with certain of the Clergy in times past. Any reader may be convinced of this who will take the trouble of turning to the 255th Number of the *Tatler*, and read there the gross indignities to which the *Chaplain* of a great family was in *those days* exposed. The Abbé *Le Blanc* in his Letters on England, cited elsewhere, notices this base custom in terms of indignation; and it must indeed have appeared

particularly disgraceful to a Roman Catholic, amongst whom it was customary always to help the Priest first, and place him next the ladies, whilst the *English* Chaplain was expected to rise from table at the end of the *first* course, and in no manner presume to partake of the *confectionary, sweetmeats, fruit, &c.*—"This," says Lord Rochester, whom the Abbé cites, "*necessarily* puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. In this case, I know not which to censure most; the *Patron* or the *Chaplain*—the *insolence* of *power*, or the *abjectness* of *dependance*."

In Bishop Hall's Satires, we have the following picture of a domestic Chaplain.

"A gentle Squire would gladly entertaine  
 Into his house some *trencher-chapelaine* ;  
 Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,  
 And that would stand to *good conditions* ;  
*First*, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,  
 While his young maister lieth o'er his head ;  
*Second*, that he do, upon no default,  
 Never presume to *sit above the Salt* :  
*Third*, that he never change his trencher twice,  
*Fourth*, that he use all common courtesies ;

Sit bare at meals, and *one half rise and wait*,  
*Last*, that he never his young maister beat;  
 But he must aske his mother to define,  
 How manie jerks she would his breech should line.  
 All these observ'd, he could contented be,  
 To give V markes, and winter liverie."

There *might* indeed be, as Lord Rochester remarks, much *abjectness* in the *dependant*; but the ill manners, not to say insolence of the Patron, were surely more to be censured; power is subject to few or *no necessities*, but dependance must become *independent* before it can insist upon its own terms. Happy am I to say, that as far as my own observation extends, nothing can be more changed for the better than the situation of domestic Chaplains and tutors; and the effect upon the latter has been, that they not only stand much higher than they used to do in the scale of society, but that they have abandoned all those abject vulgarisms, which drew upon them the contempt of the world at large. They have *no occasion* to be *abject*; they have *learned* to be *polite*. They may eat as they please at *great tables*, and having no longer any temptation to gormandise, they are, to speak generally, totally free from that vulgar vice.

As to the Clergy in general being a gormandising body, they are much to be pitied if they be so. I remember meeting a very fat one once, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, and knew that he had been indisposed as it is called; I of course enquired particularly after his health; he complained of being really very ill, and amongst other things remarked, that he had "*totally lost his appetite!*" "But God forbid," said he at the same time, "that any *poor* man should *find it*, for there never was such a one in the world." Now let us grant that this good fat Priest *was* a gormandiser, do but fancy him sent down to reside for many successive years, even to the end of his life, in a *small country village*, remote from any market town, and remote from the *sea*—what a *great choice* of *viands* must he have!! What prospects of *ever* feasting upon *venison, turtle, turbot*s, &c. &c.!! What admirable means of getting *rich soups, high-seasoned dishes, pies and patties* of the first confectionary!! It must be mere matter of accident if he find a tolerably steady supply of beef and mutton, and he may think himself lucky if so many as three calves are killed in the place in the compass of a year;

(unless it be in the spring, when he may stand a chance of being surfeited with *veal*;) nor will he get probably a *quarter* of *lamb* upon his table before it be as big as *half* an ox.

If it be a Curate indeed who serves the Church, and there should happen to be a *warren* belonging to the Squire, he may perhaps *Sunday* after *Sunday*, be regaled with the delicacy of a couple or so of *Rabbits*, till in fact he be sick of them, as some Curate is said to have taken the liberty of *hinting* to one such host of the Sabbath, in the following Grace, on rising from the table;

Of Rabbits *hot*, of Rabbits *cold*,  
 Of Rabbits *tender*, Rabbits *tough*;  
 Of Rabbits *young*, of Rabbits *old*,  
 I thank the L—d, we've had enough!

I am not speaking, you will observe, of the *hierarchy*; of the two Archbishops, 24 Bishops, 28 Deans, and about 200 Prebendaries, Canons, and Residentiary Canons, of our Church; (no great number in all;) these *may* perhaps, *now* and *then*, “fare sumptuously, and be” occasionally “clothed in purple and fine linen”—(and it is well that some few should do so out of an immense establishment of persons expensively

educated)—but I am alluding to the officiating Ministers of a very large majority of those 10,000 parishes into which the kingdom is said to be divided, whether resident incumbents or Curates ; and who, *if they be worldly-minded, rapacious, and gourmands, as very commonly represented,* must assuredly and in the nature of things, be in the way of suffering as many mortifications and disappointments, as any set of people perhaps in the whole compass of his Majesty's dominions.

I have already quoted Mr. William Cobbett, (I beg his pardon ; I believe, if it *is not, it has been,* William Cobbett, *Esquire*) and I shall here add one more extract from his celebrated Political Register ; “ The discussion of this subject will have one good effect, it will convince all reasonable men that the Clergy are not so pampered as they have been represented to be :—their ease and luxury have been the standing theme of envy and of abuse for many many years. The *big-bellied Vicar* and his *half-starved parishioners* have been exhibited to the passing crowd in St. Paul's Church-yard every day, except Sundays, for forty years past. The picture might with great truth be reversed ; a *half-*

*starved* Clergyman amidst a crowd of *big-bellied, rosy-gilled* farmers, is to be found in one half of the parishes in the kingdom.”

This was in the year 1802. Just at present it must be confessed, if there be any difference, it is, that they are all half-starving together, or if not literally so, grievously low in pocket, and sadly tormented with pains arising from emptiness of purses.

I am a perfect friend to toleration. I think no truly conscientious Dissenter from the established Church should be persecuted for his opinions, but in every way possible protected by the laws. I am however, I must confess, much given to think, that there is no religious community, *less tolerated* or *more illiberally treated* than the established Church. But I shall forbear to enter into particulars. I am only astonished that those who profess to be attached both to her doctrines and her discipline, do not, with greater warmth and spirit resent the indignities to which she is subject; and which, as far as I can judge, from a good deal of observation, have no foundation whatsoever in fact. Before I part from this subject however, I would wish to recommend to the perusal

of those who are in the way of judging too hastily of the condition of the Church and Clergy, Mr. *Shuttleworth's* late work on the subject; or at the least the review of it in the *Christian Remembrancer*, January, 1822, in which passages are to be found, particularly illustrative of the cases I have ventured to bring forward, of mortification and self-denial, on the part of so large a proportion of our fellow-subjects.

## UNIVERSITIES.

THERE is great confusion of *titles* in our English Universities, though Cambridge is certainly much *more simple* than Oxford. (I beg pardon, I mean *only* respecting *titles*.) At Cambridge, every head of a College, except those of *King's* and *Queen's*, is a *Master*; and this is well, for *Kings* and *Queens* of course can have *no Masters*. But at Oxford there are,

Deans, (or at least one)  
Presidents,  
Provosts,  
Wardens,  
Rectors,  
Masters,  
and  
Principals.

As, I believe, they take place in the University and amongst themselves according to the date of their degrees or appointments, there is not much hazard of confusion; but it must be difficult, I should think, (to speak *academically*) for *Fresh-*

*men, Lions, Tigers, and other such strangers, to know or to recollect distinctly, which is a President, which a Rector, which a Principal, &c. and yet to a truly Oxford ear, it would, I doubt not, sound as strange to say the Provost of St. John's, the Rector of Worcester, the Master of All Souls, or the Warden of Christ Church, as to say, the Lord Mayor of Brentford, the Archbishop of Hammersmith, or the Dean of Turnham Green.*

There is a ludicrous instance of misnomer upon record in one of the Colleges at Oxford, whose head is a *Warden*. In remote times, when the public roads were bad, and travelling equipages not often seen, it happened that in a College progress, as it is called, when the foundation members go in form to inspect their estates, a heavy coach and four with various strange looking outriders, was seen at noon day, entering the streets of London; the people that were passing, anxious to know what such a retinue could mean, enquired of one of the College servants, who it might be that was travelling in such array. The servant forgetting how far he was from the walls of the University, replied with proper academical respect: the *Warden*

and *Fellows*. The London pedestrians, knowing nothing of such titles, understood him to say, the *Warder* and *Felons*; and as there can be no greater sight to a London mob, than a parcel of atrocious culprits, fettered and hand-cuffed, and in bondage of a jailor, a crowd was soon collected around the travellers, and great was the astonishment expressed, when they saw them take another road than that which led directly to Newgate!

It is a strange name that they give at Oxford to the Hebdomadal Assembly of the *Heads* of *Houses*; and yet there is some wit in it. It is called forsooth *Golgotha*, that is to say, the place of *Skulls*. Cambridge however has something like it, and in a more legalised form, in their *Caput*. Which *one Caput* or Head however, must, one would hope, be pretty full of brains, consisting as it does, of the Vice-Chancellor, a Doctor in each faculty, and two Masters of Arts. I have heard indeed of a facetious gentleman, who pretended to be surprised to learn what a collection of *brains* went to form one Cambridge *Caput*.

I confess whenever I have been at Oxford, I have felt much more polite amongst the *Mr.*

Presidents, and *Mr.* Wardens, and *Mr.* Provofts, than at Cambridge, where *Mr.* Master is such a tautology, as to be absurd. There seems to be something too familiar, if not absolutely rude, in *Master* alone.—How d’ye do, *Master*? I am glad to see you, *Master*; What news, *Master*? seems by no means so polite, as how d’ye do, *Mr.* President; I am glad to see you, *Mr.* Warden, &c. &c.

*Master of Arts* sounds odd. *Master of Sciences* would surely have been better—people may be disposed to ask of *what* arts are they such great masters? for there are many;—and *Lucian* we know has been at the pains to prove that none is so excellent as *Parasitism*. I am quite aware that the *liberal* arts are meant, but it would have cost *Lucian* but little trouble to have gone farther with his proofs, and to have shewn that no art could well be more *liberal* than that of eating *freely* at other men’s tables. To the credit of the present times I must say, *Parasitism* seems to be nearly at an end. Either there are fewer *wheelers*, or fewer persons capable of being *wheeled* out of a *dinner*; or more dinners to be had without *wheeling*. However it is surely a great comfort to know that the

most simple, sincere and ingenuous of our young men may *gradually* become perfect *Masters of Arts* by going to either of our Universities.

But if the title of Master of Arts sounds at all strange, what shall we say to that of *Bachelor*. How odd and alarming must it appear to the ladies of the land, to see young men just growing up to man's estate labouring hard to become *Bachelors*; nay, "*determined Bachelors*," for *this* is another of their titles. I would give the ladies comfort if I could, by explaining to them the *true* meaning of this singular, academical term; but I am not sure that I might not make things worse, for in reality, these *English Bachelors* are but *Latin Disputants*; *Baccalaurei vel Batalarii*, persons who have *disputed* successfully in the schools. "Qui jam semel prælio batalæ interfuerunt,"—aut, "qui publice de arte quâpiam disputassent;" what will the ladies say to this; I fear they will decide that such professed *disputants*, ("de arte quâpiam!" heavens and earth!) had better *continue, determined Bachelors*.

There is in both our Universities a sad mixture of Latin, Greek, and English terms admitted. What can be worse than the distinction at Cambridge amongst the *Bachelors of Divinity*, of

FOUR-AND-TWENTY-MEN, OF TEN-YEAR-MEN ? The Oxford “ *Disputants*,” of whom I have just spoken, would it seems, at Cambridge be accounted absolute “ *Wranglers*,” that is, according to our English Dictionaries, *arrant scolds* ! Such scolds indeed, that public *Moderators* are judged necessary to interpose their authority. *Sophs* and *Optimes*, seem to be neither good Greek, good Latin, or good English terms.

What would strangers make of the Cambridge *Combination* papers, containing lists of certain *Bachelors of Divinity* and *Masters of Arts* in every College, and regularly signed by the Vice-Chancellor ? If they turn to the English Dictionary, they will find *combination* to signify, “ the entering of several persons into a conspiracy to put in practice some unlawful design ;” while the *Cambridge combination* is in *fact* only the entering of several names of persons upon a list, to *preach* the *University Sermons* at St. Mary’s ; it is almost necessary, for fear of mistakes, that the difference should be pointed out, and I shall hope to receive the thanks of all present and future *Bachelors of Divinity* and *Masters of Arts*, in Cambridge, for thus explaining *their* term, according to its exact bearings. The

term *Combination* in *Arithmetic*, as explained in the Dictionaries, might mislead people as much as the term in *law*; for as the *Combination* papers, according to the latter, might convey to strangers the idea of a parcel of *Conspirators* in the *persons* registered, the *office* to which they are called of *preaching before the University*, would be oddly represented, by the following definition of *Arithmetical Combination*; viz. “An art of finding how many different ways a certain given number of things (it is really *things*, not *texts*) may be varied, or taken by one and one, two and two, &c. &c.”

Being upon the subject of *preaching*, I cannot help suggesting to both our Universities, that it might be well to look at a letter signed J. O. in the 312th Number of the *Spectator*, in order to correct some faults not uncommon in our academical pulpits. Are not certain worldly titles given to the higher officers and benefactors, unsuitable, as J. O. hints, to the place and occasion? There is something not inapplicable to them in the following passage also. “When a young man,” says the Letter-writer, “has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a *parenthesis* to the *Almighty*; Bless (as I am in

*duty bound to pray*) the *Right Honorable* the Countess, &c.” Is not this as much as to say, Bless her, for thou knowest I am her Chaplain?

At Oxford, since the passing of the new statute of examinations, they are reported to have adopted two terms, which, I must say, are neither very elegant, nor very intelligible—I mean the *Little-go*, and *Great-go*. I am not sure about the latter, but as I know there is a *Little-go*, I conclude of course there is a *Great-go* also—knowing besides, that there are *two* examinations at least for the Bachelor’s degree, of which the *Little-go*, as it is called, is the *first*. I presume not to dispute the importance of the Examinations themselves. If they do not generally excite a *disposition* to study, they have certainly raised a *necessity* for it; perhaps if there were a little *more* room left for general knowledge in the prescribed studies, it might be better; and amongst such a variety of students, I should doubt whether, in regard to too many, the “*Little-go*,” when once passed, may not lead to a “*little stand-still*,” and the “*Great-go*,” to a “*great stand-still*,” as to several of the books and sciences in vogue. I should be disposed to suspect much the same as to the extraordinary

stress laid upon *Mathematics* in the Sister University, and which I conceive have been carried rather too far, though in pardonable veneration for the memory of Sir *Isaac Newton*.

It is a pity I think that the Cambridge men don't perceive that in the term *οἱ πολλοί* reserved for those who do *not* attain honors, a sort of reflection is cast on the University—is it not as much as to say, “after all our boasts, and all our pains, the *dunces* form the *majority*?” I merely ask the question, by way of hint. It is managed better at Oxford by a *third* class, which for what the public knows, may consist only of the *few*, *οἱ ὀλιγοί*, as one might say; for their names and numbers are I think suppressed. I have heard that at Oxford, those who cannot at all get through the examinations are “*plucked*,” (as the term is,) but whether they are *eaten* afterwards by the examining Masters, being found so *soft*, I cannot pretend to say—certain it is that many of them are *said* to undergo a “*cramming*,” expressly to prepare them for the Examiner's *table*.

How can the Cambridge men suffer the Greek term *ερισσοφος* to be transmogrified into such a burlesque title as that of a *Harry-Soph*? It is

as bad as some of the misnomers of the ships of our navy, by sailors ; as,

Æolus—*Ale-house*,

Bienfaisante—*Bonny Pheasant*,

Courageux—*Currant Juice*,

&c. &c. &c.

It must be a great advantage to Cambridge, that she has, what Oxford is without, a Professor of *Casuistry* ! Are we to suppose that Oxford has never any knotty cases of conscience to settle ? How then does she manage these matters ?

Cambridge indeed may be in more need of a Professor of *Casuistry* than the Sister University, being liable to have a Professor of *Double Dealing, quibbling, shuffling, and cavilling* ; as would appear from the following article in our Dictionaries ; TRIPOS [at Cambridge] the *Prævaricator* at the University. What is prevaricating then ? for we have *anglicised* the term, if not the trick ; but I fear we have *anglicised* both. It is fit therefore that we should *exactly understand* what it implies in *Latin*, to know how far it is worthy of further cultivation and encouragement amongst us. Ainsworth says it implies, to *dodge*, to *boggle*, to *sham* ; to play *foul* play,

*fast and loose*; to be *Jack* on both sides, to *shuffle* and *cut*, to make *shew* to do a thing and do the clean *contrary*, to work by *collusion*, &c. Whoever is acquainted with the *Lettres Provinciales* of Pascal, will be able to judge what a close connection there *once* was between a *Prevaricator* and a Professor of *Casuistry*, and how incongruous such *Jesuitical titles* must seem in an English Protestant University. This then is a proper *academical* anomaly appertaining to *titles*, and consequently not very well to be passed by.

Heaven bless and preserve both the *Alma Matres!* They are pretty old now, being amongst the oldest of the King's daughters, as the witty author of the *Persian Letters* says of the University of Paris;

“The University of Paris is the eldest daughter of the Kings of France, and the eldest by much, for she is above nine hundred years old: and indeed she does sometimes doat!”

I know that a certain degree of dotage has been rudely enough attributed to our own very ancient Seminaries of Learning, *our* antiquated King's daughters to wit; and objections are current at this very time, as to the particular studies pursued at both places; Cambridge is

too *mathematical*, Oxford too *classical*, *logical*, *metaphysical*, &c. and perhaps, if, as I have before hinted, consistently with a certain proportion of such *recondite* learning, a little more scope were allowed for the cultivation of *general knowledge*, it might be better; but I have been much surprised to find in some very modern books, the Universities spoken of, as they might have been described centuries ago; as more the seats of *ignorance*, *dulness*, *idleness*, and *dissipation*, than of *wisdom*, *learning*, *study*, and sobriety of manners.—That in so large and numerous a society of young persons *just broke loose from school*, there should be some idle, ignorant and dissipated, cannot be any reasonable matter of surprise. But that the *general* aspect of things is such, I cannot bring myself to believe, not only from what I have heard, from those who are actually in the way of ascertaining the truth of things, but from what I have read, and every body else may have read, in our public journals, of the honors and distinctions conferred on numerous individuals, not excepting the highest *ranks* of our *Nobility*, (who formerly used to slink away under the cover of a honorary degree,) for their progress, in *Li-*

*teris Humanioribus, in Disciplinis Math. et Phys. &c. &c. &c.* So that I hope we shall all get not only learned but *rich* by *degrees*, since a Pope of Rome, Julius II. long ago decided, that learning was *silver* to the *Commonalty* of a State, *gold* to *Nobles*, and *diamonds* to *Princes*.

I am entirely confident that whatever may be said against the present studies and discipline of our two southern Universities, a very great deal of learning is cultivated there, and a very creditable attention paid to the morals, habits, and good conduct of the students in general. Exceptions there must be; but to return to the figure adopted by the ingenious author of the *Lettres Persannes*, I should decide that *our King's daughters*, ancient as they are, so far from being superannuated or in dotage, are rather getting younger, and at the present time are in a very promising state of vigour and activity; not however so far renovated as to be incapable of further improvement.

## FEMALES,

### THEIR RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.

HAVING already said much about the *rank* of *women*, I need not perhaps be very particular as to their *rights* and *privileges*; only I must have leave to tell them, that they have really *very few*; in the *eye* of the *law* I mean. The first thing I read about them in some of our law books is, that “women in England, with all their *moveable goods*, so soon as they are married, are *wholly* in *potestate Viri* ;” that is, at the *will* and *disposition* of the *husband*. They “cannot *let, set, sell, give away* or *alienate* any thing without their husband’s consent”—“a lady’s most necessary apparel by the law, is not *her’s* in *property*, but she must hold *in capite* of the husband; he being *Caput Mulieris*, the *Head* of the Woman.”

Exalted however as this “Head” is by the law, there can be no doubt, but that it would be more exalted if it had a *crown* upon it. Here then the ladies of England have a fair opportu-

nity of gaining a *superiority*, for by a law more ancient and more sacred than even our own British laws, it is declared, that “ a VIRTUOUS WOMAN is a CROWN to her husband.” What a parcel of Kings we must have amongst us! But to return. All the *moveable goods* of a married woman are clearly ascertained to be, “ *in potestate Viri;*” as has been shewn; in the *power* of the husband; for so the words strictly imply. But whether the female *tongue* is to be reckoned among the *moveables*, wholly *in potestate Viri*, after marriage, does not seem to be clearly settled, unless indeed it be included, in another plain maxim of the law, to the following effect, “ *Sine Viro non respondere potest;*” which is as much as to say, without the consent of her husband, a woman has no right to make any reply. In plain words, she must not presume to *answer*. But I believe this is entirely matter of law, and not of conscience; it does not seem to extend to any private or domestic arrangements. Though the female tongue be certainly a *moveable*, I believe it is pretty generally held to continue “ *in potestate Mulieris,*” even after marriage, and I know nothing to prevent it. To what extent the female tongue may be accounted a *moveable*, *Ovid*, fond as he was of the ladies, has taught

us, who speaks of the tongue of a beautiful female, which kept murmuring and complaining after it was cut out, and thrown on the ground. In the old ballad of the Wanton Wife of Bath are the following lines,

“ I think, quoth Thomas, *Women's tongues*  
Of *aspens leaves* are made ;”

which of all moveables in nature, are decidedly the most so. Gay's Pippin Woman, in his *Trivia*, is of a piece with the case cited from Ovid.

“ The crackling chrystal yields, she sinks, she dies ;  
Her head chopp'd off, from her lost shoulders flies.  
*Pippins* she cried, but death her voice confounds,  
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice rebounds.”

There seems to be some odd insinuation in the account the Spectator gives us, of the few successful Candidates for the Flich of Bacon, during the first century after the Service was instituted. “ I find but two couples in this first century that were successful : the first, was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage, had not seen each other till the day of the claim ; the second, was an honest pair in the neighbourhood ; the husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peaceable temper ; the woman was *dumb*.”

British wives are not likely to do amiss, so

that I need scarcely tell them, that if they should do so, the laws allow their husbands to administer *moderate correction*; “*Modicam Castigationem* ;” are the very words of the law. Which moderate correction or castigation is plainly expressed and described; and is simply this; “*acriter verberare Uxores* ;” *pretty sharply* to chastise them, “*flagellis et fustibus* ;” with *whips* and *cudgells* !

This law, to the credit of the ladies of Great Britain, having become quite unnecessary, may be considered as having fallen into what the Scotch lawyers would call, a state of *desuetude* ; but if it were in full force, we may depend upon it, it is very mild, because at the end of Sir William Blackstone's remarks in his Commentaries, on the *legal effects of marriage*, I find the following apostrophe: “So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England !”—Chamberlayne also, who has noticed all the laws I have mentioned, is much of the same opinion; though foreigners, as I have heard, think our laws hard in respect of women. Mr. *Pagens-techer*, a German author of no small eminence, was at the pains to write a book, expressly to prove, that by the law of *nature*, a husband has no *despotic* power over his wife, and, in his own

terms, that *marriage* is not *monarchy*. We have heard of monarchs *de jure*, and monarchs *de facto*—perhaps if Mr. *Pagenstecher* had considered more maturely the state of things *de facto*, he might not have thought it worth his while to write so much about their state and circumstances *de jure*.

I must say, I think, that according to the spirit of the law, “*de modicâ castigatione*,” or *moderate correction*, in the case of *wives*, “*flagellis et fustibus*,” heavens and earth! with *whips* and *cudgells*! some similar law should have been enacted to protect wives against their offending husbands. Mrs. Barbara Crabtree for instance, (*Spectator*, No. 252) ought clearly, I think, to have been allowed the liberty she claims, of applying a *cudgel* to the back or shoulders of her *sottish* husband. By the laws of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, a wife might not only chastise her husband, for wilful and deliberate offences, but even for such an unavoidable crime, as that of having “*a stinking breath*.” The laws of the Anglo-Saxons indeed, in comparison with our own, do seem to have been particularly favorable to the female sex; more so indeed, than to justify the remark of Mr. Turner in his valuable history of that ancient people; who I remember

observes, that the Anglo-Saxon women occupied the *same* important and *independent* rank, which they *now* enjoy. Certainly Mr. Turner himself enumerates some *rights* and *privileges* allowed them, which cannot be said strictly to belong to English ladies in the present day. Wives indeed were accounted such blessings and such indispensable comforts to the other sex, that any man who ran away with a married woman, was obliged by the Anglo-Saxon laws to buy her husband another wife. I believe at present, a man is not obliged, or even expected, to lay out the very *damages* he receives in such a case, in the purchase of another wife, unless he choose it, which possibly after such bad luck in the first instance, might not often be the case.

When ladies have done any thing deserving of public honors, distinctions, and privileges, it is rather curious to reflect upon such as have been chosen for them. In the XVth century, when the Duke of Burgundy besieged the town of Beauvais, the women signalized themselves greatly in its defence, by throwing stones on the enemy, melted lead, &c. &c. &c.! till they were actually obliged to raise the siege; for which they were compensated by having a privilege conferred on them. “ *Fort au gout de leur sexe,*”

says *Bayle*, (for I have the story from him) “ *Car on leur permet de se parer,*” i. e. they were allowed to bedizen themselves a little more than ordinary; and this by a special edict of Louis XI. To which however he added another distinction, not less perhaps, “ *au gout de leur sexe,*” to repeat the words of the French author, and certainly very applicable to our purposes, namely, that on the feast of Saint *Agadrême*, Patroness of the town of *Beauvais*, they should, in the public procession, *walk before the men*. According to *Valerius Maximus*, exactly the same honors were conferred on the ladies of *Rome*, in compliment to the mother and wife of *Coriolanus*, and their companions, for their patriotism in persuading that General to retire with his army of Volscians. “ *On ne pouvoit mieux s’accommoder à l’inclination naturelle,*” is the remark of *Bayle* upon this latter compliment. *Plutarch* does not mention this distinction in favor of the Roman ladies, but he highly commends the practice at *Rome*, of allowing women to have their deserts set forth in funeral orations; a practice at first confined to aged matrons, but extended by *Julius Cæsar*, of all men in the world, to young ladies also. *Plutarch* seems to have been much interested for the credit of the sex, having expressly written on

the Virtues of Women, and produced from history many curious instances.

Though ladies are not allowed to have seats in Parliament, or personally to assist in making laws, I do not see why, when they possess sufficient property, they should not, in some way or other, enjoy the elective franchise. I am only speaking of the justice or equity of such a claim, if it were properly urged. I am not dissatisfied with the disqualification, if ladies themselves are not so. I think they are just so much the more amiable, as they are detached from politics. But it is remarkable, that in the reign of Edward III. when he wanted to raise money for the defence of Ireland, he scrupled so much to tax *any person's* property without *their consent*, that regular writs were issued to the *ladies* who possessed land there, commanding them to send their proper attornies to consult upon the exigency of affairs. If this could be done by attorney in those days, why not now? the acting by attorney might obviate some of the most objectionable impediments to the personal interference of our British ladies in contested elections. As to *influence*, it is a *different* question. Perhaps the real difficulty is to be found there; and if so, their disqualification may be regarded as a com-

pliment. There is certainly no calculating the extent of female influence. "The movements of the tender passions," says Mr. Turner in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, "are more eccentric than the wanderings of the heathy meteor, and yet, under the Anglo-Saxons, females were admitted into their *Witena-Gemot*." I confess my own opinion is, that one elegant, accomplished and beautiful *Miss Bull*, might now and then outweigh all the *John Bulls* in the kingdom; and *one female* constituent carry a point, against a whole host of the other sex. Of their rhetorical powers we have a good account in the Spectator, No: 252, where may be seen the exceeding force which the *female eye* in particular possesses, as an *instrument of persuasion*. See also No. 510 of the same work, marked *thus* in the Index of the VIIth Volume, *Beauty*, the *force* of it. There is no knowing then, what might happen. I am inclined to regard it as a very delicate compliment paid to the virtues, charms, and accomplishments of the British fair, that they stand excluded from all personal interference in the choice of our Legislators, as well as in their proceedings in the Senate.

That ladies *may be complimented* out of their rights and privileges, I am able to prove from a

case in point, which I learned from a very near relation, who was a Member of the House of Commons at the very time it happened. Till that memorable day, ladies had been freely admitted into the galleries to hear the debates. From some circumstances or other, (I will venture to say it was *no* excess of *chattering* and *talking*) it was thought expedient to exclude them ; but no particular member could be found bold enough to propose it. At length however an opportunity presented itself. A Bill being under discussion, which greatly affected the interests of a noble family of high and extensive connections, the galleries were daily crowded with the female relatives of the party, most of them, as may be easily imagined, in full possession of the highest possible attractions, as *youth, beauty, wit, &c. &c.* Upon which, a member got up and begged to put the question to the Speaker, whether the credit and character of the house did not most peremptorily require, that in all their deliberations they should be free from any *undue* or *extraordinary* influence, and whether any of that honorable house could cast their eyes up to the galleries, and say that they were so at that moment. He should therefore move, that that bevy of beauties should immediately retire. The

ladies obeyed, and have never been admitted since in the same manner.

This was at the least a very polite way of getting rid of them, and of excluding them from the public assemblies of the state. Antiquarians may reasonably be expected to stand upon less ceremony. I find in a work of reputation, the following reason given for their exclusion from the public councils. "Every tenant by Knight-service, as well as *per Baroniam*, was obliged by his oath of homage, not only to give his lord the best counsel and advice he was able, but also to *keep secret* all such counsels as should be communicated to him. Which *by the way* (I quote verbatim) *is one reason* why all fiefs were originally masculine, and could not descend to the heirs female!!" I always apprehended indeed, that females were excluded from *such* holdings, (especially by the "Loi Salique," from the *throne* of France,) because according to feudal principles, their situation incapacitated them for performing some services, (services of *arms* particularly,) which were required by those institutions, but I never should have dreamt of their being excluded for the reason given by this very curious writer; and indeed who could? To be sure Plutarch in his morals, tells a story

of a Roman matron, who after promising her husband to keep an important secret, (as she thought it) with the strictest fidelity, sent it round the whole city so rapidly, that he had no sooner got to the market place from his own house, than he was made acquainted with it on all hands, as a most portentous piece of news, though he had entirely invented it out of his own head, to satisfy his wife's importunity.

Heliogabalus we are informed had a female Senatè, but not such a one as could be any precedent to us, or such indeed as could be practicable here, for I much doubt if there were one woman of virtue to be found in it; his own mother *Sæmias*, though honored with the proud title of *Augusta*, being at the head of it; a "*monstre d'impudicité*," as a French author does not scruple to call her. At Provence there was a *Cour d'amour*, consisting of females, which I think would suit us a great deal better. As for the Roman Senate of Heliogabalus, they seem to have deliberated about things, which it is very obvious, could not be interesting to our fair country women; such as the *rights* of married women; what dresses were most becoming; who should be allowed to kiss them; and other dull matters to be found in *Lampridius*. They

were not a little offended, it appears, with the unpolite men of Rome, who nick-named their Assembly "*Senatulus*;" the little or inferior Senate. A bold thing to do, but I apprehend it was only the single men who ventured to call it so. Be this however as it may, the term seems to have struck Erasmus, as one so proper, as to induce him to affix it as a title to his Colloquy, called in Latin *Senatulus*, and in Greek *γυναικασινεδριον*, or the Council of Women.

As some short account of this Colloquy may not be unamusing to certain of my fair readers, I shall (however clumsily) translate parts of it. Those ladies who wear blue stockings will I hope excuse me.

The principal Dramatis Personæ are as follow. *Cornelia, Margareta, Perotta, Julia, and Catherina.* *Cornelia* opens the debate. "I augur well," says she, "of the cause we have in hand, from your coming together with such alacrity, and in such numbers. It is unfit, that while the men are daily engaged in public assemblies and councils, we should sit at home, weaving and spinning, as though we made no part of the Republic; but were merely designed for the amusement of the male part of the creation, who will in time, if we

go on thus, scarcely allow us to be of the same race. The wise King of Israel has declared, that 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.' Hence Bishops have their synods; monks their conventicles; soldiers their councils of war; thieves their clubs and associations. Even ants and emmets congregate. Of all the animals upon earth, we women alone do never combine." "Much oftener than becomes them," says Margareta. Cornelia complains of the interruption, and proceeds. "I know that St. Paul would have women keep silence in Churches, but Churches include men as well as women; and ours is an assembly purely female. If we were expected to keep silence every where and for ever, why has nature given us *tongues* full as *voluble* as those of men, and *voices* not less *sonorous*—only theirs being rougher, is generally more like the braying of asses—but let us be careful to proceed with all gravity and decorum in this matter, lest the men should, as on another occasion, call ours an inferior, insignificant assembly, or bestow upon it even some more opprobrious name, as they are but too ready to do, with every thing in which we are concerned. Though if we were to take strict account of *their* ways,

councils and assemblies, we should find them more womanish than our own. Always quarrelling; no steadiness, no consistency; Princes constantly at war; no agreement between the people and their Priests, or the Priests and their Bishops; many men, many minds, and all fickle and inconstant as the wind; state against state; city against city; neighbour against neighbour. Were the reins of government but once committed to *our* hands, every thing I am persuaded would go on better." But I cannot go through the whole, it is too long for our purpose. It may be well however just to touch upon some of their rules, and regulations, as a hint to other assemblies, public or private, male or female. The first of their standing rules, then, was, I will venture to call it, a very singular one; namely, that no married woman amongst them, should mention her husband, by name, with too much harshness or petulancy. In vain was it urged that their husbands stood upon no such ceremonies with them, in their public or private meetings. All objections were overruled by this sensible remark, that in defaming *their husbands* they did discredit to *themselves*; that, whatever cause of complaint they might have, women did

in truth not only totally depend upon the men, but that their condition was infinitely more exempt from labour and trouble, and consequently the best of the two ; that in the improvement of their affairs, and amassing of riches, the men had often, even in peace time, to traverse land and sea, at the very hazard of their lives, and if war raged, to answer the call of the trumpet, and take their station in the field of battle, while their wives remained safe and secure at home ; that as for bad husbands, it depended chiefly upon themselves to render them in all instances kind and obliging. Finally, that though it might be lawful for them to speak of their husbands and even of their faults, in a general way, yet that it should be “ *ea moderatione ut ne quid nimis,*” with so much temperance and moderation, as to avoid all excesses.

The second of their rules and regulations had regard entirely to the order of their proceedings, and the rank and precedence of their several members, upon a consideration, that in most of the male assemblies, a great deal of valuable time had been wasted in adjusting such forms and ceremonies ; three months at the least, before the representatives of Kings, Princes, and Pon-

tiffs, would consent to enter upon business. It was fixed that they should take place first according to their rank, or degrees of Nobility; which degrees were limited to four, three, two, one, and one *half*; that is, noble only on *one* side, whether paternal or maternal. Bastards ranked below all legitimates. When they got quite below the order of Nobility, those who had borne most children were decidedly to rank first; and where there should be any equality of numbers, age was to settle the difference. Those who had borne no children were to go last. Widows who had borne children were to take place amongst the other matrons, and those who were childless to go to the bottom. Erasmus liked to have a slap at the Monks, and therefore assigned no place to the *wives* of *Monks* and *Ecclesiastics*; but as it would seem, made *one* regulation with regard to *them*, by positively and peremptorily excluding *all bad women*.

A difficulty seems to have arisen in the assembly, which might a little while ago, (if not still,) have embarrassed *ourselves*, namely, how to distinguish people's *ranks* by their *outward appearance*. Cornelia, the leading member, complains greatly of the confusion into which things had

fallen ; that people *dressed* so, that the *Noble* was no longer to be distinguished from the *plebeian*, the *married* from the *unmarried* ; the *matron* from the *courtezan* ! It is not uncommon now, says she, to see females of the lowest stations of life, dressed out in their *velvets*, *watered tabbies*, *flowered vests*, *striped garments*, *lawns* and *cambrics*, *gold* and *silver*, *furs*, &c. &c. all the while that their husbands are in their stalls mending shoes. They load their fingers with rings of *diamonds* and *emeralds*, (for pearls are thought too common) and have their sandals decorated with amber, coral, and abundance of gilded ornaments ; in vain do the Nobles any longer try to distinguish themselves from the vulgar, by habits, decorations, and usages suitable to their birth and station, every thing is immediately *imitated* by those of the *plebeian* order, and the wife of the merchant or shopkeeper disdains to be outdone by her who has in her arms many quarterings of Nobility, and is descended on both sides from parents of high degree.

“ Formerly those only that were noble were admitted to kiss the ladies, nor was it every body that the latter would honor so far. To

some they would scarcely condescend to offer so much as their hand to be kissed ; now every rude and ill-savored fellow, insists upon saluting even her, whose shield is decorated with all the ensigns of Nobility. Even in marriages, there is no longer any regard shewn to the difference of ranks. The Patricians match with the Plebeians, and the Plebeians with the Patricians, whence we have a hybrid race thrown in upon us, to our great confusion and discomfiture. Nor do the most low-born scruple to adorn their persons with the paints, perfumes, and decorations, which should be entirely appropriated to ladies of rank. These things should be seen into, and better regulated."

It was a question amongst them how they should vote, and very judiciously determined that it should not be by any division of the Senate, but *vivâ voce*, in their places, lest by moving about they should raise a dust with their long petticoats. For divulging the secrets of the assembly, every lady was condemned to a rigid silence for the space of *three days* !

The basis of their regulations as to their circumstances and condition in society, and amongst the men, who had too long been allowed to con-

sider them as fit for little more than to be their laundresses and cooks, was this; that they should freely leave to the men the discharge of all magisterial duties, as well as the functions of war; but that they should in future have a voice in the placing and disposal of their children, and perhaps claim to take upon them by turns some of the public offices. And that the wife's arms, if she were more noble than her husband, should not be driven as a matter of course to the left side of the shield, as had hitherto been the case. I am glad to be able to terminate this digression with so regular a piece of *heraldry*.

As however I began this section with some points of *law*, regarding the sex, and raised a question whether "the *tongue* were to be accounted among those *moveables*," which are decidedly subject to the will and power of the husband, in a state of coverture, I cannot forbear citing two odd cases I have discovered in the history of a manor in Somersetshire; *Seaborough*. In the third year of the reign of Richard III. two women, Isabella the wife of William Pery, and Alianore Slade, were presented for common *scolds*, and fined *one penny* each, which two pence

were the whole perquisites of the Court. And *at the same time*, an order of the Court was made, that the tenants of the manor should not *scold* their *wives*, under pain of forfeiting their tenements and cottages. Now this was all very well and extremely fair, as *apparently* binding upon both parties. But see the mischief of it; at least of the last order of the Court. In the 23d year of Henry VII. the immediate successor of Richard the Third, I find another order made that the tenants' *wives* should not *scold* (their husbands of course) under the penalty of a *six* and *eight-penny fine*, half to go to the repairs of the Chapel, and half to the Lord of the Manor. So that in fact, *it would appear*, that by the *restraint* laid upon the *husbands* in the third of Richard, the wives gained such an advantage over them, as in the 23d of his successor, (*i. e.* only 22 years afterwards) to render it absolutely necessary to raise the fine for *female scolding* from *one penny* to *six shillings and eight pence* !!!—Was ever any thing like it? I am entering now, I am aware, upon one of the most hacknied topics of banter and ridicule, in the whole history of male and female foibles. *Scolds* and *hen-pecked* husbands, have supplied food for the satirists,

essayists, journalists, poets, and prose-writers, of *all ages*, (that is, if we may believe the *Jews*;) for the latter it seems have discovered that of all the *hen-pecked* husbands in the world, Adam was not only of necessity the first, but the *worst*; having not merely, (as the common belief is) been *hoaxed* or *beguiled* into submission, but absolutely scolded and beaten into it. "For," says a certain Jewish Rabbi upon Gen. iii. 12. "by giving him of the tree is to be understood a sound *rib-roasting*; that is to say, in plain English, Eve finding her husband unwilling to eat of the forbidden fruit, took a good crab-tree *cudgel* and laboured his sides till he complied with her will." I have fathered this strange comment upon the *Jews*, though I must say, it is upon record that what the *Jews* taught, *some* Christians have been weak enough to believe. Nay, did not Milton believe it, when he introduced the *Squabbling Scene* into his *Paradise Lost*, noticed in the *Tatler*, Number 217?

" Thus they in mutual accusation spent,  
The fruitless hours, but *neither self* condemning;  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end."

However, it does seem extremely clear, from

history, that the foible of *termagancy*, if not quite so old as *sin*, is but a younger sister of that mother of all confusion—*Xantippe* indeed was no modern. By the fines imposed upon the ladies of Somersetshire, I conclude the glories of the *Skimmington* might be unknown there; a ceremony so very circumstantially described in *Hudibras* (Canto ii. Part ii.) that I may well be excused from entering too deeply into the subject; especially as Dr. Zachary Grey, in his notes, has been at the pains to hunt out most of the authors, who have treated of *termagancy*, among whom, while we may reckon those incomparable moralists, the Editors of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, I shall be quite contented with referring to those delightful Volumes, for all that good sense, good humour, and good manners can be expected to say upon it. *Hudibras* compared the *Skimmington* to the Ovation of the ancients in the following lines;

“ There is a lesser Profanation,  
 Like that the Romans call *Ovation* :  
 For as *Ovation* was allow'd  
 For Conquest purchas'd without blood ;  
 So men decree those lesser shows,  
 For Victory gotten without blows,  
 By dint of *sharp hard words*, which some  
 Do battle with, and overcome.”

Dr. Grey, in his notes, is determined that every body should know what an *Ovation* is, by references without end to classical writers, philologists, and antiquarians, but he has scarcely been at the pains so much as to define the *Skimmington*, which was an ancient ceremony amongst ourselves, intended to do *honor*, by a *mock* procession, to those ladies who governed their husbands. So that instead of being fined, Mrs. Pery, and Mrs. Alianore Slade of Seaborough, ought to have had such a triumph awarded to them, and indeed if Mr. Nathaniel Henroost, (the Spectator's correspondent No. 176) be right, a greater triumph could scarcely be conceived, for he does not scruple to say, that "the *wise* and *valiant* in all ages have been *hen-pecked*." And no wonder, if his calculations be right, for he asserts that it is capable of demonstration, that a man who does not indulge his wife in every thing she desires, must consent to be *uneasy* for a *whole month*, whenever he opposes her will, *that* being the computed space of time which a froward woman takes to *come to herself* if any should have the courage to stand out; which of course, under such circumstances, no *wise* man would do, for twelve contradictions would

go through the year. As to the *valiant*, “those sturdy tempers,” says he, “who are *not slaves* to affection, owe their exemption to their being enthralled by ambition, avarice, or some *meaner* passion.” Now, without deciding the particular passions by which the *valiant* may be enthralled, (for surely some of *them* are governed by *ambition*, and *women* too; as Julius Cæsar for instance and Mark Antony became slaves to Cleopatra) I must say I have scarcely ever found greater *slaves* to affection, than the *truly valiant*. Nor shall I go out of my way to blame them for it—  
 “Nobilitas sub amore jacet.”

“ Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
 Let him to field—Troilus alas ! hath *none* !  
 O Pandarus !—I tell thee I am mad  
 In Cressid’s Love !”

Mrs. Western in Tom Jones, goes two steps farther than Mr. Henroost, for she reckons amongst women’s *slaves*, not only the *brave* and the *wise*, but the *witty* and the *polite*.

But what shall we say to the following testimony? “ You know that when women take a thing into their head, they *will* go through with it, and you *must* gratify them !” Buonaparte in

O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena. — This celebrated personage made, it seems, many curious observations on the sex, as follow : “ Women when they are bad, are worse than men, and more ready to commit crimes.” “ Women are always much better, or much worse than men.” “ There is no accounting for the actions of a woman.” “ Women are necessary to civilize and soften the other sex.” “ Conversation is never so lively or so witty as when ladies take a part in it.” “ When once a woman has *la tête montée*, all the world will not prevent her attempting to succeed in her designs.”

There is an Italian proverb which might lead one to suppose that female rule and government were not desirable even in domestic concerns. “ *Sta pur fresca la casa dove la rocca commanda alla spada ;*” that house is in an ill case where the *distaff* commands the *sword*. Our own English proverb only speaks of “ the *Grey Mare*,” being “ the better *Horse* ;” which is as much as to say the *horse ought* to be the stronger of the two, though it is not always so. We all know that not unseldom, either by nature or accident, a horse in such circumstances is no better than an *ass*—then it is that the *grey mare* must needs

have the superiority. Richie Moniplies, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, had made his calculations wisely enough before he married the rich but withered *Martha Trapbois*; "If she abides by words," Sir Mungo, "I thank heaven I can be as deaf as any one, and if she comes to *dunts*, I have a *hand* to *pack* her with."

"The *grey mare*" is (and ought to be, I think) the "*better horse*," whenever the latter happens to be of the breed of the *Cot-queans*; (see *Spectator*, No. 482.) Before I entirely quit the subject of *termagancy*, I cannot forbear transcribing the following case, though I am no Methodist. In Mr. Southey's *Life of Wesley*, he relates that a number of them being carried before a Magistrate in Lincolnshire, their accusers had nothing to allege against them, but that they pretended to be better than other people, and prayed from morning to night. Till, upon the Magistrate asking, whether they had done nothing else, "Yes, Sir," said an old man, "and please your Worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb!"—"Carry them back, carry them back," said the Magis

trate, " let them convert all the *scolds* in the town."

Though I hope I have shewn that I am not disposed to debar the fair of any rights or privileges that they could enjoy with *comfort* or *credit* to themselves, I am well persuaded that the less they have to do with *politics* the better, there being no way open for them, as it appears to me, to display (not merely their talents) but their zeal and patriotism *publicly* or *personally* in a dignified manner. Hudibras, whose party had been so much beholden to the females, in his rage against the burlesque and mockery of the Skimmington, thus describes the support the ladies of those days had given to the Saints ; and which I shall shew to be as true as can be, though coming from a poet.

" It is (that is the *Skimmington*) an Antichristian Opera,  
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery ;  
 Of running after self-inventions  
 Of wicked and profane intentions ;  
 To scandalize that sex, for *scolding*,  
 To whom the Saints are so beholden.  
*Women*, who were our first Apostles,  
 Without whose aid we had all been lost else ;  
*Women*, that left no stone unturn'd  
 In which the cause might be concern'd :

Brought in their *children's spoons and whistles*,  
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;  
 Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,  
 To take the Saints and Churches parts ;  
 Drew several gifted brethren in,  
 That for the Bishops would have been,  
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party,  
 With motives pow'ful and hearty :  
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts  
 T' administer unto their gifts,  
 All they could rap and rend and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;  
 Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent,  
 With holding forth for Parliament ;  
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal,  
 With *marrow puddings* many a meal ;  
 Enabl'd them with store of meat,  
 On controverted points to eat ;  
 And cramm'd 'em, till their g—ts did ache,  
 With *cawdle*, *custard*, and *plum-cake*.  
 What have they done, or what left undone,  
 That might advance the cause at London ?  
 March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,  
 T' entrench the city for defence in !  
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
 To put the enemy to stands ;  
 From ladies down to oyster wenches  
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
 Fell to their pick-axes and tools,  
 And help'd the men to dig like moles ?  
 Have not the handmaids of the city  
 Chose of their members a Committee ?  
 For raising of a common purse  
 Out of their wages to raise horse ?

And do they not as triers sit,  
 To judge what officers are fit?  
 Have they—at that an egg let fly,  
 Hit him directly o'er the eye ;”

&c. &c. &c.

Which abrupt interruption is sadly to be lamented, as it will compel us to have recourse to prose for a more detailed account of their public proceedings. Of their offerings and contributions, we read that “the *seamstress* brought in her *silver thimble*, the *chambermaid* her *bodkin*, the *cook* her *silver spoon*,” to the common treasury of war. Some sort of females were freer in their gifts, so far as to part with their *rings* and *ear-rings*. They addressed the House of Commons, Feb. 4, 1641, in a very great body, headed by Anne Stag, a brewer's wife in Westminster. Upon a false alarm, the city being ordered to be fortified, women and children came to work, in digging and carrying earth to make the fortifications. The city good wives and others, mindful of their husbands and friends, sent many cart loads of provisions and wines and good things to Turnham Green, with which the soldiers were refreshed and made merry, on the retreat of the *King*. It was the custom every

day to go out by thousands to dig ; all professions, trades and occupations taking their turns : and not only inferior tradesmen, but gentlemen and *ladies* themselves, for the encouragement of others, carrying spades, mattocks, and other implements of digging.

Now whatever patriotism or godly zeal there might be in all this, it is impossible to say the ladies appear to any advantage ; there is a great want of dignity in their bringing *thimbles* and *bodkins* and *spoons*, *digging*, *wheeling wheelbarrows*, shouldering the *mattock*, and marching to the sound of the *drum*. Any body I think would be tempted to say, politics do not become them ; or, as 'Squire Western *has* said, "petticoats should not meddle;" and if, from what passed in Hudibras' days, we descend to the French revolution, I shall venture to say, we shall not find the female character *exalted* by the *personal* interference of the women in that great convulsion, from the meeting of the States General at Versailles in 1789, to the abdication of Napoleon, or at the least to the end of the reign of terror. What are we to think of such female *politicians*, as Miss Williams has described in the following paragraph of her tour to Switzer-

land? “ But the most singular species of amusement, which the *last winter* produced (at *Paris*) were subscription balls, entitled *des bals à la Victime*. Such, and so powerful was the rage for *pleasure*, (N.B. at the very period of the reign of *terror*) that a certain number of its votaries, who during the tyranny of *Robespierre*, had lost their nearest relations on the scaffold, instituted, not days of such solemn, sad commemoration, as is dear to the superstition of tenderness, when in melancholy procession, clad in sable, and wreathed with cypress, they might have knelt, a mourning multitude, around the spot where the mutilated bodies of their murdered parents had been thrown by the executioner; and bathed the sod with those bitter tears, which filial affection or agonized love shed over the broken ties of nature, or of passion.—No!—The commemorative rites which *these mourners* offered to the manes of their massacred relations, were *festive balls!* To these strange, unhallowed orgies, no one *could be* admitted, who *had not lost* a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a brother, or a sister on the *guillotine*; but any person with a *certificate* of their *execution* in his (or her) pocket book, not only obtained

admission, but might dance as long, and as merrily as heart could wish. Had Holbein been present at such a spectacle, no doubt he would have enriched his death-dance with new images, and led forward *each gay nymph*, by an attendant headless spectre !”

At the very commencement of the revolution, it was not uncommon to introduce the guillotine as a plaything, and decapitate little confectionary figures, filled with a *red* fluid, assigning to each the name of some persons adverse to their party, and enjoying the representation of the *flowing of their blood*; many were known to have suffered who had indulged themselves in this barbarous sport.

To those who choose to rake into the horrid and disgusting records, of the early part of the French revolution, a thousand instances will occur, which I need not repeat, of the horrid depravation of the female heart, in those sad days of anarchy, confusion, and blood-thirsty revenge; but as many instances also might be found of the most heroic fortitude, and dignified submission, amongst the *victims* and *sufferers*, I shall leave the one to balance the other, in the estimate we would form, of the general tendency

of *political* struggles, to exalt or debase those of the sex, who may be induced or compelled to bear their part in them; only observing that, *without compulsion*, they had *better take no part* in them. What can be the *meaning* and *precise bearing* of the following passage in Mr. O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena? Surely Napoleon must have been *humbugging* Mons. le Docteur, or have been grievously humbugged himself. — "The Police," said he (that is Bonaparte) "had in pay many *English* spies, some of high quality, amongst whom there were many *ladies*. There was one *lady* in particular, of very high rank, who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid so high as 3000*l.* a month."

Before I quit the Ladies, I must add the following Extract from Butler's Reminiscences, 1822, sect. xxxi. 5.

"But while the dissemination of useful and ornamental knowledge among persons of every rank in this country is generally mentioned, it would be wrong not to take particular notice of its extensive diffusion amongst the purest and gentlest portion of the community. "Women," says Fenelon, "were designed, by their native elegance and softness, to endear domestic life

to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish."

How generally and in what a high degree these attainments are possessed by the daughters of Albion, all persons must have observed, to whom opportunities of observing it have been given, and who have availed themselves of them. Even in the learned languages and the abstruse sciences, several are respectably informed. Those, to whom the best writers of their own country, and the best in the French and Italian languages are familiar, are numerous; few are so scantily instructed as not to listen with pleasure and advantage to the conversation of men of learning and taste. It is rare to find among them one, who does not express herself both in conversation and upon paper, with correctness and grace.

With all their accomplishments,

“ Hide me from day's garish eye,”

MILTON.

seems to be their almost universal wish. A Frenchman once triumphantly asked the Reminiscent whether any *English* lady could have

written, the "*Considerations sur les principaux evenemens de l'Europe*," of Madame de Staël, a work certainly of extraordinary merit. The writer believes there are *many*; but that there are *none* who would have written the pages of *egotism* with which it abounds."

## OLD MAIDS.

I BELIEVE every body will admit that the words placed at the head of this section, constitute a proper English title, not granted by letters patent, much less entailed on any heirs, but descriptive of a certain class of persons, more or less entitled to honor and respect, *or*, (I grieve to say,) obloquy and reproach, as members of society.—I shall beg leave first to object to the term OLD; they cannot be old without having been young; and therefore it is an expletive quite unnecessary; they are persons *unmarried* at a *certain* age, and we have no right to say more of them; it is quite *impertinent* to invent an epithet that may convey wrong ideas. Old women of all descriptions must once have been young; but some happen not to have been wedded to husbands in their passage through life. Has this been *their* fault? perhaps quite the contrary. Perhaps they may have had the choice of many husbands, and their present isolated unconnected state may be entirely owing

to *themselves*. And if so, it may also be, that their *refusal* of husbands, in their *younger* days, ought to redound greatly to their credit at a more advanced period. Let us suppose all old maids young. The chances are that when young some may have been handsome without fortune, some very rich but not handsome, some may have been plain but wise, some pretty but exceedingly foolish. In every case offers may have been made so unsuitable, that their very rejection of such offers, ought to be recorded in golden letters, in testimony of their superior judgment, discretion, or understanding. A person of fortune, even if she were handsome, might very justly suspect, that her money had too great a share in the attraction, and on this ground alone, if she were to demur, who could blame her? on the contrary, if she were beautiful without fortune, who could blame a woman for declining matrimony, where the attractions might afterwards be found to have been merely external, personal, transitory, and vain?—If in her younger days she were plain but wise, she may have very reasonably refused all offers, so few are found to marry for the sake of the mind only; if she were pretty but foolish, perhaps

she may have trifled with love, overstood her market, and grown *old imperceptibly*. At all events, and under all possible circumstances, I see no reason for regarding an unmarried woman at a certain age, as an object of ridicule, or contempt; on the contrary, I conceive there are constantly many chances of her being intrinsically quite the contrary. And I am the more anxious to say this, because as far as my own experience goes, there are in this kingdom probably no persons more respectable than some OLD MAIDS, as they are rudely called. They are almost invariably of a religious turn; prudent, discreet, and having so much occasion to shift for themselves, of rather a manly understanding. Many I have known extremely charitable, even to the utmost of their means; and after all, is it not a thousand times better to have NO HUSBAND, than either a weak or a tyrannical one?

The *title* must have been invented by men, and I think they would have shewn their wisdom more, by avoiding such a dilemma, as they must be brought to, if any unmarried lady of a certain age, or old maid, were to turn upon them and say, I am only such, because when young,

I never could find a man worthy to be my husband.

Marriages they say, are “made in heaven;” if so, old maids probably are going to the very place where they *are made*, and have therefore chances still before them. But it is also said I know, and upon much higher authority, that in heaven, they neither marry nor are given in marriage; if this be so, old maids in heaven will be exactly in their proper sphere—and I heartily wish them that good luck. I cannot see why *young* maids are obliged to accept *every* man, or *any* man that offers; nor can I see, upon the same grounds, why an old maid is to be reprov'd for not having accepted even so much as *any* man that *did* offer. But perhaps, *no man* offered! What difference does *this* make? Perhaps all the *good* were attached elsewhere, and none of the *bad* dared to offer themselves to so discreet a person.

Hitherto I have proceeded without any recourse to *Heraldry*; but I shall now revert to the principal subject of my book. Oftentimes we meet with unmarried ladies, possessed of large territorial possessions—either born to such an inheritance, or coming to it, by the common accidents of life. In such cases, I think it would

be well, if His MAJESTY, of his gracious goodness, would offer them *rank*, unless entitled to it by birth. Without *some* personal rank or title, what a strange situation must such rich heiresses occupy in general society. *Every married* woman will have a right to expect to go before them, and in some instances, (as I would hope,) *such a preference* will be burthensome and painful, even to *those* who might justly claim it; especially if the lady of *fortune* were careful to insist upon retaining her *proper place* as an unmarried woman.

— But this is nothing to what I have further to state in defence or support of my proposition. *Rank, high rank*, granted to such persons, (where there are no glaring objections,) might place them *above* all the offers of *needy* and *adventurous* Nobility. It might at the same time render them more fit objects, of the suit and addresses, of the highest and best endowed Nobility, and at all events could only give them that degree of *independence*, which their *property alone* ought to secure to them, and that station in society, which in the other sex, the property itself would in a great measure ensure to them; with greater privileges still to the latter, since

no *lady*, after all, and according to the present constitution of things, could exercise the elective franchise, much less become a representative. On these accounts, as well as on many others, I really think, a female possessed of large *landed* property, ought to be in some degree *ennobled*, especially, when experience teaches us, that according to the ordinary course of things, there are not to be found, in the whole compass of his Majesty's dominions, persons more entirely respectable, exemplary, charitable, liberal and good, than *single ladies of large property*, whether *widows*, or what are commonly called *old maids*—and those even who have *no* great property, are generally I think much the same, according to their means. It may be, that the property of single ladies may have descended to them from *Peers* of the *realm*, or that such may be in the line of succession. I know instances of both. But at all events the *rank* granted would be only *personal*. It is in his Majesty's power for instance, to grant the rank of an *Earl's* daughter to whom he pleases; and I have known that rank given upon grounds far less reasonable, if not, in one instance at least that shall be nameless, upon *very* *exceptionable* grounds. I do not

however by any means presume to interfere with the prerogative, far from it. But I hope I shall rather be thought to pay it great respect, in venturing to point out some occasions, on which it might not only be most innocently exercised, but rather to the behoof and advantage of society in general, as well as of particular individuals.

At some period or other, unmarried ladies generally take to themselves a title, viz. the title of *Mrs.* and why not? is it not to be understood as plainly declaring that they are *wedded*—videlicet, *to a single life*; and what *old bachelor* could deny them the choice? The former can only have had to *refuse* the offers of men; the latter *may* have had to sustain the *refusal* of the *ladies*. What a difference!

*Spinster* is a name for *unmarried* ladies, which might do them some credit. It betokened originally an indispensable qualification for marriage, which could be pleaded only by the *industrious* and *frugal*. It was a maxim in short amongst our ancestors, that a young woman should never be married until she had *spun* herself a set of *body, bed, and table* linen.

So much for the title of *Spinster*. *Bachelor*,

which is opposed to it, is of much more doubtful origin; but what shall we say of the term *Celate*, (or *Celibate*,) which according to our Dictionaries is held to signify “*Bachelorship*.” I scarcely dare state that it is thought to express, “*Cæli Beatitudo*”—the blessedness of Heaven! I hope the ladies will excuse me, but indeed they are *mere words*.

Our modern unmarried ladies, I am happy to say, for the credit of the national gallantry, are by no means so shackled by the restraints of *Heraldry*, as appears to have been the case in former days; not to go so far back as to the time of Plutarch, who in his treatise on Nobility (*ὑπερ̄ ευγενείας*) has a good deal very much to the purpose. Under the feudal system, *yeomen*, *merchants*, *burgesses*, &c. were not only accounted in their own persons, “*un noble, ungentle, and incapable of bearing arms*,” but if any gentleman holding by the noble service of *Knighthood*, married the daughter of any of the above, “*though she was formed*” (says *Ferne*) “*of a most excellent proportion of body, her years tender, her portion rich, yet for all this it would be a disparagement*.” But the reason he gives is quite abominable. “*For*,” says he, “*it is the un-*

equal coupling the clean ox with the unchaste ass !”

How much better are things managed now : the merchant's or burgess's daughter *may* marry as high as she pleases, nay, with only *one third part* of the endowments Ferne mentions ; for if “ her portion ” be but “ rich,” her body may be, I will venture to suggest, of any proportion, and her years any thing but tender. According to the liberality of modern heraldry, she may wed, if she choose, a Knight, Baronet, Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquess, or Duke ; *any* of their *sons, sons' sons, nephews* or remote *relatives*, not only without let or impediment, but with no small coaxing and encouragement, on the part of our condescending Nobles.

The same may be said of the daughter of any rich yeoman, but especially a yeoman of Kent, (bating these bad times) according to the old saying, which has some touch of heraldry in it ;

“ A *Knight* of Cales, a *Gentleman* of Wales,  
And a *Laird* of the *North* Countrie ;  
The *Yeoman* of KENT, with his yearly rent,  
Will weigh them out all three.”

As to *merchants, citizens, and burgesses*, they

may be generally said now, to have *two ranks*. Eastern and western for instance, according to the bearings of the *Metropolis*, the *east* and *west* ends of that enormous city being admirably calculated to exemplify the difference. Those, who in the east, till about five or six o'clock P. M. appear there as mere tradesmen, merchants, citizens, &c. become after those hours, at the WEST end, *Esquires, Knights, Baronets*, and I know not what; their *wives, eldest sons, daughters*, &c. having continued due west the whole time, without taking a glimpse at the east, or contracting any *eastern manners*, though not altogether perhaps without *some oriental* distinctions, in the way of dress or furniture. Now in this busy, happy, industrious, plodding nation, I hold all this to be extremely fair and proper, and hope therefore that no heraldry will interrupt it; though what I say of the *Metropolis*, may not apply universally.

It is well when disparity of rank and disparity of fortune can be brought to some compromise in the adjustment of marriages; for where either of them becomes an invincible obstacle to the union of tender souls, it is generally a most dreadful tyrant, and stands upon no ceremonies.

The following is said to be a literal translation of a letter from Rome, which appeared as an article of intelligence in the *Mercurio de Espana* for the month of December, 1786. “ In this capital (Rome) we have just now witnessed an event, which has drawn tears from every body here. It is five years since a young gentleman of the family *Amadei*, married an amiable and virtuous young woman he loved, but whose birth was not equal to his. At the end of one year they had a daughter as the fruit of their love ; but this tender union was in a short time cruelly disturbed by the parents and relations of the gentleman, who exclaimed against his marriage as clandestine, and obtained against the unhappy young man an order of the Pope, by virtue of which they tore him from the arms of his spouse, and conducted him as a prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo. A process was immediately instituted for annulling the marriage. The gentleman tried every means possible to prove that his marriage was valid, and to make it be ratified ; his wife also went with her daughter in her arms, and threw herself at the feet of the Judges ; but in vain. A sentence was at last pronounced, annulling the marriage, obliging

the mother, that inconsolable wife, to write to her husband with her own hand, the fatal news of their separation. Oppressed with the most cruel despair, she thus wrote to him: ' I find myself under the cruel necessity of renouncing those sweet and sacred bands, which till now have held our hearts firmly united ; but I resign myself with less repugnance, from the consideration that it will be the means of terminating that long and severe captivity which you have suffered for my sake. Live free, dear husband, (this, alas ! is the last time that my lips will pronounce so sweet a name :) O live ! take comfort : and if it be possible live *happy*, far from me. Since you love the mother, remember the daughter which she has given to you, and take care of her when you know that I no longer exist : for the grief which this separation causes me is so bitter, so penetrating, and absorbs in such a manner the faculties of my soul, that I want strength to resist it. Very soon I shall cease to live ; may my death satiate the inhumanity of our cruel persecutors ! God bless you. Farewell ! Farewell !—for ever !—Four days afterwards this unhappy and tender wife died in horrible convulsions ; and her death set her

husband at liberty, whose despair has not yet been calmed."

There are some fine touches of nature on disparity of rank, as an impediment to marriage, in Shakspeare's "All's well that ends well;" but disparity of *fortune* is often as mischievous in this way as disparity of rank. The following is said to be quite as true a story as the one I have just introduced, and a far less dismal one. "Captain Pownal, who distinguished himself in the American war, and Captain Sawyer, had agreed to share with each other the amount of whatever prize-money either might separately gain by captures. Putting in at Lisbon, they paid their addresses to the Miss M——s, and as far as inclination went, were favorably received by the ladies: but their father, a merchant of immense property, although sensible of their personal merit, objected to their want of fortune, and desired that they would relinquish all thoughts of continuing their courtship, until they should become more affluent. Soon after the lucrative division of the prize-money, gained by the capture of the *Hermione*, had made a more favorable change in their circumstances, the

earthquake happened at Lisbon, and Mr. M. lost all his property. The generous commanders immediately repaired to Lisbon; where yielding to the full and noble gratification of love and friendship, they settled an annuity on the father, and desired the daughters to accept their hands in marriage. The request was complied with, and mutual felicity became the consequence."

Now these two young ladies, amiable and attractive as they must have been, evidently incurred two great chances of dying old maids; first, through their father's great fortune, which made them too rich for ordinary admirers; and secondly, from the earthquake at Lisbon, which made them too poor for any but such *extraordinary* admirers, as the generous and disinterested Captains, whose names have been so handsomely recorded. And how can we tell whether half the unmarried ladies we know, may not have been the victims of such impediments to marriage, notwithstanding attractions of the very first rate in the days of their youth? There is something so impertinent in concluding it to be otherwise, without any just knowledge of circumstances, that though the title may be too established a one to be done away, I hope I may

have done something to procure more respect to be paid to it, in time to come.

There is one way of becoming an old maid, of which it may be well to apprise young maids, because they are very often rather the accessories than the principals in the attacks meditated or attempted ; I mean, the plan of going a-fishing for husbands ; in which, though there may be a great deal of nibbling, not one perhaps of all that meddle with the bait, may be found to gorge the hook. Now to take so much trouble, and have such bad sport, must in the nature of things be so vexatious and mortifying, to those who miss their prey upon these occasions, that I trust I shall be forgiven for holding out a beacon for these fishers of men, that may save some at least from disappointment. I shall not stop to discuss the merits of the lines themselves, the purport of them is intelligible enough. The motto of the poem, which in fact appeared not long ago, in the public papers, whence it is extracted, being,

POUR PPRENDRE CONGÉ.

“ In vain for three seasons each ait has been tried,  
I still am unwed, and unwed must abide ;

In vain have my mother and I, every night,  
 Tried to gudgeon the men—but the flats will not bite ;  
 Sad, sad is my fate, every scheme has miscarried,  
 I was twenty last Christmas, and still am unmarried !  
 In vain to our dinners were dozens invited,  
 And scores with our parties at night were delighted ;  
 Ah ! was it for this that I sung till my throat  
 Grew so hoarse not an ear could distinguish a note,  
 (Though of course every hearer pronounc'd it divine,  
 That the words were so charming, the music so fine ?)  
 Oh ! was it for this that I danc'd each quadrille,  
 With a fairy-like grace, and a Paris-taught skill ?  
 That I lost all my roses by keeping late hours,  
 Till now I must call some from Ackerman's bowers ?  
 Oh ! horrid ! three months dear Sir Thomas I thought  
 In my snares, a rich treasure at last had been caught ;  
 Every morning his Tilbury whisk'd me along,  
 In the evening he sought me all others among ;  
 My partner when dancing, companion when still,  
 The page at my beck, and the slave of my will.  
 To carry my fan, oh ! how happy was he !  
 How delighted he seem'd when he sweeten'd my tea !  
 When I sung, with what ardour enraptur'd he listen'd,  
 When I smil'd what delight in his eyes ever glisten'd !  
 Oh ! Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, may grief be my lot  
 For the whole of next winter, if thou art forgot !  
 Mamma too, dear creature, how kindly she plann'd  
 Fresh schemes to entice, to propose for my hand !  
 To-day 'twas a dinner—her dishes were eat up ;  
 To-morrow a rout—the best she could get up ;  
 The dinner was eat, and the rout it was over,  
 But alas ! not an offer was made by my lover !  
 Every ball in the country was grac'd by our faces,  
 Corporation, Election, Assizes, and Races ;

What money we spent at the play-house, where often  
I fancied fair Juliet my lover might soften ! !  
And that fiction might help to promote declaration—  
But alas ! all on earth is but grief and vexation !  
After all our endeavours, and plots, and advances,  
Routs, dinners, wines, dishes, songs, music, and dances,  
One morn, on returning from calls, unexpected  
His card, on the table I found, but connected  
Three grief-speaking letters—two P's and a C,  
Rear'd their forms as in mockery of love and of me !”

MASTERS, MISTRESSES,  
AND  
SERVANTS.

THESE are titles of distinction betokening certain ranks in society, and not therefore beyond the scope of my undertaking; though I shall not find perhaps very much to say about them.

*Demoralization* is a long hard word which has lately been a good deal obtruded upon us, as expressive of the change that has taken place lately, not only in the actual morals or manners of the lower orders of people, but in their *feelings*. The poor are become, through the unfortunate operation of laws, made expressly for their behoof, a dissatisfied, restless, complaining class of persons, careless of doing any thing for themselves, and never quite satisfied with what others do for them. Servants have become careless of their master's interests, neglectful of their own, prone to change, unsteady, and eager to resent every trifling order that does not seem

exactly to accord with the strict letter of their original compact. I do not say, there are *no* exceptions : far from it ; but such is the *general* aspect of things. Is there any *anomaly* to be traced here, any thing irregular and inconsistent with what we might be led to expect, in these times, from persons in such situations ? If the upper and the lower orders of society do not go on together so well as they used to do, is it owing to any political change of condition or circumstances, palpably detrimental to both or either of the parties. Far from it. Here is the anomaly. Every thing has been done to favor the improvement of both classes, and yet bad management has not only rendered such changes abortive as to their proper and expected fruits, but turned them almost into curses.

We must all know that there were times when the lower classes, even of these nations, were in such a state of subjection to the will of their superiors, as to be no more independent of the latter, than the cattle in their stalls, the sheep in their folds, or the dogs that hunted down their prey. True it is, subjected as they were, they were still superior to the cattle, sheep, and dogs, inasmuch as they were endowed more or

less with *reason*, the distinguishing faculty of man. What then did reason do for them—that it did not *set them free*, is a clear case; did it then, let me ask, render them *restless, discontented, treacherous, saucy, unfaithful, dishonest, disobedient*? or did it render them as patiently submissive as the cattle in the stalls? as meek and inoffensive as the sheep in the folds? as faithful, active, alert, and indefatigable in the service of their Lords, as the dogs, their associates, or at all events, their *fellow servants*? I cannot help believing from the little I know of history, that the *latter* was the case. And if so, what a strange anomaly is it, to find that all that has passed since, to *ameliorate* the condition of the lower classes, to *raise and elevate them* in the order of society, to secure them from oppression, and render them *free*, should have only tended to make them more restless and discontented, than they formerly were, when they wore the trammels of slavery—and yet God forbid we should put such trammels upon them again. I only want to examine a little into the *anomaly* I have pointed out, that we may be able to judge how the present state of things *can* have arisen out of the very im-

provements that have taken place ; for when we know the cause of any malady or grievance, we must be rather more in the way of finding a remedy. First however I am sensible that I ought to shew, *why* I conceive, that the course of things was better both in regard to superiors and dependents, in former days than at present, that they were more attached to each other ; and consequently, more united by principle and feeling, than can be said to be the case now ; and that it is the want of this *uniting* principle and *feeling* at this time that makes all the difference, and renders a connection, equally necessary to both parties, more frequently a source of uneasiness and disquietude, than, as it might be, a lasting bond of comfort and satisfaction.

In casting back our views then, to those times, when the domestics and dependents of our great feudal lords, were, as to proprietorship, mere goods and chattels, to be employed or disposed of just as their lords chose, I find cases that plainly prove, in my estimation, not only that such lords and masters were well and faithfully served, but that the latter were capable of requiting such services, in a way that bespoke not only a considerable degree of benevolence, but of per-

sonal attachment. Nobody, for instance, would think of *bequeathing* to any friend or favourite, such a horrible nuisance and incumbrance, as a *bad servant*; a saucy, impertinent, disobedient, dishonest, or unfaithful labourer or domestic? What then are we to think of the following clause in the will of the Lady *Wynfleda* or *Wynflæd*, to be found in the Preface to *Hickes's Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. “Of those theowan men at Cinnuc, I *bequeath* to Eadbald, Ceolstan the Son of Elstan, and the Son of Effa, and Burwhyn Mœrtin; and I bequeath to Eadgyfu, Ælfslige the Cook, and Tefl the daughter of Wereburga, and Herestan and his wife, and Ecelm and his wife and their child, and Cynestan, and Wynsige, and the Son of Bryhtric, and Edwyn, and the Son of Bunel, and the daughter of Ælfwer.”

If it be said, that being attached to the land, the men and women belonging to it would necessarily be bequeathed away as parts of it, *whether good or bad*, I must insist upon the *particularity* of the above clauses. I know they were often disposed of in a lump, as in the case even of an Archbishop. “I give,” says he, “such land to an abbey with ten oxen and two men;” and many other instances are upon record,

wherein they are given generally, as in the will of Ælphelm, where he bequeaths his chief mansion at Gyrestingthorpe, with all the property therein, both provisions and *men*. And in the will of Wulfgar, “ I give to Ælfere the abbot the lands of Fercesford, with the provisions and with the *men*, and with all the produce as it is cultivated.” Indeed, *men* with *all their offspring and family*, were thus given away with lands in perpetual inheritance. But *specific* bequests of *particular individuals*, bespeak a different feeling, and as I said before, must be held to denote particular merit in the persons so noticed and selected.

It seems however to be placed out of all doubt by another circumstance, conspicuous in the clauses of the same will of Wynfleda, where she grants *freedom* to divers of her dependents by name, which could only have been done in token of her attachment to them, for their faithful services. “ Let Wulfware be freed, and follow whomsoever he likes best ; and let Wulflæde be freed, on the condition that she follow Æthelfleda and Eadgifa, (Wynfleda’s daughters) ; and let Gerburg be freed, and Miscim, and the daughter of Burhulf at Cinnuc ; and Ælfsige, and his

wife, and his eldest daughter, and Ceolstane's wife ; and at Ceorlatune let Pifus be freed, and Edwin, and ——'s wife ; and at Saccuncumbe let Ædelm be freed, and Man, and Johannan and Spror and his wife, and Enefette, and Gersand, and Snel ; and at Colleshylle let Ætthelgythe be freed, and Bicca's wife, and Æffa, and Beda, and Gushan's wife, and let Bryhsig's wife, the sister of Wulfar, be freed ; and —— the workman, and Wulfgythe the daughter of Ælfswythe."

Now, though indeed it might seem very strange to read in the will of any great Lady of modern days, such a clause as the following ; " Let Brown my butler, be free to go and live with any master he likes ; and let my own maid be free, and the cook, (provided the latter pass for a time into the service of Eleanor and Matilda, my daughters) and let Betty the housemaid be free, and Dolly her sister ; Bob Short the under gardener, Jemima the laundry maid, and Kerenhappuc the kitchen maid. And let Jerry the groom be free, and Nanny the dairy maid at my seat in Dorsetshire, and Robert and Charles the footmen, and Giles Jolterhead my bailiff,—let them all be free ;" we could not doubt in such

a case, but that the *intention* of the testatrix must have been to *reward* the persons mentioned for their *fidelity, good conduct*, or some extraordinary *talent* or *qualification*, more particularly in the article concerning the *cook*, for who would think of burthening *her own daughters* with a *bad* servant in that or any other capacity? Here then we see no less than 44 dependents selected for their *obedience, honesty, fidelity*, or other *commendable qualities*, 28 *set free*, and 16 *bequeathed* as *specific legacies* to choice *friends*; and who is there among us all, being in affluence, who would not rejoice to have even half the number of such *good* and *tried* servants, left to them in this way? who would not be ready to regard them as articles of *no small rarity*? It may be thought that a fear for their *souls*, disposed the rich in those days to manumit their slaves at their death, for they certainly had been taught to believe, that “ whoever liberated a slave in the name of the Holy Trinity, might be sure of God’s mercy ;” but the benevolence of these ancient masters and mistresses did not stop here, as the following passage from Mr. Turner’s History of the Anglo-Saxons may serve to shew. “ The liberal feelings of our ancestors towards

their enslaved domestics, are not only evidenced in the frequent manumissions, but also in the generous gifts which they appear to have made them. The *grants of land* from masters to their servants are very common.”

How comes it then that such instances are to be found under a system of *slavery*, rather than under a system of perfect liberty and freedom? for *now* undoubtedly every thing is free, as to the connection between masters and servants; with one difference only in *favor* of the *dependent*, namely, that while *any* servants may quit *any* master or mistress they do *not* like, masters and mistresses have no power to retain any servants they *do* like. Bad servants may indeed at any time be turned away, but good servants oftentimes must be *coaxed* to stay. It would certainly I think be better if they were not so *easily separable*. Here lies the mischief—a mischief *freedom* has introduced, and God forbid it should be removed by any return to *slavery*! Any return to those times described by Bracton, when such dependents were bound to “do whatsoever was commanded them, nor at night were to be apprised of the duties of the morning, but to live in perpetual uncertainty.” Surely we owe to

freedom herself, who has rescued us from such degradations, that gratitude and respect which should induce us to save her, if we can, from the stigma of being, though unwittingly, the authoress of such confusion. I am almost confident that the *anomaly* in question, may be thus solved and accounted for. Under a system of absolute proprietorship and involuntary subjection, it became the *interest* of both parties to study the *humours, tempers, weaknesses, foibles,* and *virtues* of each other. The Lord, anxious for his own comfort, to obtain from his slave, a *voluntary and cheerful*, rather than a *forced and sullen* obedience, stood ready to *reward* all those *intrinsic* virtues, which shine forth in the character of a truly faithful and trusty dependent; while the latter, knowing he could not get free but by a faithful attention to the interests of his master, and out of gratitude for kind treatment, where he might have found the contrary, patiently submissive to his will, and occasionally even to his caprices, had the wisdom so to accommodate himself to the ways of his Lord, as to render himself necessary to his happiness, and even an object of attachment, that is, to be regarded, not merely as one of the household, but as one

of the *family*; always contemplating his Lord's mansion as his *home*, and constantly impressed with the idea, that their interests were identical; that all that were his master's were his, in a certain sense; so as to stand prepared to rejoice with him and with his children's children, upon all occasions of family rejoicing, and weep with them upon all occasions of family weeping; like good old *Adam* in "As you like it."

Long after the feudal times these sort of feelings seem to have prevailed, and perhaps the passing generation are the first, in *this* country, who have had to lament the confusion and inconveniencies arising from a *looser* connection; for at present certainly every thing seems to be in a state of fluctuation. The *power* and *privilege* of *separation* seems to be uppermost in the heads of all; masters and servants, mistresses and maids. Nothing at all disagreeable is to be put up with on either side. The master had rather get a new servant, than retain ever so honest, sober, virtuous and industrious a one, who shall chance to offend his eye or his *vanity*, by some awkwardnesses or peculiarities, which time might correct, or acquaintance soften; and the servant

constantly stands ready to run the chance of a new master and a new place, sooner than submit to so much as one or two scoldings for palpable neglect, or be bid to do any thing which he was not in plain and express terms *hired* to do. Ever since the rage came in, for *smart, dashing, well-formed* and *well-looking* servants, male or female, such frivolous qualifications have been more prized and attended to, than any of the *old fashioned* recommendations of *integrity, sobriety, civility, and submissive obedience*; and masters and mistresses can have no right to complain of the demoralization to which this sad mistake has given birth. The evil seems not to have been confined to our own country; I find in Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, which appeared just before the French Revolution, the following curious passage in his Chapter entitled "*Nos Grand' Meres,*" which may well stand for ancestors in general. "*Les domestiques* faisoient alors *partie de la famille*; on les traitoit *moins poliment*, mais avec *plus d'affection*, ils le voyoient, et devenoient *sensibles et reconnoissans*. *Les maîtres* étoient *mieux servis*, et pouvoient compter sur une *fidelité bien rare* aujourd'hui. On les em-  
pêchoit à la fois d'être *infortunés et vicieux*; et

pour l'*obéissance*, on leur accorderoit en échange, *bienveillance* et *protection*. Aujourd'hui, les domestiques *passent de maisons en maisons*, indifférens à *quels maîtres* ils appartiennent, rencontrant celui qu'ils ont quitté sans la moindre émotion. Ils ne se rassemblent que pour révéler les secrets qu'ils ont pu découvrir : ils sont espions ; et comme on les *paie bien*, qu'on les *habille bien*, qu'on les *nourrit bien*, mais *qu'on les méprise*, ils le sentent, et sont devenus nos plus grands ennemis. Autrefois leur vie étoit laborieuse, dure, et frugale, mais on les comptoit pour quelque chose, et le domestique mourroit de vieillesse à côté de son maître." In another place he says, " Il est passé en proverbe, que les *laquais les plus grands* et les *plus insolens* sont les *meilleurs*. Enfin, un laquais *du dernier ton* porte deux montres comme son maître ; et cette insigne folie ne scandalise plus qu'un *misanthrope*." *Mercier* then plainly throws the blame upon the masters, and with reason. The *demoralization* certainly began at top. " *Like master like man*," is an old and true proverb ; in the famous song, which I have ventured to introduce in a former section, illustrative of the difference of manners, in the times of Elizabeth and James,

we find the *old Courtier's old servants*, as different from the *young Courtier's young servants*, as the masters themselves were different. If, as *Mercier* says, servants discover, that though we *pay* them *well*, and *dress* them *well*, and *feed* them *well*, we *despise* them, the consequences must be, that they will not care with whom they live, so that they be but well *paid*, well *dressed*, and well *fed*. Such masters and such servants stand connected by a mere formal contract, no sentimental tie whatever. They come together, under so strong a feeling of their great freedom and independence, as naturally to act rather upon a principle of repulsion than attraction; whereas, reason ought to teach them, that being, as members of society, necessary to each other, neither of them should expect to be comfortable, without making some allowances, and that long acquaintance is absolutely requisite to mould the tempers and manners of any two individuals, into that conformity, which is the true basis of domestic happiness. I cannot help feeling confident, that if such contracts were once more brought back to their proper footing, and instead of looking to the facility of separation, every master would contemplate the probability of a

new servant becoming as one of his *family*, and every servant look to the possibility of his new place becoming a *home* to him, a great increase of domestic happiness would ensue, and we should discover, that there were still in existence many more good masters, good mistresses, and good servants, than under the present system would appear to be the case. For the race of good and even attached servants, notwithstanding all our complaints, is not absolutely extinct ; but it may become so in time, if we do not take care. Such servants cannot be any longer bequeathed to friends as legacies, but instances still continually occur of their being the objects of testamentary donations ; and this is enough to shew that some are still well and faithfully served, and that such good services are in the way of requital.

To many of our fashionables however I fear, the very possibility of any strong attachment between parties so distant from each other in the scale of society, may be questionable ; or if not questionable, they may perhaps be incapable of properly appreciating the value of such attachments, as adding to the comforts of life. I would recommend to such persons to read the

letter of Sir Roger de Coverly's old Butler, announcing his master's death, to be found in the 517th Number of the Spectator, and if it do not excite in them a wish and desire to see such feelings revived amongst us, I shall greatly pity their taste, to say nothing of higher principles. I shall extract only a few passages of it, declaring at the same time, that I verily think that if there were more Sir *Roger de Coverlys* amongst us, there would be more such Butlers. The letter is addressed to one of the club.

“ HONOURED SIR,

“ Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as *his poor servants*, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his *Chaplain*, because he thought he would be *kind* to him—he has moreover bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. *It being a very cold day* when he made his *will*, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great *frize coat*, and to every woman

a *black riding-hood*. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his *poor servants*, commending us all for our *fidelity*, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are *grown grey-headed* in our dear master's service, he has left us *pensions* and *legacies*, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-House, and the whole estate. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from

“ Honoured Sir,

“ Your most sorrowful servant,

“ EDWARD BISCUIT.”

That it was not the pensions and the legacies in Sir Roger's last will, that run in this good man's head, we may conclude, from another incident,

capable of shewing how much the Knight in his *life time*, and independent of his will, was honored, loved, and respected by his servants. On returning with him from the Assizes, the Spectator writes, “ When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses : the man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight’s family ; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir *Roger*, put him up as a sign-post before the door ; so that *the Knight’s Head* had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter.”—As this is by no means the best part of the story, I cannot for the life of me help continuing it—“ *decies repetita placebit.*”

“ As soon as Sir *Roger* was acquainted with it, finding that his servant’s indiscretion proceeded wholly from *affection* and *good-will*, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment ; and when the fellow seemed to think that *could hardly be*, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a Duke ; but told him at the

same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this story, had not the inkeeper upon Sir *Roger's* alighting, told him in my hearing, that his Honour's Head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars abovementioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary, upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir *Roger*, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a

*Saracen*, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, that *much might be said on both sides.*”

I have always been delighted with this story, as so highly creditable to master and man; for it is told so simply, I can scarcely bring myself to believe it is not true. However it may have been true as to some of the particulars, and is therefore admirably calculated to exhibit to the view, a fair display of those feelings I wish to see revived.

Plato lays it down as a maxim, that no friendship can subsist between a master and a slave. And Aristotle asserts, that there can no more be a friendship between a tyrant and his subjects, than between a master and his slave. Now this may be all very true, but it applies to cases, long antecedent to Christianity. The introduction of Christianity greatly abated the rigours of servitude, and though it could not produce a friendship, in the strict sense of the term, between such parties, it certainly operated to render them friendly towards each other, to the utmost extent of their reciprocal duties and obligations, and ought to do so now; if St. Paul be right in what he tells the masters and ser-

vants of Ephesus, in the VIth chapter of his Epistle to the converts in that city. How far we ought to descend to any *familiarity* with servants is a different point ; but of this I am very certain, that good servants will never require it, and bad servants will never be mended by it. *Seneca* however seems to have thought it quite a moral duty in masters, to live *familiarly* with their servants, and he professes to hold those in contempt who are above doing so. As his reasoning upon the subject (bating his recommendations of absolute familiarity) has something in it almost approaching to the sublime precepts of Christianity, as far as masters are concerned, I shall venture to give a small specimen of it. Thus then he begins his XLVIIth Epistle. “ Libenter ex his qui a te veniunt cognovi, familiariter te cum servis tuis vivere. Hoc prudentiam tuam, hoc eruditionem decet. Servi sunt? imo *homines*. Servi sunt? imo *Contubernales*. Servi sunt? imo *humiles amici*. Servi sunt? imo *conservi* si cogitaveris tantundem in utrosque licere fortunæ. Itaque rideo istos qui turpe existimant cum servo suo cænare.” *Seneca* certainly goes too far for modern times ; it is not necessary that the rich should really ask their servants to sit

down to table with them, instead of standing behind their chairs ; but in recommending more condescension, Seneca had it in view to correct some abominable habits of severity and injustice in the rich of his days, and he had moreover examples to bring forward, in which it appears, a contrary behaviour in masters had had good moral effects in regard to the dependents. He notices the proverb, “ Totidem esse hostes, quot servos,” as many servants as you have, so many enemies have you ; but he adds, non *habemus* illos hostes, sed *facimus* ; we cannot say we *have*, but that we *make to ourselves* so many enemies ; that is, by too high, haughty, or austere behaviour towards them. He represents servants as entirely capable of attaching themselves to kind and good masters, as ready even to sacrifice their lives for them, and sustain the sharpest torments sooner than betray them. But there is nothing finer in the drift of the Philosopher’s argument, than the continual reference he makes to the possibility of reverses in life, which may at any time happen to raise servants to the condition of masters, or depress the latter into the state and condition of servants. He continually sets the chance of such reverses before their

eyes, and reasons upon them as any good Christian might do. Seneca also refers back to *former times*, as we might do, when the connection between master and servant was so close, that they regarded each other only as different members of *one family*. He seems to regard the changes he deplures, as owing to much such causes as we have seen reason to dwell upon, a preference given to shewy and external qualifications, in hiring of servants, before the intrinsic virtues of honesty, sobriety, &c. It is, said he, as if in buying a horse, some fool should look only at the saddle and bridle, and not at the horse himself. “*Sic stultissimus est,*” he adds, and his own words deserve to be brought forward, “*qui hominem aut ex veste, aut ex conditione, quæ vestis modo nobis circumdata est, æstimat.*” He then in a noble strain of argument returns to his interrogatories—“*Servus est? sed fortasse liber animo. Servus est? Hoc illi nocebit? ostende quis non sit. Alius libidina servit, alius avaritiæ, alius ambitioni; omnes timori. Dabo consularem aniculæ servientem; dabo ancillulæ divitem: ostendam nobilissimos juvenes mancipia Pantomimorum. Nulla servitus turpior est, quam voluntaria.*” But I can go

no further; already perhaps I shall have wearied many readers, whose pardon I most humbly implore, while I pass on to another author, much junior to Seneca, but yet a sort of ancient, and who seems to be as querulous about servants, as any modern gossip we could find. I mean the celebrated *Petrarch*; well known as a *sentimental lover* and *Italian sonneteer*, but not so well known as a *Latin philosopher*; though while eighty pages contain all that he wrote in *Italian*, his *Latin* works occupy twelve hundred pages; but this by the bye. In one of his own Epistles then, Petrarch notices that very Epistle of Seneca, just referred to, as written in *defence* of *servants*, and throwing all the blame on *masters*. "I should be sorry, says he, to dispute the authority of so great a man, but as far as my experience goes, it seems to be quite the contrary; perhaps he and his friend Lucilius had an extraordinary knack of making good servants, or particular luck in finding them. To me, I must confess, both seem to be wanting, though they have occupied all my care and attention. Let others then see to themselves, I cannot commend what I do not know. In *my* estimation, the whole race of servants, is, beyond every thing bad, and

I look upon nothing more true, than the very proverb which Seneca finds fault with, that ‘ a man has just so many enemies as he has servants.’ But indeed Seneca pretends to speak only of good servants, the bad being excluded from all commerce with their masters ; I shall believe him, for so he seems to say ; and indeed I have collected out of books, many examples of good servants, nor am I inclined to dispute the fact, or the credibility of the writers ; but whether it be owing to the change of times, or to chance, or to my own impatience, I never saw a good servant in the whole course of my life, and yet I am continually looking out for one, and if by chance I should ever meet one, shall assuredly be as much astonished as if I were to meet a man with two heads. But lest any body should suppose that all this is owing either to some severity, or negligence on my part, I must declare, that I have tried every way to make them good. Lucilius could not have lived more familiarly with them than I have done ; I have allowed them to converse with me, to advise, and even to sit down at table with me, I have entrusted myself and all my concerns to their care, hoping to make them faithful by my

confidence, but with so little success, that actually every thing has been turned against me. Not one of them, but has become more saucy from being allowed to converse with me, and more presuming from being admitted to my table; and as too much familiarity has made them impudent, too much confidence has only made them thieves. Let Seneca then say what he will in praise of his servants, I can only say what I know of my own, and of those of all my acquaintance. I must confess there is nothing in life from which I suffer more molestation, than from the perverseness and obstinacy of servants. In other contests there are some intervals of peace and quiet, but with our domestic enemies we have to contend for ever, and without any intermission. However I am aware that I ought to learn to bear with a firm mind what I know to have befallen some of the most celebrated men in the world, for eminent authors relate, that “ even so long ago as in the heroical ages, Ulysses, after all his multifarious labours, was dreadfully annoyed by the insolence of his servants and handmaidens, and in much more recent times, the Emperor Frederick is reported

to have done nothing but complain, living and dying, of the injuries he had sustained from servants." So far poor unfortunate Petrarch ; and so much for the Italian servants of the XIVth century ! But, I am sorry to say, our own poet and philosopher, Shenstone, seems, in the XVIIIth century, to have had no better an opinion of English servants ; " I have been formerly," says he, in his essays on men and manners, " so silly as to hope that every servant I had might be made a friend : I am now convinced that the nature of servitude bears a contrary tendency. It is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience, and to point out no other, than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear." Now I don't believe this, and think I have shewn the contrary in some foregoing instances ; not but that servitude may have the tendency attributed to it, but it is assuredly to be corrected by good usage, though Petrarch and Shenstone seem to think otherwise. But they were both poets, and their souls perhaps unfitted for these lower regions, and for mere terrestrial associations, which I am the more led to believe of Shenstone, because he is

the very man, who said, that if he were worth a hundred thousand pounds, he would build himself a neighbourhood, which seems to imply that he *had no* neighbourhood at the time, in his own estimation, though we all know where he lived.

## ODD ARRANGEMENTS,

&c. &c.

PERSONS of the highest consequence have been put to their shifts in marshalling companies, and arranging guests. We read that Henry Duke of Normandy, son of Henry II. of England, gave an entertainment once, to which so many of the French Noblesse resorted, that he could hit upon no better expedient for their arrangement than that of grouping them according to their Christian names, sending all the *William's* to one table, the *Charles's* to another, and so on. It is even recorded that in doing so, he found no less than an hundred and ten of the former name, independent of simple gentlemen, ushers, and servants.

I remember being told when I was a boy, that one of the Speakers of our House of Commons, in inviting his company to his parliamentary dinners, took no farther pains than to go strait through the alphabetical list of the members, so

that in the course of the parliament, no wonder that the Mr. A.'s should get tired of meeting none but the Mr. B.'s and C.'s, and vice versâ. Had the late worthy Speaker, Mr. Abbot (now Lord Colchester) adopted this plan, his own place at the *top* of the table, would have been in exact alphabetical order.

Every body knows the scrape Mr. Timothy Treatall got into, by desiring the ladies whom he had invited to supper to take their places according to their *age* and *seniority*, (see Tatler, No.262) what a dreadful confusion arose amongst his guests, when the arrangement was first announced, and how immediately all the ladies who had before pressed for a place at the upper end of the table, crowded with the same disorder and eagerness to the opposite end.

The Emperor Geta used to arrange his dinners so, as to have on the table at one time, such dishes only as began with the same letter; as, (to exemplify it in English) *Mutton, Mushrooms, Macaroni, Mince-pies, Marmalade, &c. Pork, Pigeons, Patties, Pies, Pan-cakes, and Plum-pudding, &c. Lamb, Leveret, Larks, Lobsters, Laver, and stewed Lampreys!* Perhaps the very Latin of Julius Capitolinus, from whom we have

the story, may amuse some of my readers. “Habebat consuetudinem, ut convivia, et maxima prandia per singulas literas juberat, scientibus servis, velut in quo erat anser, aprugna, anas; item pullus, perdix, pavo, porcellus, piscis, perna, et quæ in eam literam genera edulium caderent—facianus, fæta, ficus, &c. &c.”

Heliogabalus took a fancy to the number *eight*, or rather to the Greek proverb *απαντοκτω*: whence he chose to invite to his supper eight *bald* persons, eight *blind* ones, eight *gouty* ones, eight *deaf* ones, eight *hoarse* ones, eight very *black* ones, eight very *tall* ones, eight very *fat* ones, and eight *hooked-nose* ones.

A very old gentleman told me that he was once invited to dine with a lady of some distinction at Bath, about his own age, and where he met a party of intimates to the number of *eight*, the lady herself making one. On sitting down to the table, the seven guests looked at the dinner with some surprise, there being nothing solid to be seen in any one of the dishes; no joint of any sort, but soups, minced meats, stewed vegetables, jellies, syllabubs, creams, &c. This old lady amused herself a short time with witnessing the strange looks of her company, before

she explained to them the mystery. She then told them, that having an exact knowledge of their circumstances, and a sympathetic feeling towards them, she had resolved to make a *feast* for the whole party, suitable to their condition. That she had reason to know, that though eight in number, they had not *one tooth* amongst them all, and she had therefore ordered a dinner, upon which they need not bestow a thought upon the lost power of mastication. Such an odd piece of kindness, as the old gentleman told me, kept them laughing so all dinner time, that they found the toothless meat almost as difficult to swallow as if it had consisted of bones.

The following instance of curious arrangement fell under my own knowledge. To avoid offence I shall not adopt the real letters of the names alluded to, but the story will lose nothing of its effect by substituting others. A very obnoxious sermon happened to be preached in a certain Archdeaconry, at a Visitation, by a gentleman (let me say) of the name of PRO\*\*. At the next Visitation, the Clergyman appointed to preach thought it incumbent on him, (indispensably so indeed,) to advert to the former sermon, and combat its arguments. This he did to the best

of his abilities, and so much to the satisfaction of his auditors, that he was desired to print his discourse ; but his diffidence was such, as to incline him to avoid doing so if possible. At all events, he judged it well to submit his manuscript first to a person more acquainted with the subject, and to request his advice ; in doing which, he lamented extremely that it had fallen to his lot, to preach on so trying an occasion, having never applied his mind particularly to that branch of polemics. It naturally surprized his referee to find that something so incongruous should have taken place, till a gentleman happened to tell him, that in that Archdeaconry the preachers were always appointed alphabetically, and on turning to the name of his correspondent, he found that it actually began with the three following letters, PRU\*\*\*.

## QUAKERS.

IT may be expected that in such a work as the present, some notice should be taken of the *Quakers*, who reject all titles, "*flattering titles*," as they call them, with *Elihu* in *Job*, (ch. xxxii. 21, 22) and all *compliments*. To whom such ordinary appellations as *Sir* and *Madam*, *Master* and *Mistress*, give offence, and who cannot bear that any should profess to be the *obedient humble servants* of those to whom in reality they owe neither service nor obedience. Howell in his Epistle to the Nobility of England, prefixed to his French and English Dictionary, and who is often cited by the Quakers, observes, that "*Sir* and *Madam* were originally names given to none but the King, his brother, and their wives, both in France and England. Yet now the *ploughman* in France is called *Sir*, and his *wife Madam*; and men of ordinary trades in England *Sir*, and their wives *Dame*; which is the legal title of a *Lady*, and is the same as *Madam* in French. So prevalent have pride and flattery been in all ages, the one

to give and the other to receive respect." Superfluous titles of honor they contend do lay a necessity upon Christians most frequently to *lie*; because the persons, obtaining these titles either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some to whom it is said "your *Excellency*," have nothing of Excellency in them; and who is called "your *Grace*," appears to be an enemy to Grace; and he who is called "your *Honor*," is known to be base and ignoble. Barclay, from whom I take this, goes farther; he objects much to the Papal titles of *Holiness*, *Eminence*, &c. and grounds his objections on Scripture. "We find, says he, no such thing in *Scripture*. The Christians speak to the *Apostles* without any such denomination, neither saying, if it please your *Grace*, your *Holiness*, your *Lordship*, nor your *Worship*; they are neither called *my Lord Peter*, nor *my Lord Paul*; nor yet *Master Peter* nor *Master Paul*; nor *Doctor Peter* nor *Doctor Paul*." Though he confesses the *Apostles* might have borne these titles, since "*they* really *had* Holiness, Excellency, and Grace; but *because they were* holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor

admitted of such titles. But these having neither Holiness, Excellency, nor Grace, will needs be so called, to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious minds, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy." Even the title of "*Majesty*" offends him equally. Proud Nebuchadnezzar, he says, assumed it, but was punished for it, and generally in Scripture, we find only the simple compellation, "*O King!*" without further designation save perhaps the name of the person, as, "*O King Agrippa.*" Paul, he observes, was very civil to Agrippa, and yet gave him no other title. He glosses over plausibly enough the address of Luke, "*Most excellent Theophilus,*" as well as that of Paul, "*Most noble Festus,*" concluding that as both Luke and Paul wrote under the dictates of the *infallible Spirit of God*, they knew that these persons deserved the titles given them. He is rather sharp upon *Calvin*, and I really think with great reason, on the following occasion. The Ecclesiastical History of the *Reformation* of France, relating the speech of Lord Rochefort at the Assembly of the Estates under Charles the Ninth, in the year 1560, observes, that this harangue was well remarked, in that

he used not the word (Majesty) invented by *flatterers* of late years. “ And yet, says Barclay, *this Author* minded not how his *Master Calvin* used this *flattering title* to Francis the First, King of France ; and not only so, but calls him *Most Christian King*, in the Epistle to his Institutions ; though by Francis’s daily persecuting of the Reformers, it was apparent, he was far from being such even in *Calvin’s* own esteem. I confess, this Epistle of Calvin has always struck me as a very extraordinary one, nor do I wonder that *Barclay* should notice it as he does, considering his principles in regard to *titles*, and the remark above of the Author of the History of the Reformation ; for if the omission of the word *Majesty*, a title, which as I have before observed, *Selden* pronounced to be particularly unexceptionable, as expressing only “ *greatness*,” appeared so commendable in the case alluded to, it cannot but seem extraordinary, that the very chief of the French Reformers, should, as he really has done, load *Francis* the *First* with titles, not merely in the comparative degree, but constantly superlative ; not only styling him *Christianissimus*, most Christian, in his title and ad-

dress, while he was actually persecuting the *reformed* of his own kingdom all he could ; but in the course of the Epistle itself,

*Potentissimus*, most potent ;

*Illustrissimus*, most illustrious ;

*Clarissimus*, most eminent ;

*Nobilissimus*, most noble ;

*Invictissimus*, most invincible ;

*Serenissimus*, most serene ;

*Fortissimus*, most brave ;

Barclay himself dedicated his work to a *King* (Charles II.) without falling into any such inconsistencies, and indeed it would have been well, if that unsteady Monarch had attended to his advice, and kept himself more clear of those lusts and vanities, against which the Scotch Quaker so boldly cautioned him.

I have in a former part of this work observed how fitly modern titles might be turned against those who bear them *unworthily*, in the way of *hint* or *reproof* ; and I have also endeavoured to shew, in what manner far greater titles may in reality belong to the *untitled* upon earth, than any bestowed by civil authority, on our highest Nobility. In this, Barclay seems entirely to agree with me. “ Who are *they*,” says he, “ who

are honorable *indeed* ?” (That is *right honorable*.) “ Is it not the *righteous* man ? is it not the *holy* man ? is it not the *humble-hearted* man ? the meek-spirited man ? and are not such those that ought to be *honored* amongst Christians ? Now of *these* may there not be *poor men, labourers, fishermen, &c.* ?” And he quotes Jerome properly enough, to shew, that while he that obeyeth not *sin*, is *free*, he who is strong in *virtue*, must be *noble*.

This is all right enough ; but why then make such a *fuss* about *worldly titles*, which cannot in reality and with a view to better things and a better world, in any manner *detract* from the *greatness*, or *lower the credit*, of any one *worthy, virtuous, pious plebeian* ? which in fact ought to be regarded only like money ; not so much according to the *real merit* of those who bear them, as to the imaginary value stamped upon them by *custom, law, &c.* It was well said by an observer of the French Revolution, when they were railing at titles, and voting by acclamation for their *abolition*, “ why, if you think them so *vain* and *frivolous*, try to deprive your *opponents* of them ? If they be really so, how can you expose the obnoxious Nobles more than by letting

them continue to bear them? Your very opposition to them shews that they have some weight in society, and that you expect to seem greater yourselves, when others are deprived of them." For my own part, I shall always think they have their use, under wise and good regulations, and that the Quakers do themselves injustice by being so *very particular* about them, for according to their own account, after all their railing against titles of honor, and worldly distinctions, they are far from being *democrats, radicals*, or bad subjects under a Monarchy like our own.

Let them speak for themselves as to this. The passages are on many accounts worth transcribing; there being a great deal of good sense in them, though we must recollect that it was written by an *Apologist*, who had a rare knack of giving an air of plausibility to the extravagancies of his sect. "Let not any judge," says Barclay, "that hereby we intend to destroy the mutual relation that either is between *Prince and People, Master and Servants, Parents and Children*;—neither, that from our opinion in these things, any necessity of *levelling* will follow, or that all men must have things *in common*. Our principle leaves every man to enjoy that peace-

ably, which either his own industry, or his parents have purchased to him ; only he is thereby instructed to use it aright, both for his own good, and that of his brethren, and all to the glory of God.—And further, we say not hereby, that no man may use the creation more or less than another : for we know that as it hath pleased God to dispense it diversely, giving to some more, and to some less, so they may use it accordingly. The several conditions, under which men are diversely stated, together with their educations answering thereunto, do sufficiently shew this : the *servant* is not the same way educated as the *master* ; nor the *tenant* as the *landlord* ; nor the *rich* as the *poor* ; nor the *Prince* as the *peasant*. Now though it be not lawful for any, however great abundance they may have, or whatever their education may be, to use that which is *merely superfluous* : yet seeing that *education* has accustomed them *thereunto*, and their *capacity* enables them so to do, without being *profuse* and *extravagant*, they may use things better in their kind, than such whose education hath neither accustomed them to such things, nor their capacity will reach to compass them. For it is beyond question, that whatever thing

the creation affords, is for the use of man, and the moderate use of them is lawful; yet *per accidens* they may be unlawful to some, though not to others. As for instance, he that by reason of his estate and education hath been used to eat *flesh*, and drink *wine*, and to be clothed with the *finest wool*, if his estate will bear it, and he use it neither in superfluity, nor immoderately, he may do it; and perhaps, if he should apply himself to feed or be clothed, as are the peasants, it might prejudice the health of his body, and nothing advance his soul. But if a man, whose estate and education hath accustomed him to both *coarser food* and *raiment*, should stretch himself beyond what he had, or were used to the manifest prejudice of his family and children, no doubt it would be unlawful to him, even so to eat or be clothed as another in whom it is lawful." Now in all this there is surely a great deal of good sense, and sound morality. He further admonishes those who have fulness, to watch over themselves, and use it moderately; and comforts those who have no such worldly fulness and abundance, with the hope of the far greater advantage it is in their power to enjoy, by being

rich as to the *inward* man, and having a spiritual fellowship with the Saints.

Though I applaud and approve this passage, copied from the writings of their great *Apologist*, I never can see much reason in their *other* proceedings; especially in their peculiar language and manners, so at variance with the common ways of the world. I do not see how their arguments can hold good, by which they would support such customs. The outward ceremonies for instance, of bowing the head or body, taking off the hat, &c., they profess to consider as no more actual criterions of *obeisance* and *respect*, than they hold mourning garments to be the criterions of sorrow. Knowing and believing this, why do they then attach such importance to them? Titles of honour in the same manner, however *flattering*, they do not regard as *really* conveying any *false ideas* as to the *moral excellence* of the persons; they merely reject them, because they seem to *themselves* as capable in *some* instances of violating the truth. Not in *all*; as we have a right to suppose, because they imagine Luke's "*most excellent*" and Paul's "*most noble*," might fairly attach to the persons so called, and that they knew it through the influ-

ence of the *Spirit*.—But who are so much, in their own ideas, under the influence of the *Spirit*, as Quakers? and may we not ask, does the Spirit never suggest to them any difference of persons? Do they never find in the whole compass of their acquaintance, or mass of their fellow creatures, so much as one *most noble* or one *most excellent*, even upon their own grounds? Why was Festus *most noble*? because, says Barclay, “he suffered Paul to be *heard in his own cause*, and would not give way to the fury of the Jews against him.” And what Judge upon the English Bench might not now lay an equal claim to the title of Nobility? If any man is ever *prevented* pleading his own cause before an English Judge, I will venture to say it is for his own good. The Judge knows how he might injure himself, if ignorant of the *technicalities* and *nice-ties* of the law, through which in criminal cases, even the *guilty* have a thousand chances of escaping conviction. This is so well known to the ablest advocates, that there is a good story current of Mr. *Thelwall* (I think it was) and Mr. *Erskine*, as follows; the former being to be tried for treason, wrote to Mr. (now Lord) Erskine, the following laconic epistle, “I shall plead *my*

*own cause.*” To which Lord E. as laconically replied, “ you’ll be *hanged* if you do.” Mr. Thelwall stood corrected, and therefore wittily enough rejoined, “ then if I *do*, I’ll be *hanged* ;” and wisely gave up so mad a project. Quakers in *time past* might be rudely treated, and I fear *were so*, both by the populace and by *Judges*, as Mr. *Clarkson* relates a case of Judge Glyn ; but in the present day, I am confident our *Judges* are all *as noble* as *Festus* in this particular, and would not give way to the fury of any enemies, of whom the Quakers might have to complain. What indeed could be more liberal than the relief afforded to Quakers by the Legislature, in actually receiving their affirmations instead of an oath ; an affirmation which, in further accommodation to their principles, has been so altered as not even to contain the sacred name of the Deity ! Is it not “ most noble” in the Legislators of their country and their fellow subjects, to *trust them* in this manner, in compliance with their religious principles ? Who could have behaved more *nobly*, more *grandly*, more *magnanimously* to the *Quakers*, than our late King ? admitting them often to his presence, and dispensing with all courtly ceremonies to humour

their feelings? But they would never have addressed a memorial to that worthy Monarch, by his customary title of “the King’s *most Excellent Majesty*.” I should like to ask them, Why not? Nobody yet knows who St. Luke’s *Theophilus* was; but if he were only an imaginary being, and styled “most excellent,” merely as a *lover of God*, (as the name imports in Greek) was not George III. generally regarded as a lover of God and a good Christian? Did the Spirit or “inward light” ever move any Quakers to tell him he was otherwise, or even incline them to think so? I am not disposed to take any liberties with the Holy Scriptures, but I certainly do not see why, in regard to the Quakers, George III. was not as excellent as any real or imaginary *Theophilus*, and our modern Judges as noble as *Festus*, upon the Quakers’ own principles. They may cite *Elihu* as long as they please, though I think *Elihu* had *partiality* in his head more than *flattery*; but at all events, it was a real fault with the *Arabians*, (among whom the book of Job is supposed by some to have been written,) to use *flattering titles*, not as forms of *address*, sanctioned or established by the laws, but for the *very purpose* of obtaining some *favor* or *gratuity*,

and therefore in the very spirit of low, mercenary, abject flattery—the very word in *Hebrew*, and its corresponding term in *Arabic*, signifying according to *Castell* and *Schultens*, cited by Parkhurst, “to call a person by a name that does not strictly belong to him, in *compliment* or *flattery*.” Are the Quakers to suppose that among all their contemporary countrymen there is none *really honorable*, no not one? None *really noble*, none *reverend*, none *worthy*? To discard titles so generally, must imply this—Elihu was certainly no Quaker, for in Ch. xxxiv. ver. 2, if I am not much mistaken, he calls those *wise men*, and in ver. 10, *men of understanding*, whom in Ch. xxxii. 9, he seems strongly to intimate, he did not actually esteem to be *wise*, or to be very sound of *judgment*. He was no Quaker, for he seems to doubt, Ver. 18, Ch. xxxiv. whether it could be fit to say to a *King*, thou art wicked, or to *Princes*, ye are ungodly. The truth is, the Quakers acknowledge that some very high titles, as “most excellent,” and “most noble,” *may be applied to persons, consistently with the Spirit of the Gospel, if applied properly*. In refusing such titles therefore, the *onus probandi* lies upon them to shew, why in

*particular* instances they may *not* be proper. They can discriminate between Festus and Felix, who held the *same office*, but whom St. Paul did not equally call “most noble,” and why then should titles be generally and entirely discarded, for if there should be many Felixes high in rank or office, may there not also be many *Festuses*? At *first*, (though they soon became better mannered) the Quakers pretty well knew how to give *bad titles*, though they shunned giving any *good* ones. I shall mention a few from Leslie, extracted from their own writings. *Conjurors, Thieves, Robbers, Antichrists, Witches, Devils, scarlet-coloured Beasts, Blood-hounds, Lizards, Moles, Tinkers, green-headed Trumpeters, Wheelbarrows, Gimcracks, Whirlpools, Whirligigs, Mooncalves, Thread-bare Tatterdemallions, Serpents, Vipers, Ministers of the Devil, ravening Evening Wolves and Bears, Devils incarnate, Devil-driven, dungy Gods, Shallow-heads, Clamourers, Apostates.* Modern Quakers are far better; but I think such a selection of bad titles bestowed on their adversaries and opponents, bespeaks a radical defect in their system of belief, as exemplified in their earliest proceedings, for I am citing works of more than a century old. Take one or two more

instances, particularly the following case of Mr. John Pennyman, who began to grow sick of their company. They bestowed on him, according to Leslie, the following titles:—*Grinning Dog, Whiffling Cur, the Devil's Agent, the Devil's Drudge, the Devil's Porter, Vassal of Hell, cursed Serpent, Bondslave of the Devil*, with a hundred such compliments. They even called him “*unclean nasty Spirit.*” Now, says Leslie, (who knew him,) he is the neatest old man, and the most inoffensive I think I ever saw. See Vol. I. p. 227.

The following invective by one *Fisher*, was directed against no less a man than the celebrated Dr. John Owen, Dean of Christ Church. “*Thou fiery Fighter and green-headed Trumpeter; thou Hedge-hog and Grinning Dog; thou Bastard, that tumbled out of the mouth of the Babylonish bawd; thou Mole; thou Tinker; thou Lizard; thou Bell of no Mettle but the tone of a Kettle; thou Wheelbarrow; thou Whirligig; O thou Firebrand; thou Adder and Scorpion; thou Louse; thou Cow-dung; thou Moon-calf; thou ragged Tatterdemallion; thou Judas; thou livest in philosophy and logic, which are of the Devil!*”

Could the *self-same Spirit* that is supposed to

have informed *Luke* and *Paul* that *Theophilus* and *Festus* were “*most excellent*” and “*most noble,*” have *informed* or *convinced* any of these *Saints* or *Quakers* of former days, that their opponents were *really* Whirligigs and Wheelbarrows, Lizards, Moles, or Devils incarnate ?

To be sure the Quakers of those days, who gave these titles to their opponents, were careful to assert that they did not proceed from anger or passion, but from a *just* and *godly* zeal against deceivers and deceit. Hudibras may answer this.

“ The Saints may do the same things, by  
The *Spirit*, in *sincerity*,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the *Devil's* instance do.  
All *Piety* consists therein  
With *them*, in other men *all Sin.*”

To conclude this portion of my work ; the Quakers may be very worthy good people, quiet subjects, honest, just and charitable, but yet I do not like their ways ; not their *passive*, though I would withhold no praise due to their *active virtues*. Their *passive virtues* approach nearer to *vices* ; in the refusal to pay tithes, to illuminate on nights of rejoicing, &c. &c. In *both* in-

stances, while Peace is in their mouths, they wantonly provoke strife and contention. They compel even a Clergyman to fight for his dues, and sooner than light a few tallow candles and put them in their windows, to *avoid riot and confusion*, expose the lives of their fellow-subjects to destruction, and their neighbours' houses and persons to the fury of an irritated populace. How can they pretend, as they do, to cite in their favor, as *obedient subjects*, the following strong passages; "Let every soul be subject unto the *higher powers*"—(surely not to their *persons* only but their *laws*)—"Put them in mind to *obey Magistrates*"—"Submit yourselves to every *ordinance of man* for the Lord's sake"—"As free, and not using your freedom for a cloke of maliciousness." Though this be generally interpreted of persons in the following passages, as "of the King as supreme," or "Governors," &c. 1 Peter ii. 13, 14. I am much more disposed to render it, every *law, statute, or decree*, made by any civil Governors. I will venture to say it is so used all through the Old Testament, and New Testament also, if we except the very passage which the Quakers quote, 1 Peter ii. 13. and which is generally referred to Magistrates,

rather than to the laws they have to administer. Though Dr. Doddridge indeed paraphrases it in such a way as to include both. Beza expressly considers it as referring to that obedience, “ Quæ tum *legibus* tum magistratibus debetur,” and his note is, Ordinationi, κτισει, id est, ταξι και πολιτεια. The French in their translation at the least, leave it open to both, *etablissement humain*, which may express a constituted law as well as a constituted Magistrate. “ Whossoever resisteth the *power*,” saith St. Paul, “ resisteth the *ordinance* of God.” I know that two different Greek words are used to express the term *ordinance* in the New Testament, but I am confident both of them may imply, the passing of a law or ordaining any thing by a decree, as well as the appointment of Kings, or Governors, and I therefore hold, that not the persons only, but the *laws* of any supreme Governor or Governors in a state, ought according to the strict rules of Christianity to be obeyed, and that the Quakers therefore are not right to resist such *ordinances*, as the regular payment of *tithes*, for instance, in which they generally betray great obstinacy and perverseness, for I can scarcely call it by any other

name. I shall quote against them to this purpose, a passage, which I find in a book written by one Friend Tuke, and which was given to me *by a Quaker*. “ In every society, *civil* or religious, submission is necessary to the regulations of that society, in order to prevent the licentiousness and confusion which would follow, if every man acted upon *his own ideas*, without any *external restriction*.” Surely this passage bears hard upon themselves, who in so many instances refuse to comply with the regulations of that society, to which as members and subjects of the state, they necessarily belong, and who so pertinaciously follow their own ideas in all they do. The primitive Quakers indeed were *less inconsistent*, for to back *their* refusal of *tithes*, they put forth a *declaration*, signed by 7000, *abolishing* all the *laws*, and anathematising all the *law-makers* who enact tithes, the payers and receivers of them, or any who countenance or own them. This was in the year 1659.

The Quakers I think would be puzzled how to act if they were great travellers; for as they refuse here to *uncover* the head in token of respect, in *Turkey* they should *uncover* them for

the very *same reason*, it not being usual to uncover the head there even in presence of the Grand Seignior.

The rise of the Quakers was in a period of such anarchy and confusion, that we cannot be surprised to find the original founders of the sect exceeding all bounds of sobriety in their tenets and manners. The following account of the changes that occurred, before the sect was half a century old, is certainly very curious. “ At their first setting up, when they were *poor* and *beggarly*, it was their constant *theme* to rail at *fine houses*, and *costly furniture*, particularly against *coaches*, which they despised, as the *Fox* did the *grapes* which were out of his *reach*. They made these the infallible marks of *pride*, and of the *world's people*. No man denies that *pride* is a *sin*: and that men may be *proud* of these things. But the *Quakers* made the *having* of these things, or *using* of them to be *Pride*. They published a book with this magnificent title, *The Trumpet of the Lord blown*, &c. anno 1655, which begins thus; “ Wo unto you that are called *Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen* and *Gentlewomen*, in respect to your *persons*—who are called of men, *Master* and *Sir*, and *Mistress* and *Madam*.

And you must have your *wine* and *ale* and all your *daintie dishes*—and you have your fine *attire*, *silk*, *velvet* and *purple*, *gold* and *silver*—and you have your *waiting men* and *waiting maids* under you to wait upon you ; and your *coaches* to ride in, and your high and lofty *horses*—and here you are *Lords* over your fellow creatures, and they must *bow* and *crouch* to you—and you will be called *Masters* upholding that which *Christ* in his doctrine forbids, who saith, ‘ Be ye not called *Masters*.’ The *Lord* abhors all your profession—your *works* are the *works* of the *Devil*—in your *daintie dishes*—in your lofty *horses*—in your curious buildings—in your *worldly honour*, which is all the fruits of the *Devil*, you are too *high* and *fine*, and too lofty to enter in at the *strait gate*, &c.”—“ Yet now, (viz. less than 50 years afterwards) none are more *high* and *fine* than the *Quakers*! they have their lofty *horses*, yea verily and their *coaches* to boot—their *daintie dishes*, waiting men, &c. For the case is *altered*, quoth *Plowden* ; they had then, *poor souls*, none of these *tentations* ; George Fox (their founder) was known by the name of the *man with the leathern breeches* : but now they are grown *fine* and *rampant* ! Now they strive to outdo their neighbours in *fine houses*

and *furniture*. They have got *coaches* too! ay marry! but you *must not call* them *coaches*, for that is a mark of the *beast*; but as one of them said, when his *coach* was objected to, as contrary to their *ancient testimonies*, he replied, that it was *not* a *coach*, only a *leathern conveniency*! Like the traveller who told that they had no knives in *France*, and being asked how they cut their meat, said, with a certain thing they call a *Couteau*."

Quakers for the most part mean to be inoffensive, and many of them, it is well known, have on trying occasions displayed the most exalted spirit of charity and benevolence; it surprises me the more to observe, that they are not aware of the imputations they fall under, by leading a life, which must involve them in a great deal of practical sophistry, for I can find no better name to give to that course they pursue, of still evading (as in the case just cited) any open abandonment of their rigid principles. The celebrated Dr. Franklin has recorded some cases of this nature, which are very curious. He tells us in his Letters, that in America he had frequent occasion to notice the *shifts* made by the *Quakers*, when applied to grant aids for *military* purposes. Being once solicited to agree to a grant

of money to government to buy *gunpowder*, they would not do it, because that was an ingredient of *war*; but they readily voted an aid of 3000*l.* to New England, to be put into the hands of the Governor, and appropriated to the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*. Provision of bread, flour, wheat, not being amongst the things demanded, the Governor was advised not to accept the proposal; but he was shrewd enough to see through their design, and to comprehend, that under the terms *other grain*, *gunpowder* might pass, which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

In Mr. Ramsay's Dictionary of Anecdotes, where the above story is recited, another instance is given of their practical sophistry.—Two vessels being brought to an engagement, in one of them was a Quaker, who on the footing of his religious principles against war and fighting, withstood every solicitation to lend an hand, though the enemy all the time was pouring in his shot with the most fatal effect; but the French having attempted to board, the Quaker very coolly and deliberately went up to the first man who leaped on deck, and taking him by the collar, said, "*Friend*, thou hast no business

here," and immediately shoved him over the ship's side.

Bishop Parker tells the following story; that they not only met the oftener because they thought they were *forbidden* to meet by stat. 35th Elizabeth, but that a large assembly of them, in the reign of Charles II. having protracted their sitting to a very long and tedious period, could not be prevailed with to break up till a merry wag thought of *this* stratagem; he caused it to be proclaimed in the *King's* name, "that no one should depart without *his* leave." On hearing of which they all immediately rose and went away, that it should not be said they paid obedience to any man.

It is quite remarkable that persons who appear to have the most exalted ideas of integrity, should submit to the subterfuges they occasionally adopt. The following is another story to be found in the Dictionary of Anecdotes. A Quaker refused to *pay*, according to the custom of his sect, the dues of the Minister of the parish; the latter forbore to proceed to extremities till he was compelled by the remonstrances of the other parishioners, who refused to pay any more tithes unless the Quaker paid his. Before

however the Clergyman had recourse to compulsory means, he invited the Quaker to dinner, who knowing the temper of the parish, took from his pocket, after dinner, a bank note, saying, "Take that is thy due." The Minister offering the balance above the amount of his tithes, the Quaker refused, adding, "*thy meat-offering and drink-offering* were very good, and therefore it is but just that thou shouldest be *paid for the same.*" The Minister took the hint, and by adopting the same method annually, never had any further altercation with him.

## WIGS.

I WILL freely confess that when I began this work, I had so little design of writing about *Wigs*, that if any body had told me, I should come to them in the course of my lucubrations, I should not have believed him. And now, if it should appear to any of my readers to be altogether an unwarrantable digression, totally unconnected with what has gone before, I am willing to stand engaged to return them such a proportion of their purchase money, (for having been seduced into the trouble of reading it,) as the precise quantity of the section may be judged to be worth, in comparison with the total amount of pages and sections of which the work at large may consist. As new ideas arise, I cannot help pursuing them, and not having persons constantly at my elbow to talk to about them, I do as *Montaigne* did, *I talk to my paper*. Wigs are now reduced in this kingdom, to mere *marks of distinction*; our *Bishops* and our *Judges* are almost

the *only* persons who wear them; except the *Barristers* when attending our Courts of Law, who only huddle them on over their own hair, so as to make them look for all the world like the *beperiwiged* chimney-sweeps, that we see about the streets on May-day. To our *Bishops* and *Judges* however they continue, if I may so say, appropriate marks of *dignity*, *gravity*, and *importance*. The wonder is, that this should be so, considering the history of *Wigs*. In former days, so little were they thought to be the emblems of *gravity* and *dignity*, that the primitive *Quakers* seem to have found less to object against *titles* than against *Wigs*. They tried to put them down, by inveighing against them both in prose and verse, in terms sometimes too indecorous and sometimes too indelicate to be repeated. They contended that “the Prophet *Elisha* likely had no Wig, when *Bethel-boys* cried *bald Pate*.” They would not “believe that *Peter* and *Paul* wore *Wigs*, because if they had, the women Christians whom they reprov'd might have retorted upon them thus, was that the cause, *Peter* and *Paul*, that you bad us leave our locks, that you and such like might get them to yourselves to make periwigs of?” They boasted “how

John *Milliner* (an odd name) a *Friend*, about Northampton, a Wig-maker, left off his trade, and was made to burn one in his apprentice's sight, and print against it. And that John *Hall*, a gentleman of Northumberland, being convinced while sitting at a meeting, was so shaken by the Lord's power, as to pluck off, and cast away his Wig." Upon which, a celebrated commentator in after times could not forbear exclaiming, "When shall we see such a power in the Quakers' meetings now? to see their wigs fly about, or left for mops to clean the house; and they come out all *Elisha's*?" They called the Wig-wearers, in contempt both of the fashion and the sect, counterfeit *Calvinists*, from "*calvus*," bald—(a sad pun!) They concluded, that *John Huss* had plainly *no wig*, not only because "he suffered for opposing Preacher's Pride," but because, having bequeathed in his will, his white coat to one, and his grey coat to another, he said nothing about any white, grey, brown, or even black *wig*. They much admired the wisdom of the American Indians, of whom it had been reported, that "when they saw Captain Morley take off his wig, they cried out he had two heads." And were exceedingly well pleased with a *Bishop*

of *Exeter* of those times, who at his Visitation had particularly censured his Clergy for indulging in the foppery of periwigs. Nothing however I think could well surpass the following *critical* slur upon Wigs; the Greek preposition *περι*, say they, not only signifies *about*, but (in composition,) a sort of *excellency*, as in the term *περιτομη* (!) which means *excellently* cut, as well as cut *about*; *base* wigs therefore can have no right to be called *periwigs*. This need not however disturb our Bishops, for most of them have wigs so *excellently* cut, as to appear of the very essence of *periwiggism*. How they are to escape the imputation of *Calvinism* is another question. The primitive Quakers seem to have supposed that all the men's *wigs* were made of *women's hair*, and that they of course bespoke not only *foppery*, but extreme *effeminacy*. "Women's hairs on men's heads," say they, "swarm like one of Egypt's plagues, and creep in too much upon and among Christians;" periwigs of a light colour were it seems the fashion, which gave ground for this suspicion. It was against such in particular that the Bishop of *Exeter* inveighed as they would have us understand, and it was on the same ground they entertained the odd idea

of the Christian women retaliating upon Peter and Paul.

The manner of this age unmannerly  
 Is, Man unmanning Women's hair to buy  
*Dub Poles and Joles, Dame Venus' Knights to be,*  
 &c. &c.

I need not cite any more of these elegant verses, as they are all of a piece, and a small taste may serve to give you the flavor of the whole, which is bad enough at best; they are merely brought forward to prove the grounds of their objection to *light coloured wigs*.

But they had other objections to wigs — namely, that being composed of *false* hair, or hair not natural to the owner, they argued a want of *sincerity*, and disposition to *deceive*. For *this*, say they, the *heathen* may rise up against us, for an ambassador coming before a senate with false hair, a grave senator said, “What credit is to be had to him whose very *locks* do *lie*?” and Philip King of Macedon put one of his courtiers out of his office, because he wore hair of another colour than natural, saying, “he would not be true to the public that was treacherous to his own hairs.”

Now, wigs adopted for the mere sake of *distinction* tell *no* lies. A Bishop's wig is meant to shew that the person wearing it *is* a Bishop, and it *does* so; effectually enough of all conscience, in these *unwiggish* times. And as it is required that a Bishop should be *above thirty years* of age, the wig is admirably calculated to prove *this* also; that is, to make any man, Bishop or not, appear not only as much, or more, but even I think *much more*, than *thirty* years of age!—As to the Judge's wig, there is no deception in that. It is *now* at least, if not (like the painted bodies of our British ancestors,) *originally*, meant for *effect*; I speak of his *full-bottomed* wig. His other wigs, *tie*, and *bob*, (for so I think they are called,) are only intended to denote gravity and dignity. But his full-bottomed wig, especially with a black cap upon it, is certainly enough to frighten any body out of his wits.

The primitive Quakers thought a *common* wig so preposterous, that they speak of it as “apt to affright a *child* unused to it, like the horrid and hideous head of a *snake-hair-twisted gorgon*, or *cristed Bellona*, as Homer says Hector did his son with his horse-maned helmet.” Were this all true, I should still wish the Judge's wig to

*have* something terrific in it. Our modern Judges have nothing so terrific in their private or public characters, as necessarily to appal the culprits who are brought before them. If their *snake-hair-twisted* wigs, were but capable of petrifying into a lasting silence, some of the *Radicals* and *Atheists* who have of late years only appeared before them for the express purpose of insulting their authority, or exhausting their patience, all right-minded Englishmen would I believe most heartily rejoice; that their wigs have however an effect similar to that of the horse-maned helmet of the Trojan Prince, I have seen enough to convince me, and am therefore an advocate for its not being laid aside. I once knew a particularly amiable and good-natured Judge, who was so notoriously fond of children, that on his circuits, during the few hours of rest and relaxation he could enjoy, if he had acquaintance in the place, he would send for their little children to prattle to him. Upon such occasions I have seen them talking to him, and playing around him with as much freedom as in their nursery, till the time came for him to return to Court; but the moment his attendants had *robed* him and put on his *great wig*, their gambols ceased,

and their familiarities were at an end. I am confident therefore that the Judge's wig adds solemnity to the awful scenes in which he is continually engaged; while the more it is *out of fashion* the better.

“ Men are not equal, and 'tis meet and right,  
That *robes* and *titles* our respect excite;  
*Order* requires it, 'tis by vulgar pride,  
That such regard is censur'd and denied.”

CRABBE.

It is the same indeed with the Bishop's wig; the less common it is, the more it adds to the peculiarity of their appearance, and though I am not prepared to say, it is the best personal distinction that might *now* be devised, I am convinced nobody will place it to the account of *foppery* or *effeminacy*, which might of course be otherwise, if boys at school, and under graduates in the Universities wore wigs, as was the case in the days of *Terræ-filius*, about a century ago. “ No sooner,” says he, in his Address to Gentlemen *School-boys*, “ do you shake off the authority of the *Birch*, but you affect to distinguish yourselves from your dirty school-fellows by a new suit of *drugget*, a pair of prim *ruffles*, a new BOB-WIG, and a *brazen hilted sword*; in

which tawdry manner you strut about town for a week or two, *before you go to College.*"

In the admirable History of *Tom Jones*, speaking of the blind passion of love, as prevailing amongst *girls* and *boys*, the *periwig-maker* is mentioned as one of the most important personages concerned in the outward decoration of the *latter* !

There is perhaps more foppery in the Bishop's *short cassock*, if *the truth were known*, than in his *wig*, though at present it certainly is not so regarded. But I remember an old Prelate, who used to call it a *jockey-dress*, and possibly it was only the full cassock shortened for *riding*, when coaches were less in use ; for at such time, the *Judges* had short *gowns*, to ride on their *circuits* ; one of which I am old enough to have seen, and shall never forget begging to be permitted to advise the Judge who wore it, never to wear it again, for it was certainly the most absurd robe I ever saw ; though still better perhaps than the *no robe* at all, of modern *Republican Judges*, one of whom (in America) has been very lately described, as coming into Court in his most ordinary apparel, taking his seat on the bench with a segar in his mouth ; as the Court grew *warm*

taking off his coat, and as it grew *hot*, even his *waistcoat* also !

I have endeavoured to shew that the few *wigs* that remain among us, (*ostensibly*,) are clear of two great faults attributed to wigs by the primitive Quakers, *foppery* and *deception* ; the Bishop's wig is intended to cry Bishop, and in the present state of things it certainly does so. The Judge's wig is meant to make him look both grave and formidable, and it has that effect. The Speaker's wig is meant to give him weight and authority, but it is only worn occasionally. The Speaker is no longer of necessity a *Calvinist*, as the *Bishops* and *Judges* are, in *Quaker* language. Neither are the Barristers or Civilians in general *Calvinists* ; commonly they have a good quantity of natural locks under their *perched-up tie wigs*, and *foppery* being out of the question, the only *deception* they seem *from appearances* to aim at, is that of being taken for monkeys or baboons, instead of men. But there *may be* wigs in existence amongst us, (I don't say there *are*) which it would be difficult to defend from either of the two Quaker charges, of *foppery* or *deception*. If for instance, any persons, male or female, of a certain age, should part with their natural locks,

to supply their place with *younger-looking* hair ; if, as *Martial* says, some of our old *White Swans* should suddenly appear in the world as *Black Crows*, there would certainly be in such metamorphoses both foppery and deception ; or rather *complete* foppery and *attempted* deception ; for to any such we might surely say as *Martial* does to *Lentinus* upon his falsely colouring his hair, (which is much the same as false ringlets,)

“ Non omnes fallis ; scit te Proserpina canum :  
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.”

*Flaxen* or *auburn*, or *brown wigs*, will set none at a greater distance from the grave than they really are ; they will fill up no wrinkles, steady no tottering limbs, re-animate no fading eyes. Surely it would be wiser in such persons, either to be content with *Solomon's crown* of *glory*, if they have it, or if they should be disposed to part with it, still to pretend to have it, rather than to wear a fool's-cap, or the daw's borrowed feathers instead. By the laws of the *Mahometans*, the use of false hair is absolutely *proscribed*, but *especially* to *hide* the *approaches* or *marks* of *old age* in *women*. Which is well enough ; because in regard to such *wigs*, ladies have an ad-

vantage over gentlemen, having (commonly) less tell-tale *chins*.

“ *Cana est barba tibi : nigra est coma : tingere barbam  
Non potes, hæc causa est : sed potes, Ole, comam.*”

What an advantage the Irish would have if they could find the “Fountayne” in Ulster, of which *Gyraldus Cambrensis* writes, who is thus cited by the curious author of the description of that country in Hollinshed. “Touching the estraunge Welles that be in Ireland, I purpose to speake little more than that which I finde in *Cambriense*, whose wordes I wyll Englishe, as they are latined in his booke. There is, sayth he, a Well in *Mounster*, with the water of which if any be washt, he becommeth foorthwith *hoare*. *I have seene* a man that had *one halfe* of his *bearde*, being dyed with that water, *hoare*, the other halfe *unwasht* was *brown*, remayning still in his naturall colour. *Contrary wyse*, there is a *Fountayne* in the further edge of *ULSTER*, and if one be bathed therewith, he shal not become *hoare*, in which Well *such as loath gray heares* are accustomed to *dive*.” Surely the Irish are great simpletons not to endeavour to revive this “*Fountain*,” if it be only lost by accident. What a

rival to our City of BATH might they not raise upon the spot? But to return.

Our *Calvinists* or *bald pates*, have never I think arrived at such a pitch of *foppery* or *deception*, as the Epigrammist records of his countrymen—

Mentiris fictos unguento Phœbe capillos,  
 Et tegitur *pictis* sordida calva comis.  
*Tonsorem* capiti non est adhibere necessum;  
 Radere te melius *Spongia*, Phœbe, potest.

That is, the *bald-headed* Romans used to have their pates absolutely *stained* or *painted* in *lines* or *streaks* to imitate *hairs*; of course, they were never made to resemble *white* or *grey* hairs; a *sponge*, says the witty poet, would serve for such better than a *Barber*. This painting of *Polls* at Rome would almost appear to have suggested to our English Barbers the painting of those long *poles*, which though no more to be seen in London, are still used to designate the *Barber's* shop in our country villages. Formerly they were covered with *ribbons*; but are now painted in *stripes* and *bands*, to imitate them. Who knows but I may have been happy enough to lay the foundation for a new fashion amongst us?—or if *wigs* should be preferred, you shall have the pat-

tern of the Emperor *Commodus's*. It was powdered, *Lampridius* tells us, with scrapings of gold, and pomatumed with glutinous perfumes to keep the powder in !

When wigs were so generally worn as to extend to *Schoolboys* and *Collegians*, the world must have exhibited, I think, one of the oddest scenes of confusion that could be conceived ; the young must have consented to look old, while the old must have been excused for looking young. To explain this, it should be observed that the wigs most in repute appear to have been *grey* or *white* wigs. The *browns* and the *blacks* were the costume only of *slovens*, *plebeians*, *country-bumpkins*, &c. &c. “ Prithee Dick lets burn this d—n'd *brown* wig of thine, and get thee a little more linen,” is the expression *Terræ-filius* puts into the mouths of his young *Collegians*, who were endeavouring to make a *coxcomb* of one of their *too-plodding* companions. *Flaxen* wigs were also much in vogue. “ The greatest *Beau* at our next Country Sessions was dressed in a most monstrous *flaxen perriwig*, that was made in King William's reign.” *Spectator*, No. 129. — Take the description of an Oxford Gentleman Commoner Dandy of those days. “ When he walks

the streets he is easily distinguished by a stiff *silk gown*, which rustles in the wind, as he struts along; a *flaxen TIE-WIG*; a broad *bully-cocked hat*, or a *square cap* of above twice the usual size; white *stockings*, thin *Spanish leather shoes*; his cloaths lined with tawdry silk, and his *shirt* ruffled down the *bosom* as well as at the *wrists*. He has a delicate jaunt in his gait, and smells very *philosophically* of essence."

But the same learned author gives us an exact account of the rise and progress of Oxford *Dandyism* in his days, which as it includes some account of *wigs*, may fairly enough be transcribed here. "I have observed a great many of these *transitory foplings*, who came to the University with their fathers, (rusty, old country farmers,) in *linsey-woolsey coats*, *greasy sun-burnt heads of hair*, *clouted shoes*, *yarn stockings*, *flapping hats*, with *silver hat-bands*, and *long muslin neckcloths*, run with *red* at the *bottom*: a month or two afterwards I have met them with *BOB-WIGS*, and *new shoes*, *Oxford-cut*; a month or two more after this, they appeared in *drugget-cloaths* and *worsted stockings*; then in *TIE-WIGS* and *ruffles*; and then in *silk-gowns*; till by *degrees* they were metamorphosed into complete *smarts*, and damned the

old country-putts, their fathers, with twenty foppish airs and gesticulations.”

So much for these *flaxen-wigged* youngsters. Where the *flaxen* hair came from I cannot pretend to say, but *grey* or *white* could in its *purity* (for I believe they had methods of *bleaching* hair) have come only from the heads of the *aged*, and yet these sorts of hair are not only known to have been most in request amongst the *peruke-makers*, but to have sometimes sold so high as for five pounds the ounce! What a rare time for old bachelors and dowagers, &c. : they might, by selling their old locks, and only consenting to take *black* or *brown* instead, have become young again, and richer at the same time.

In case wigs should ever again become a general fashion, I deem it proper to give this hint, that people would do well to live temperately, who may have any hair to part with; the old wig-makers having made objections to the hair of drunkards, and in their purchases constantly refused to give so high a price for it, as for the locks of a sober man, or milk-sop.

It may be something curious to know how the *wig-makers* managed to form one uniform *wig*, bob, tie, or full bottomed, out of a variety of

raw materials, some hairs being known to be far more yielding and *curlable* than others. I happen to have the receipt by me, from which it appears that after having picked and sorted the *hair*, and disposed it in parcels, according to their lengths, they rolled them up, and tied them tight down, upon little cylindrical instruments, either of wood or earthen ware, and hollowed a little in the middle ; in which state they were put into a *pot* over the *fire*, there to *boil* for about two hours. When taken out they let them dry ; and when dried, spread them on a sheet of brown paper, and covered them with another, and sent them to the *pastry-cook* ! who making a *crust* or coffin around them of common *paste*, set them in his oven, till the *crust* was about three-fourths *baked*.—It must have been I think a great mercy, if, living in those times, nobody got a *wig* pie, or *wig* patties, sent home to them for dinner by mistake ! It is upon record indeed, that *some* sad *wig* *mistakes* *did* arise, though not in the pie, patty, or pudding way. One in particular at *Oxford* ; where a *fat Alderman* having received from his barber a *thin Physician's* wig, appeared so bloated to his wife and family, as to be persuaded, instead of a common airing, to

drive to the very Physician whose wig he had put on by mistake, for advice. But when he got to the door, the Physician could not be seen. In fact, *he* had by the same blunder, put on the fat Alderman's wig, and so reduced his previously cadaverous and skeleton countenance, as to be absolutely frightened into bed, with a consumption. Fortunately before either of them *died*, (which from the fright they were in, might have happened, nobody knows how soon,) the barber discovered his mistake, exchanged the wigs, and restored both patients to perfect health in the twinkling of an eye. A witty poet told the story in a song, which if I could add to this section upon *wigs*, I would, but it is lost and gone. I remember the burthen of it was,

“ The *Barber* has hit off their case to a *hair*.”

I am afraid I do not write with much regularity, and may be thought to hurry my reader from pillar to post, and from post to pillar, with too little ceremony. Had I been more attentive to order, I ought certainly not to have written so much about *periwigs*, without giving the derivation of the term, which is as follows ;—as far

as regards the French term *Peruque* at least, being *literally* transcribed from that eminent critic *Menage*—the Latin *Pilus* (hair) being the root. *Pilus, pelus, pelutus, peluticus, pelutica, perutica, peruca, peruque, peruke, periwig!*

What a treasure this would have been for the author of the *Pugna Porcorum* to have stumbled upon, while he was composing that wonderful dish of P's!

Who would think that the elegant and interesting Mary Queen of Scots wore a *periwig*? yet so it would certainly appear from the following letter of Knollys to Cecil, just published in Chalmers's *Life of that ill-fated, and ill-treated Princess*. "So that now here are six waiting women, although none of reputation, but Mistress Mary Seaton, who is praised by this Queen to be the finest *busker*, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair, that is to be seen in any country: whereof we have seen divers experiences, since her coming hither: and among other prettie devices, yesterday, and this day, she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a PEREWYKE, that showed very delicately: and every other day, she hath a new device of head dressing, without

any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman gaylie well."

This *Perewyke* of Mary's I conceive to have been mere ringlets of false hair, for we know that it was the fashion of those days, to wear borrowed locks, and of different colours. Mary's own hair was black.

Hentzner, describing Queen Elizabeth, as he saw her going to Chapel, says, "she wore *false hair*, and that *red*." The ladies in those days absolutely caused the graves to be violated to obtain the hair of the dead, and inveigled children, who had fine hair, to secret places, to rob them of their locks. They also *dyed* their hair of various *colours*, but particularly of a *sandy* colour, in compliment to the Queen, whose natural locks were of that tint.

We are told by St. Gregory, that women in his time dressed their heads extremely high; environing them with many tresses of false hair, disposed in knots and buckles, so as to resemble a regular fortification. Indeed, before his time, Juvenal, describing the dress of a Roman lady, tells us that

"With curls on curls, like diff'rent stories, rise  
Her towering locks, a structure to the skies."

Josephus reports, that the Jewish ladies powdered their hair with *gold dust*; a fashion that was carried from Asia to Rome, and from the adoption of which the hair of the Emperor Commodus is said to have become so bright, that when the sun shone upon it, his head appeared as if on fire.

The year 1629 is reckoned the epocha of *long perukes*, at which time it is said they began to appear at Paris, and from thence to spread over the rest of Europe. The *general* use of them has been ascribed to a cause which we shall forbear to mention, and which has always been questioned, but undoubtedly the fashion, *without* some particular cause, seems exceedingly unaccountable and preposterous. The extent to which it was carried in the time of Lewis XIV. is well known from the pictures of that Monarch, his court, his contemporaries, and from the prevalence of the custom amongst his immediate, though not remote successors. Peter the First introduced wigs into Russia, and from the picture of him, in the gallery at Oxford, to name no others, he seems to have worn a neat little white bob-wig, exactly like the wig of our *state-coachmen* (his Majesty's and others.) When

he took to a wig himself, I do *not* know ; but till he did so, I *do* know, that he used to *take other people's wigs*, as the following story will shew. Being at Dantzic in the year 1716, he had occasion to attend the great Church there, on some grand and solemn occasion, and was placed by the Burgomaster in his own seat, which was a little raised above the others, the Burgomaster himself occupying a place below. While all the eyes of the congregation were fixed on the Emperor, and he apparently listening to the sermon, his head growing cold, he stretched out his hand, and very deliberately taking the Burgomaster's wig from his head, put it upon his own—nor did he attempt to return it till the service was over. The attendants of the Czar afterwards explained to the city deputation, that the Emperor being short of hair, was accustomed at home, frequently, in such manner to borrow the wig of Prince *Menzicoff*, or of any other Nobleman, who might at the time happen to be *within his reach*. So much for Russian manners at the beginning of the last century ; had the Imperial Autocrat chosen to take the *head* of any of his subjects, as well as the wig, or instead of it, it was probably quite as much at his disposal.

There was once a very curious trial as to *precedence*, took place at Paris, so applicable to the subject we are upon, and the purport of my book, as to excuse my giving a report of it.

Coeffeurs versus Perruquiers, 1769, or “ the Coeffeurs de Dames against the Corporation of Master Barbers, Hair-dressers, and Bagnio-keepers ;” as it was stated in the report of the trial. The latter, it should be observed, were included on account of their generally dressing the ladies’ hair after *bathing*.

The pleadings on behalf of the Coeffeurs de Dames were very amusing. It was maintained that the art of dressing ladies’ hair was a liberal art, and it was compared to those of the poet, the painter, and the statuary. “ By those talents,” say they, “ which are peculiar to ourselves, we give new graces to the beauties sung by the poet ; it is when she comes from under our hands, that the painter and the statuary represent her ; and if the locks of Berenice have been placed among the stars, who will deny that to attain this superior glory, she was first in want of our aid ?

“ A forehead more or less open, a face more or less oval, require very different modes ; every

where we must embellish nature or correct her deficiencies. It is also necessary to conciliate with the colour of the flesh, that of the dress which is to beautify it. This is the art of the painter ; we must seize with taste the variegated shades ; we must employ the *chiaro oscuro*, and the distribution of the shadows, to give more spirit to the complexion, and more expression to the graces ; sometimes the whiteness of the skin will be heightened by the auburn tint of the locks ; and the too lively splendour of the fair will be softened by the greyish cast with which we tinge the tresses."

To prove that their art has claims to genius, the *Coeffeurs de Dames* add, " if the arrangement of the hair and the various colours we give to the locks do not answer our intention, we have under our hands the brilliant treasures of Golconda. To us belongs the happy disposition of the diamonds ; the placing the pearl pins and the suspending of the feathers. The general of an army knows what reliance he can make on a *half moon* (a term of the then fashionable dress) placed in front ; he has his engineers, who are distinguished by their titles ; and we with a sparkling cross, advantageously placed, know

how difficult it is for an enemy not to yield. It is we indeed, who strengthen and extend the empire of beauty.”

After stating that upwards of twelve hundred *Coeffeurs de Dames* are established in Paris, the oration thus concludes. “Some rigid censurers will perhaps say, that they could do very well without us; and that if there were less art and ornament at the toilettes of the ladies, things would be all for the better. It is not for us to judge, if the manners of Sparta were preferable to those of Athens; and if the shepherdess, who gazes on herself in the glassy fountain, interweaves some wild flowers in her tresses, and adorns herself with natural graces, merits a greater homage than those brilliant town ladies who skilfully employ the refinements of a fashionable dress. We must take the age in the state we find it. We feel an inclination for the living manners, and while they subsist we must submit to them.”

The issue of the cause was, that the *Coeffeurs* triumphed over the *Perruquiers*, and when the decision of the Court was pronounced, it was approved by a loud cheering from the anxious and attendant beauties of Paris.

In the *Tableau de Paris*, by Mercier, Tomes I. IV. V. there are some curious chapters, entitled “*Perruquiers*,” “*Succession des Modes*,” “*Faux Cheveux*,” and “*Perruque à trois marteaux*,” which are well calculated to shew to what an excess of extravagance, the art of *ornamenting* and *adorn- ing* the head has been carried in most countries, not without some encroachment on the very necessities of life, as is shewn in the following passage ;—“*Lorsqu’on songe que la poudre dont deux cents mille individus blanchissent leurs cheveux, est prise sur l’aliment du pauvre ; que la farine qui entre dans l’ample perruque du robin, la vergette du petit-maître, la bouche militaire de l’officier, et l’énorme catogan du batteur de pavé nourrirait dix mille infortunés ; que cette substance extraite du bled dépouillé de ses parties nutritivés passe infructueusement sur la nuque de tant de désœuvrés : on gemit sur cet usage, qui ne laisse pas aux cheveux la couleur naturelle qu’ils ont reçue.*”

If our *agricultural* distresses and the *low price* of corn, should continue much longer, surely it would be well if the Chancellor of the Exchequer would take off the tax on *hair powder*, and procure some of our male and female *dandies* to

renew the fashion so much inveighed against above; according to the same author it would supply employment to such numbers, as might help to relieve our poor-rates. What a pity it was not thought of two years ago!

Before I part from the subject of this section, I shall add a short extract from the Abbé *Le Blanc's* Letters on *England*, to shew the state of things about the middle of the last century, in the particulars of *dress, manners, &c.*

“ At Paris, the *valets de chambre* and ladies' women, are frequently the apes of their masters and mistresses in dress; at London it is just the reverse — masters dress like their valets, and duchesses dress like their chamber-maids.

“ Exquisite cloaths, a singular equipage, jewels of all sorts, perfumes, patches, an affected tone of voice, little wit, much prattle, and a head void of sense, are pretty nearly the qualifications of a *French petit-mâitre*—a short BOB-WIG, without powder, a handkerchief round the neck instead of cravat, a sailor's waistcoat, a strong knotty stick, a rough tone and language, an affectation of the airs and imitation of the manners of the meanest populace, these are the characters of an *English petit-mâitre*. A *French*

petit-maître is constantly employed in bauble; he is the oracle of all the milliners and toy-shops of the Palais—the *English petit-maître* is very different; he takes delight in hunting and other bodily exercises; in mixing with chairmen; he excels in *boxing* with them; and has the most exalted notions of this *noble* exercise.

“ I would now ask, whether powder à la marechale of the P. M.’s of *Paris*, is not preferable to the *dirty* BOB-WIGS and *heads* of *hair* of those of *London*? A Frenchman, as here described, in the mouth of an Englishman, is a MONKEY; then who can admire, if the *creature* I have put in contrast with him, passes with us for a BEAR? It is certain at least that *human nature* is equally degraded by *both*. What matter it, whether a MAN resolves to resemble a *monkey* or a *bear*? From the moment he blushes to be a *man*, let us not hesitate to disclaim him in our turn.”—Letter IV.

Of all the extravagancies of *dress*, I think none can well exceed what we read of in Queen Elizabeth’s days, and as we live in times when the same part or parts of the male apparel, are none of the smallest, I shall venture to notice it, not with a view to its adoption, but as a hint to our

modern dandies, to guard against such extremes; especially if there should be any amongst our Members of Parliament; as the House of Commons, since the union with Ireland, is scarcely roomy enough for the whole body of representatives, even if they were *sans-culottes*. In Queen Elizabeth's days then, Mr. *Strutt* tells us, they wore *breeches* so large, that there was actually a scaffold erected round the inside of the Parliament-house, for the accommodation of such members as wore those huge breeches. In the next age the custom was revived, and one man was detected of carrying therein, a *pair of sheets, two table cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, and a nightcap!!*

OBSOLETE PRIVILEGES,  
DISTINCTIONS, TITLES, &c. &c.

SOME *privileges, titles, names, and distinctions*, are become so obsolete as to be almost unknown to the persons particularly entitled to them. I much doubt, for instance, if the generality of our *Dukes*, (few as they are,) know, that in all places out of the King's presence, they have a right to a *cloth of state* hanging down (from whence I know not) within half a yard of the ground; and so have their *Duchesses*. The latter may moreover have their trains borne up by a *Baroness*. No *Earl* is to wash with a Duke without the Duke's permission. A Marquess, out of the presence of the King, *and a Duke*, has nearly the same privileges, only his cloth of state must be half a yard shorter, and his Marchioness's train borne by a *Knight's lady*, out of the presence of her superiors, and in their presence by a *gentlewoman*. No *Viscount* may wash with a Marquess, but at his pleasure.

An *Earl* may have a cloth of state too, but without pendants, only fringe: his Countess may have her train borne by an *Esquire's* wife, out of the presence of her superiors, and in their presence by a *Gentleman*.

*Viscounts* appear to have no right to a cloth of state, hanging from any where, or reaching to any length, or with either pendants or fringe; but in lieu of this, they may have a *cover of essay* held under their cup when they drink; they may have a *travers* in their own house, and their Viscountesses may have their trains borne by a *Woman* out of the presence of their superiors, otherwise by a *Man*.

A *Baron* may also have the cover of his cup holden underneath whilst he drinks, and his Baroness may have her train borne by a *Man* in the presence of a Viscountess.

These are all certainly very important privileges and distinctions *to those who set a value upon them*; which in truth is the only thing that can give any importance to any distinctions, as we may judge from the *horse-tails* in Turkey, which by accident have become the highest of all distinctions in the Ottoman Court. Who would think that it could become a matter of

extreme ambition in any of our monkey race, to attain to the honor of having *two tails* instead of *one*, or *three* instead of *two*. Yet so it is in Turkey—but I would have you to know, they are *horse-tails* not *asses-tails*! I believe the history of this extraordinary distinction is, that upon a separation of the Turkish army, in some very perilous and critical engagement, one of the commanders had the precaution to cut off a horse's tail, and by elevating it on the point of a lance, to render it a rallying point for the dispersed soldiery. There is reason in all things, if we can but find it out, and therefore we may depend upon it, that, as the song says,

“ 'Tis a very fine thing to be father in law,  
To a very magnificent *three-tail'd* Bashaw.”

Whether the following is to be regarded as a privilege or a duty I cannot pretend to say, however I *fancy* it is obsolete. The King's Lords of the Bedchamber ought to lie every night on a pallet by the King.

Amongst his Majesty's attendants, none ever attract my notice so much, as his *Yeomen of the Guard*. They not only look like kingly attendants, but they seem to have descended to him

from his predecessors. I could almost fancy I see the very body guard who waited upon Henry VII. and Henry VIII. whose *livery* they still wear. “The vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in *Harry the Seventh’s* time, is kept on in the Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller and a foot and a half broader; besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of Palaces.” Spectator, No. 109.—I confess they are so singular, and so strongly represent to us the pageantry of ancient days, that if I were at the head of his Majesty’s household, I would sooner buy their cast off dresses out of my own pocket and burn them, than suffer them to be so *degraded* as they now are, by being transferred to the keepers of wild beasts, and paraded about the kingdom on cart horses, or posted at the entrance of that dirty thoroughfare, *Exeter Change*, as the body guard of a parcel of *monkies* and *parrots*, or at the very best, the King of *Beasts*.

I have taken the liberty (and I certainly call it such) to speak in other parts of my book, of the personal distinctions of *Episcopacy*, particu-

larly the *wig* and the *short cassock*; of the latter I have said, that an old Prelate used to call it a *jockey dress*. Whether *Erasmus* knew of this *jockey dress* or not, I cannot say, but he intimates in an Epistle to *Reuchlin*, that the Bishops of his time always wore linen dresses, *except when they went a hunting*; speaking of *Fisher*, Bishop of *Rochester*, who wished to see and converse with *Reuchlin*, he tells him, that his desire to do so was so great, that he had determined to throw off his episcopal garment, *that is the linen garment which the Bishops in England always wear, except when they go a hunting*, and to pass over the sea, &c. :—“ *Decreverat, positò cultu Episcopali, hoc est, linea veste, quâ semper utuntur in Angliâ, nisi cum VENANTUR, trajicere, &c.*” Certainly it must have been exceedingly troublesome to have gone a hunting in their surplices or lawn sleeves. These things sound strange to us now, but perhaps nothing in the way of distinction has varied more than the habits and dresses of our Bishops.

I am not answerable for the following story, having no actual authority to produce for it at present beyond a common newspaper, but it is certainly very applicable to my purpose. “ In

1722, there was a grand review of troops by the King, and amongst other distinguished personages in his Majesty's train, there appeared, say the Journals of the day, the *Bishop of Durham*, on horseback, in a lay-habit of purple, with jack-boots, and his hat cocked, and a black wig tied behind like a military officer." It is I believe well known that the Bishop of *Durham* has certain *lay* privileges which other Bishops have not, but I think it is a mistake to call the purple habit in the above account a *lay*-habit. Even the *cocked* hat, in contradistinction to the *round* ones of the *present* day, would be rather episcopal than otherwise, and there is little but the military tie behind the wig, and the oddity of seeing a Bishop with the King at a military review, that would render the passage so strange as to some no doubt it will now appear. I cannot pretend to explain the *jack*-boots; perhaps they might be as modish and military as the *Wellington* boots of our days; but that Bishops have always worn boots, even from Robin Hood's days, who made the Bishop of Hereford to *dance* in *his*, is a circumstance known to every child. In Queen Elizabeth's time, we read of an Archbishop of Canterbury who kept a great number

of horses, trained for the purposes of war, and who had the young gentlemen of his household instructed in the military science. It was while hunting in *Bramshill Park*, Hants, that *Archbishop Abbot*, in James's time, had the misfortune while aiming at a buck, to kill the gamekeeper, of which his enemies were mean enough to take every advantage.

Before the Reformation, the Bishops sat in Parliament with their *mitres on their heads*, (at least when the King was present) and in their *cofes* and *pontifical* vestments. Since that they have worn on such occasions *scarlet* robes, which are said to have been originally only the scarlet habit of a *Doctor of Divinity*, not of Oxford, but Cambridge: the first Archbishops after the Reformation, having been of the latter University. The white linen rochet, or what we now call their *lawn sleeves*, was their common dress on all occasions but the one just mentioned. The habit of a Bishop in Henry the Eighth's time, that is in the former part of his reign, was a *white linen rochet* turned up at the sleeves in winter time, with *sable*; about the neck a *black silk tippet*, which in winter was lined with *sable*; under the rochet a *scarlet* garment. In the reign of Edward

VI. they wore over the *rochet* a scarlet *chimere*, the same with a Doctor's habit at Oxford; which in Queen Elizabeth's time was changed into a black satin one, which is used at this day. In those days all Clergymen wore *caps*. I have great reason to think from what occurs in history, what I have heard, and what is to be read in old periodical and other works of satire and amusement, that the Bishops and Clergy in general, never stood clearer of *foppery*, or *excess* in any article of dress or apparel, than they do at present. Their official vestments are a good medium between popery and puritanism, their common dress grave and dignified; if the episcopal *wig* can be preserved from becoming so *singular* and *peculiar*, as to excite ridicule. It is already become so *uncommon*, that not very long ago, at a great table, a Bishop being amongst the guests, one of the children of the family, who came into the room after the removal of the cloth, finding the Bishop sitting next to the D——ss, looked at him and his wig for some time, and at last turning to her mother, asked, with the most excusable simplicity, "Mama, what is it?"

This then is the apprehension I feel about the

Bishop's wig, that it will become *too particular*, and *too marked*, almost as unusual a sight in our streets and private assemblies, as the Judge's full bottomed wig would be, if made an article of his common dress.

We should remember the Spectator's anxiety about a *standing dress*, for portraits. "Great masters in painting," says he, "never care for drawing people in the *fashion*; as well knowing that the *head-dress* or *periwig* that *now* prevails, and gives a grace to the portraitures at present, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the eye of *posterity*."

Is not the *purple coat* of a Bishop, which I think extremely handsome, a *better* distinction? But I am only looking to what *may* come to pass. At *present*, (as far as my own taste and judgment goes) I see nothing objectionable in a Bishop's dress, but quite the contrary; no not even in the *rose* or the *shovel* hat. Formerly, *I have heard*, the Bishops used to walk the streets in scarfs drawn through the *embroidered button-holes* of their *purple coats*; and from the Spectator it would appear, that the *scarf* to the *younger* part of the Clergy, was a distinction assumed on the slightest pretensions, to give them an *air of con-*

*sequence.* What *young Clergyman now-a-days*, let me ask, would attempt to parade about the *streets of London* in his gown and cassock and scarf? or *wish* to be *mistaken* for a *Doctor of Divinity*. See *Spectator*, No. 609.—In 1652, the dress of the famous *John Owen*, Dean of Christ Church and Vice Chancellor of Oxford, is thus described;—“ a *lawn band*, his *hair powdered*, his *hat curiously cocked*, *Spanish leather boots* with *lawn tops*, and *snake-bone band strings* with large *tassels*; a large set of *ribbands*, pointed at the knees with points or tags at the end.”

But if we go farther back, we shall find the Clergy studiously affecting the parade and shew of gay and gaudy dresses. The Ploughman in *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* thus represents the *Priest* of those days ;

“ That hye on horse wylleth to ride,  
 In glytterande gold of great arraye,  
 Ypainted and portred all in pryde,  
 No common knyghte may go so gay ;  
 Chaungè of clothyng every daye,  
 With golden gyrdels great and small,  
 As boystrous as is bere at baye :  
 All suche falshed mote nede fall.”

They are besides described as having more

than one or two *mitres*, ornamented with pearls like the head of a *Queen*, and a *staff* of gold set with *jewels* as heavy as lead ; as appearing abroad with broad *bucklers* and long *swords*, with *baldrics* about their necks, instead of *stoles*, to which their *baselards* were attached :

“ Bucklers broad and swardes longe—  
Baudryke with baselards kene.”

He charges them also with wearing gay gowns of scarlet and green colours, with cut-work, and long pykes to their shoes. Surely when we read these things, we cannot justly accuse the English Clergy of the present day of any great excess or impropriety in regard to dress ; and yet in a newspaper, scarcely four months old, I see it charged upon the Clergy, that they dress *too much like the laity*. “ Cropped hair, round castor, white cravat, sable habiliments, and tied shoes,” says the writer, “ meet us in every street. In gentlemen of the clerical profession surely this resemblance is unwise, and to their respectability inimical in the extreme.” He is for their returning to “ the shovel hat, formal band, narrow collar, single-breasted vest and coat, buckled knee and foot.”—In justice to the Clergy I

must observe, that if *decency of apparel* be better than *formality*, they not only appear to my eyes clerical enough, but I can bear testimony to the fact, that the *laity* have encroached upon the *Clergy*, not the *Clergy* upon the former. It is not a great many years ago, since the present dress of the *Clergy* was quite as distinguishing as the shovel hat, band, narrow collar, &c. and that it is the *laity* who by cropping their hair, and taking to dark and sable habiliments, have occasioned the confusion. Within my own memory, the *present grave* dress of the *Clergy* was so alarming to the *young sprigs of fashion*, that it was difficult to get any *Dandy* of the day, to *choose* or even consent to be bred up to the *profession*; and perhaps if the *Clergy* chose now to make their body more select, they could not do better than adopt some *Anti-dandyish Costume*. But the truth is as I state it; it was the *laity* who first broke down the distinction. To shew how far the *Clergy* of the present day are from foppery in their dress, compared with their predecessors, I shall copy the following petition to Mr. Bickerstaff's Court of Honour, (Tatler, No. 270) the date being probably about 1710.

“ The humble petition of Elizabeth Slender,  
Spinster ;

“ Sheweth, that on the 20th of this instant December, her friend Rebecca Hive and your petitioner walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said she wondered that a *Lawyer* would so spoil a new gown with powder. To which it was answered, that he was no *Lawyer* but a *Clergyman*. Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost. Your petitioner therefore desires your Worship to cite the *Clergyman* before you, and to settle and adjust the length of *canonical periwigs*, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit. And your Petitioner, &c. &c.”

The *Tatler* puts a query, whether the gentleman was not *Chaplain* to a *Regiment*, and therefore powdered accordingly. And in his remarks on the petition, he admonishes the young *Missionaries* from the *Universities*, to consider where they are, and not dress and move and look like

*young Officers.*—Such was the figure the Clergy cut in the streets of London very little more than a century ago. They were then, as at present, accused of aping the laity; but it was a powdered and periwigged laity. If this *laity* dress now, as plain as plain can be, even in *black* habiliments, and with cropped unpowdered hair, why should the Clergy be called upon to distinguish themselves by dresses less plain, or at best, *ridiculously* formal?

We know from Hollinshed, that in Queen Elizabeth's days, the Clergy "went either in diverse colours, like plaiers, or in garments of light hew, as yellow, red, greene, &c. with their shoes piked, their haire crisped, their girdles armed with silver; their shoes, spurres, bridles, &c. buckled with like metall; their apparell for the most part, of silke, and richlie furr'd; their cappes lac'd and butn'd with gold; so that to meet a *Priest* in those days was to behold a *peacocke* which *spreadeth his taile* when he danseth before the henne."

Of obsolete titles and offices, that of *Constable* has undergone strange revolutions. We all know what a *Constable* is, and where to find him if we want such a public functionary; and ge-

nerally speaking, it is by no means among the *higher* classes that we should go to look for him ; and yet there was a time when *Constable* was without any exception one of the highest titles and highest offices in the kingdom. The *Constable* commonly known to us is the *petty Constable*, and as I have said before, we generally know where to find him, in our towns and villages, but I question if any body would know where to go and look, (not for the *High Constable* of a hundred) but the *Lord High Constable* of these *southern* parts of the kingdom. In *Scotland*, (as we have lately had occasion to know,) there is still a *Lord High Constable* and *Knight Marischal*. But if any traces of a *Lord High Constable* are to be found in South Britain, it is I think in the office of Master of the Horse. The *hors thegn* or *thegn* of the *stud* in the Anglo-Saxon times. Johannes Goropius indeed would have it that the term *Constable* is derived from the Saxon *Conning* King, and *Stable* prop. The Constable, who had to maintain by his authority, the peace of the land, being the great *stay* and *support* of the King's own power ; but as it used to be written *Cuningstable*, and the Master of the Horse is fairly the *Comes Stabuli*, it looks, to a modern

eye, as *though* it were compounded of the words *cunning* and *stable*, as much as to say *knowing* in horses, which the Master of the Horse ought to be, and (*perhaps*) the present Master of the Horse *really is*. According to old Roger Ascham, these Masters of the Horse, or *Cuningstables*, were of great account, (*too great account possibly*) in *his* days. For, “it is pitie,” says he, “that commonlie more care is had, yea, and that amonge verie wise men, to find out rather a *cunynge* man for their *horse*, than a *cunynge* man for their *children*. They say *nay* in *worde*, but they do so in *deede*; for to one they will gladlie give a stipend of 200 crownes by the yeare, and loth to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to skorne, and rewardeth their liberalities as it should be; for he suffereth them to have *tame* and *well ordered horse*, but *wilde* and *unfortunate children*; and therefore in the ende, they finde more pleasure in their horse, than comforte in their children.” As for Johannes Goropius’s definition of the word, which is followed I think by that great lawyer, *Coke*, in his *Institutes*, it is singular enough, that so far from being a *prop* and *stay* to our Kings, the office of *Lord High Constable*

was not revived by Henry the VIIIth after the attainder of the Duke of Buckingham, *because it was thought dangerous to the King's power, and too much for any subject.* Which was also the opinion of Harry Martyn, when in 1647, he opposed the motion that had been made in the House of Commons to the following effect;—  
“ That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a *High Constable of their own* that will make no *scruple* of laying *his Majesty by the heels;*” Harry Martyn wisely enough objected that “ the power was too great for any man ;” and the motion was quashed. As there is at present no *Lord High Constable* in *England*, so is there, as it happens, no *Master of the Horse* in *Scotland*.

Ben Jonson has a fling at *High Constables* in his *Tale of a Tub*, which might deserve to be introduced into this medley of odd things, if there were room for it. See Act III. Scene 6.

Among obsolete titles and names, we might enumerate several that have undergone extraordinary changes, who would now suppose that he might in times past, have fallen into the company of *knaves* and *villains*, *leeches*, *trulls*, and *wenches*, and even *girls* of the town, without in-

curring the smallest loss of reputation, or being actually in bad company. What fine food for wittings at *cards*, have the *knaves* supplied, under a supposition that the name imported something of *trick*, *thievery*, and *craft*; whereas originally it was intended, and applied no doubt, as a title of *honor*; and indeed for the credit of the knave to this day, it may be noted that it is *accounted* an *honor* to have it in one's hand, at whist, at least. We have in history the names of the very personages, supposed to be represented by the *Knaves of Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, and Spades*, at the first invention of cards in the XIVth century. They were it seems, *Lahire*, and *Hector Délagard*, two Captains of Charles VIIth of France, with *Lancelot* and *Dogier*, heroes famous in the wars of Charlemagne. And the place they severally held, was probably that of *Squire* or attendant to their respective Kings. The *Scild Knapa* among the Saxons, exactly answered indeed to the Latin *Armiger* or French *Ecuyer*. It is supposed to be derived from the Saxon *Cnapa* or Flemish *Knape*, signifying *Servant*; in which sense the word *Knave* occurs in some of our old Statutes. But it has been used

also for a male child or boy. In Wickcliffe's Bible, the Midwives of Egypt, Exodus i. 16. are bidden to kill every *knave*-child, and save the girls alive. In the Saxon translation of Matthew viii. 6. it is used for servant, "*Myn Knapa*," that is, my *Knave* lieth at home sick of the palsy, &c. Sometimes it is found in our old law-books as a regular title, like *Armiger* or *Ecuyer*—as, Johannes C. Willielmi C. de Derby, *Knave*, &c. Willielmus Cowper de Denbigh, *Knave*.

In Sir John Harrington's Letters, it will be seen that he continually calls the King's *Servants* at Court, "*Knaves*" and "*Varlets*," as well as "*lordly Servants*." See a curious account of some of the lordly Servants, in Henry's History of England, extracted from the *Leges Wallicæ*—Brit. Critic, old Series, Vol. IV. p. 419.

The *Villain* of old times is well known to have been merely the dependent of a feudal Baron, and though born probably in that state of bondage, by no means lying under any other stigma. The old *Leech* was the Physician, and *Leechcraft* his profession.

" We study speech, but others we persuade,  
We *Leechcraft* learn, but others cure with it."

“ Wise *Leeches* will not vain receipts obtrude,  
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude ;  
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,  
 Till some safe crisis authorise their skill.”

DRYDEN.

Spenser also uses the term in the same sense.

“ And straightway sent with careful diligence,  
 To fetch a *Leech*, the which had great insight  
 In that disease of grieved conscience ;  
 And well could cure the same ; his name was *Patience*.”

FAIRY QUEEN.

At present I believe the term *Leech*, though applied still to such as the common people esteem both *Physicians* and *Doctors*, is confined to the Farrier or *Horse Doctor*. In justice however to the whole fraternity, let it not be too hastily imagined, that the term was given to them on the score of resemblance to a certain blood-letting, or blood-sucking animal of the same name, as though the whole race were of the same stamp as *le Docteur Sangrado* in *Gil Blas*, who practised no remedies but *bleeding* and *drenching* with warm water. Etymologists tell us, Farriers are called *Leeches*, from a Saxon term *læce*, of *lecnian* to *heal*, in which sense, if it do *not* apply to *every other Physician*, to every

man and *woman Doctor*, as well as the Farrier, it must be their own fault, or their own mismanagement.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, *trull*, *wench*, and *girl*, were without scruple applied, by the gravest and most accomplished writers, to any young woman, as may be seen by the following citation from Tuberville's *Eclogues* ;

“ Among the rest of all the route,  
 A passing proper lass,  
 A white-hair'd *trull* of twenty yeares,  
 Or neere about there was ;  
 In stature passing all the rest,  
 A gallant *girl* for hewe ;  
 To be compar'd to *townish nymphs*,  
 So faire she was to view.

The *wench* about her waist,  
 A gallant gaudy ribande had,  
 That girt her body fast.”

Who would suppose that the title of *Butcher* could ever be given as a title of *honor* ? yet so it really was. “ *Le Boucher* etoit anciennement un surnom *glorieux* qu'on donnoit à un general, apres une victoire, en *reconnoissance* du *carnage* qu'il avoit fait de trente ou quarante mille hommes.” — *Essais Historiques sur Paris, par Saintfoix*.

## ANCIENT ETIQUETTE.

WE must not fancy that questions of *etiquette*, *rank* and *precedence*, *family* prejudices, &c. are of modern date, or confined to any species of government, or order of society. The Romans paid as great attention to these things, as any people perhaps on the face of the earth; as the following law in the famous *Theodosian* Code, may particularly serve to shew, being a matter of public authority—"Si quis *indebitum sibi locum* usurpaverit; nulla se ignorantia defendat: sitque plane *sacrilegii* reus, qui divina præcepta neglexerit." Surely *etiquette* could not well be carried higher, than by making an *involuntary* breach of it, in *ignorantly* taking a *wrong seat*, tantamount to *sacrilege*; for such is very evidently the spirit and purport of the above citation. The *first* place was however almost the exclusive object of contention, for as *Ausonius* says, "Nulla est quidem *Contumelia Secundi*, sed ex *duobus*, *Gloria magna prælati*." In our own country, by

the laws of *Canute*, a person sitting *above his station*, was to be pelted out of his place by stones, without the privilege of taking offence ; but this is not quite so bad as in India, where by the *Gentoo* laws, which for what we know may be as old as any, “ a *Sooder* who should be convicted of sitting upon the carpet of a *Bramin*, was either to have a hot iron applied to the *part offending*, and be banished, *or*, suffer positive *excision* of the *part*.” An *ex post facto* law with a witness !

*Aulus Gellius* supplies us with some curious cases of Roman etiquette. A father and a son came to visit the Philosopher *Taurus* at Athens ; the son happened to be *Prætor* (at the time) of the Province of *Crete*. Being arrived at the house of the Philosopher, a seat was offered to the father, which he declined in favor of his more dignified son, and in deference to his public and magisterial character. The Philosopher disputed the propriety of this, alleging that though such deference on the part of the father might be proper enough in *public*, such ceremonies, on all *private* occasions, should give way to claims and pretensions more fixed and natural. *Aulus Gellius* upon this introduces

another story from the Roman History, as particularly applicable. A son who was *Consul*, happening in his rides to meet his *father*, who had served the office the year before, and was therefore only *Proconsul* at the time, the latter forbore to pay the respect of getting off his horse, on the ground of his being the Consul's father. The lictors in attendance upon the son, knowing the harmony subsisting between them, were at first at a loss how to act, till the son absolutely bade them to *compel* his father to dismount; to which the latter was not only wise enough to submit, but at the same time failed not highly to commend his son, for supporting his public dignity.

The Romans seem to have had too great credit given them, in general, for that *high-minded spirit of republicanism*, which overlooks all *accidental* differences, in estimating the *worth* and *merits* of individuals; and is gratified rather than otherwise, with the unexpected elevation of the humble and lowly. Horace in his IVth Epode, though it must be confessed, the subject of the Ode, *Menas*, Pompey's Freedman, seems to have been a very shabby sort of *gentleman*, speaks with rather too much contempt of the

want of family, when he says, “ *Fortuna non mutat Genus,*” which under any circumstances, is a reflection on *low birth*. But besides this, he makes a *mockery* of the servile condition in which *Menas* had once been, as though it ought at once to preclude a man from any after elevation. I am the more angry with Horace for this, because in another place he has treated the subject so differently, and censured the *people* for their too great attention to *family*, which was certainly their foible, as that satire shews. See Sat. vi. Lib. i.

Nothing could be more contemptuous than Cicero’s reply to a man whom he had upbraided for the baseness of his extraction ; the man told him he did not understand him. “ And yet thou hast thy ears pierced,” said Cicero ; signifying by the repartee, that he was of servile condition, because the Romans used to pierce the ears of their slaves.

When *Ventidius Bassus*, a man of very mean parentage, had by many splendid actions and qualities advanced himself to the highest honors and stations in the republic, the Roman populace, so far from being pleased with the elevation of one born and bred as it were amongst

*themselves*, absolutely *mocked* and *insulted* him on that *very account*, by posting up in various parts of Rome the following *satirical* verses; for as such they were evidently intended.

“ Concurrite omnes augures, aruspices;  
 Portentum inusitatum Conflatum est recens,  
 Nam mulos qui fricabat, Consul factus est !”

Run, run, ye augurs and aruspices !  
 Behold a *prodigy* most *new* and *strange* ;  
 One who *dress'd mules*, made *Consul* to be sure !

I have in another place taken notice of the extreme jealousy manifested by the gentry of Rome, in regard to the *Jus Annulorum*, when persons of low degree took upon them the right of wearing rings, thereby trespassing upon the privileges and distinctions of the higher orders.

It is well known I believe, that the law for admitting plebeians to the consular rank at Rome, was entirely owing to female pride and jealousy. The *youngest* of two *sisters* having married a *plebeian*, while the *eldest* was the wife of a *patrician* and *Consul*, was surprised one day, while on a visit to the latter, at hearing the loud knocking of the *Lictors* at her sister's door, an-

nouncing the arrival of the Consul. The lady of the house seeing her surprise, sneeringly and insultingly observed, “the *wives of senators* are used to *this* noise;” which wrought such an effect on the mind and temper of the younger sister, that she never rested till she had prevailed on her father and husband, to procure for her the same distinction and honors, by obtaining a law to admit *Plebeians* to the *Consular* dignity; which, after considerable opposition, was at length accomplished; her husband *Licin*ius being the first of his rank who was elevated to that post of honor and authority.

Lucian, who was a contemporary of Aulus Gellius, and a great observer of living manners, both Roman and Grecian, appears to have had his eye particularly on the struggles that took place amongst his contemporaries, for *pre-eminence* and *distinction*. He continually introduces heroes, philosophers, and even Gods, into his writings, in the act of quarrelling about precedence or superiority of some kind or other. Such is his dialogue between *Alexander*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and *Minos*, which begins with a sort of vulgar *jostle* between the two former, in the very face of their Judge. “Let me pass,” says *Alex-*

ander, " for I am much superior to you, Mr. *Lybian*." " By no manner of means," replies *Hannibal*, stoutly. The case is referred to Minos, who having learned who they were, permits them to plead their own cause, which in the hands of *Lucian* is admirably managed ; only I think that having argued the case so well as he has done for *Hannibal*, I should have been disposed to have brought matters to a different conclusion, especially as *Plutarch* in *his* comparison of *Cæsar* and *Alexander*, gives the preference to the former in two particular instances, exactly similar to those on which *Hannibal* is made to insist. *Lucian*, on the contrary, instead of balancing the merits of the two original competitors, makes *Scipio* step in, claiming to take place as the *Conqueror* of *Hannibal*, acknowledging *himself* at the same time *inferior* to *Alexander* ; by which means *Alexander* rather too easily obtains from *Minos* the *first* place, *Scipio* the *second*, while *Hannibal* is thrust to the bottom, for having failed in battle, rather than in argument. This is the more to be noticed, because it is a circumstance particularly recorded of *Scipio*, that he was wont to call *Hannibal* the greatest General that

ever lived, Pyrrhus the Epirot the *second*, and himself the *third*. Lucian surely must have been unacquainted with this arrangement of Scipio. But there is still another curious history connected with the case, as depicted by Lucian. Hannibal is said to have declared himself *inferior* to no General that ever lived but *Alexander* and *Pyrrhus*, till asked by *Scipio* what rank he would have claimed had he conquered *him*. To which Hannibal is reported to have answered, “Had I conquered *you, Scipio*, I would call myself greater than the Conqueror of Darius, or the Ally of the Tarentines.” Now if the above relations be true, Lucian has done an injury both to Hannibal and Scipio, in making the first contend with Alexander, and the latter ostentatiously place himself above his African competitor; and as I profess to endeavour to assign to every person his proper rank, I have deemed it fit to rescue these two great Generals from the consequences of such misrepresentation—otherwise I hate to find fault with *Lucian* upon such topics, for he is certainly for the *most* part very witty, very wise, and very entertaining.

In another dialogue, Lucian gives a humorous account of a dispute about seats, at the very table of the Gods, between *Hercules* and *Æsculapius*; and which *Jupiter* was obliged to terminate, (words ran so high between them,) by threatening to turn them both out of heaven, if they did not cease to disturb the company. *Hercules* indeed is represented as abominably insolent, and ungrateful indeed, not only refusing to let *Æsculapius* sit above him, but calling him all sorts of names, *druggist*, *apothecary*, and I know not what, though he had actually been himself benefited by the skill of *Æsculapius*, in regard both to the burns he got upon Mount Oeta, and the poisoned tunic of *Nessus*; under which he seems to have been suffering considerably when he first got to Olympus. But none of these things could restrain his anger and indignation, upon the mere thoughts of *Æsculapius* presuming to take place of him; he threatens to throw him headlong out of heaven, notwithstanding his immortality, and to give him such a broken head, as *Pæon* himself should not be able to heal. However *Æsculapius* at last prevails, through the interposition of *Jupiter*, who

wisely appointed that he who died first, should have the highest place at table ; which happened to be the case with Æsculapius.

In these Dialogues of the Dead, Lucian introduces many other curious cases of controverted pre-eminence, as in the one between *Diogenes* and *Mausolus*, the celebrated King of Caria, Artemisia's husband, as to which was the greatest and *most happy* ; and in that between *Nireus* and *Thersites*, which was the *handsomest* ?

In the first, *Mausolus* pleads his former *rank*, his *strength*, his *valour*, his *beauty*, and the glory of his *stupendous sepulchre*, as setting him, (even in the shades below,) most indisputably high above *Diogenes*. But how so, says the latter ? your *kingdom* is gone, your *valour* spent, your *strength* vanished, your *beauty* decayed ? I see not why my *bald, naked, toothless, eyeless skull* is not now quite as good as yours. You cannot cease to lament the worldly advantages you have lost ; while I, having left nothing behind, have nothing to sorrow for. And as for the tomb which your wife and sister, with so much cost, built over your remains, I should think such a *pack of stones* must lie very

*heavy* upon you, and oppress you grievously ; I on the contrary, neither know nor care whether my carcase were ever 'buried or not, but am quite sure, that by my peculiar mode of life, I raised to myself a reputation amongst all wise men, greatly superior to your exalted monument, and fixed in a much securer place.

The dialogue and contest between Nireus and Thersites has something to the same effect ; the judgment and decision being left to Menippus. Am not I, says Nireus, to be accounted much the handsomest of the two ? But who are you *both*, says Menippus, for I see no difference between you ? I, says *Nireus*, am the son of *Aglaia* and *Charops*, pronounced by *Homer* to be the most beautiful of all the chiefs before Troy. But you did not descend to the shades below in *that form*, replies Menippus. We have no *most beautifuls* here ! *Your* bones are for all the world exactly like the bones of *others* : *your* skull is not to be distinguished from the *skull* of Thersites, except that it is more easily to be broken, being *softer*, and having nothing *manly* in it. Let those who saw you, as *Homer* has spoken of you, tell what you were *then*, if they please, I

can only see and discern what you are *now*. But still, says Nireus, I am surely handsomer than Thersites ; neither you nor he are handsomer one than the other in *this* place, says Menippus ; all are equal and alike in the infernal regions, you may depend upon it. Then that is the utmost *I* care about it, adds *Thersites* ; *I* at least am satisfied. I knew that he was not any longer such as blind old Homer had described him to be, but that I, notwithstanding my hunched back, and lame leg, and blinking eye, was at last become quite as good and as comely as he.

Lucian wrote indeed for antiquity, and it may be thought that *we* can have little to do with the characters he describes, or the pictures he draws, except in the way of curiosity. Perhaps so ; but even on this very ground, it may surely afford us some amusement to compare the accounts he gives, with what we ourselves see and know of the human race. It might be more interesting perhaps if we *could trace* any striking likenesses, or discover *any of our immediate acquaintance* in the portraits he has drawn ; yet to know something about even *Lucian's contempo-*

*varies*, is to read the human heart, if not such as it *is*, such as it *has* been, and such therefore as by some revolution or other, it may *perhaps* be again.

In the following dialogue, old Charon is supposed to be in the midst of his business, that of ferrying the dead over the river Styx to the infernal regions, and Mercury in attendance as their conductor: the newly deceased crowding and pressing forward to obtain a passage. Hoity—toity, says Charon, what a pack of you there are! and what a parcel of *unnecessary things* are each of you bringing with you! do you not see how small and ricketty my boat is; it already leaks, and if it incline at all to one side more than the other, it will sink. I am confident that if you attempt to enter with all that *baggage* you bring with you, you will bitterly repent it, especially those that cannot swim.—But how then can we pass safely?—Why, I'll tell you, says Charon; you must all enter stripped, leaving every thing *superfluous* there, on the shore. Therefore Mercury do you look to this; let none enter, but such as have cast aside every sort of incumbrance. I will, says Mercury; and therefore, pray Sir, who are you that come

first? I am Menippus the Cynic; behold, my scrip and my staff I have cast into the river, and cloak I have none. O very well—enter, good man—and take your seat there up by the steersman, that you may see all that follow. Who is this Jemmy Jessamine Gentleman? I am Charmoleus the *Dandy*—universally admired for my *shape* and *figure* and *complexion*—well then put off all that *conduces* to that *exquisite shape* and *figure* and *complexion*; your *stays*, and *bandages* and *supporters*, and the colour upon your cheeks, and then come in. That's all very well; now enter. Who comes next there, with that bauble on his head, and purple robe, looking so fierce? I am Lampichus, Tyrant of Gela. But why do you come here, with such a quantity of luggage? You would not surely, Mercury, have a *King* come *destitute*. *King*, do you say? You are only a *dead man*; therefore for goodness sake, put away all that trumpery. Well, I have thrown away all my money. But you must lay aside your *pomp*, and *pride*, too, Lampichus; for if you attempt to bring them with you, they will sink the boat. Allow me at least to retain my *crown*, and *robe of state*. By no means; *they must* be given up. Well then; there can be nothing

more required—I have now cast aside every incumbrance and superfluity. No; you must dismiss besides, your *cruelty*, your *folly*, your *arrogance*, and your *bad temper*. Well, I have done all this. Then go into the boat. And who are you, Sir, that seem so stout and brawny, and have such an abundance of flesh and sinew?—I am Damasias the *Boxer*—you may suffer *me* to pass at once, for I am already stripped and naked. Not naked while you are covered with so much *flesh*—put that away therefore, or the boat will sink if you set but so much as one foot in it; and cast aside those crowns you have on, with all the *praise* and *flattery* of which they have been the occasion. I have done so, and am now assuredly no heavier than any other dead man.—See what an advantage it is to be a person of *small weight*!—Come in—and *you* may come too, *Craton*, only put away first all your *wealth*, and *luxuries*, and *effeminacies*; and dismiss your funeral vestments, and the honors appertaining to your rank. You must be contented to forget your ancestors, and all the past glories of your race; nor say a word of the inscriptions upon your statues, nor of the superb monument that has been raised to your memory, for the very

mention of the latter will make the boat heavier. And pray, Sir, you who appear *armed* there, what may *you* want? What trophy is that you carry with you—and why all those *military orders*? They are honors conferred upon me by my country, for having gained victories, and conducted myself bravely in battle. Then you may put them all down upon the bank; for we have peace constantly here in the shades below, and have of course no need of arms or fighting.

But here is some very grave character coming, whom I know not, Menippus. What, or who is he? See how he carries his head on high; how solemnly he walks! how he is lost in meditation!

It is a *philosopher*, Mercury; a very *learned* gentleman, full of *metaphysical conceits*, and *subtle arguments*. Pray make him put off his *gown*, for you have no conception what a heap of absurd and frivolous things he has *under* it. Do Sir, then, I beg, put off your gown. Heavens! what a pack of *arrogance*, *ignorance*, *uncharitableness*, *vain glory*; what a string of *foolish questions*, *sophistical reasonings*, *hard words*, and *perplexed arguments*, does the man carry about with him! What a quantity of misplaced labour, and lost time, and useless occupation, has he to answer

for! But, by Jupiter, Sir, you must deposit all your *gains*, and *indulgencies*, and *self-confidence*, and *touchiness*, and *weaknesses*, (which, though you attempt to hide them, I can see plainly enough) and your *hypocrisy*, and *pride*, and above all things, the fancy you have formed, that without exception you are the *wisest man in the world*; for if you expect to carry all these things with you, a fifty oared boat would not be strong enough to convey you.—Well, I will do as you tell me, here they go.—But pray, Mercury, make him cut that *long beard* of his, and thin those gloomy *eyebrows*, and see that he does not carry with him, what he has long and profitably made use of to humbug all the world, that parcel of *flattery* there that he hides within his *lips*.—It would be well, *Menippus*, if you would curtail your *freedom of tongue*, restrain your *audacity*, and forbear your ungenerous *ridicule*: however I comply—behold, Mercury, I put away all you have objected to.

Admirable—then weigh the anchor; loose the sails; take the helm, Charon, and let us be off! But what's the matter, Mr. *Philosopher*; you seem sadly depressed?—It is, (Mercury,) because I fancied the soul was immortal. Non-

sense, *I* know better. He is lamenting his *lost dinners* and *private indulgences*; and his *gains* from young men on pretence of his *superlative wisdom*. These are the things that disconcert him so.

But let's away to judgment—sad punishments await the wicked—wheels—vultures—chains and rocks!—Every man's life shall be made manifest—

ΔΕΙΧΘΗΣΕΤΑΙ Ὁ ΕΧΑΣΟΥ ΒΙΟΣ.

## PRECEDENCE.

THOUGH much has been already said upon the subject of *Precedence*, yet it still seems to deserve a *Section to itself*, as particularly connected with the title of my book, and a subject of pressing importance, in the affairs of this world. While the best-bred persons and personages in the community, are placed above all hazard of disputes, by their *titles of Nobility*, it seems a cruel case, by carrying the distinctions no lower, to have thrown such a bone of contention amongst the *ignoble and untitled*; amongst those too, who in not a few cases, may be destitute of that good breeding, and those polished manners, that are calculated, under all circumstances, to make life pass smoothly. “ People who have no title to distinction,” says the *Inspector*, “ are always most ambitious of it.” Now this is really very provoking, but who in the world can help it? The same periodical writer, whose entertaining papers appeared about the middle of the last

century, (I believe they were chiefly from the pen of *Dr. Hill*) tells of a Lord Mayor's ball that was thrown into great confusion, by a dispute for precedence, between a "*Watch-spring-maker's lady* and the wife of a *Watch-case-joint-finisher.*" The Lord Mayor himself, it seems, was quite incapable of deciding the matter between them, and I much question, if it had happened at the other end of the town, whether it might not have puzzled the Lord Chamberlain.

Had such a case been referred to Frederic II. of Prussia, he would probably have settled it, as he is reported to have done, by the lady of the President of the Court of Justice, and the lady of the President of the Chamber of Revenue at *Cleves*. The former having insisted upon taking place in all public assemblies, till she had wearied out the patience of her competitor, and mortified her pride past all bearing, as a last resource, the lady of the President of the Chamber of Revenue wrote to the King himself, desiring that his Majesty would be pleased graciously to interpose his authority, and declare once for all, which ought to go first. Frederic was at no loss to satisfy the complainant; how *graciously* I need not say; he immediately re-

turned the following laconic answer:—" Let the *greatest fool* walk first"—This is told of Frederic in *Dr. Towers's* Life of that Monarch, and therefore I suppose it to be true; but the very same thing is related by St. Real of *Charles Vth*, who had a similar point to adjust between two ladies of fashion at Brussels. It is surprising, says the latter author, how *polite* the two ladies were to each other *ever after*, and how scrupulous of taking the lead!

The ladies' indictment of *Timothy Treatall, Gent.* in Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Court of Honour (Tatler, No. 262) for the great and unspeakable confusion he had occasioned, by desiring a party of ladies to take their places at his supper table, according to their *age* and *seniority*, is much of a piece with the above stories; the only difference being, that a few *Tell-tale Parish Registers*, to which Mrs. *Fidget* and Mrs. *Fescue*, are reported in the paper referred to, to have had recourse, might settle any disputes in regard to *age* at once; whereas, which were the greater *fool* or *simpleton*, of any two given ladies, disputing for precedence, on the mere ground of their *own personal vanity*, or *private piques*, might be a question to puzzle and perplex the subtlety of an

Œdipus. The following story, related of Mr. George Coleman the younger, is, I think, as neat an attempt to settle the question between age and precedence, as I ever remember to have heard. His present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, meeting Mr. C. at a party composed of the first wits of the day, gaily observed, that there were two *Georges* the younger in company. "But," continued his Royal Highness, "I should like to know, which is George the youngest?" "Oh!" replied Mr. Coleman very happily, "I could never have had the rudeness to come into the world before your Royal Highness."

Having, as in duty bound, consulted the Register of Mr. Bickerstaff's *Court of Honour*, I am disposed to cite the following case, as suggesting a fair and ready mean of settling and adjusting any disputed points of *ancestry*—no very uncommon subject of jealousy and altercation. Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R. a Welchman, being indicted for having raised a disturbance, by a fierce and angry dispute about the *antiquity* of their *families*, the Jew pretending to be the son of *Meshech*, the son of *Naboth*, the son of *Shalem*, and so on to the end of the chapter; and Taffy, John *ap Rice*, *ap Shenkin*, *ap Shones*,

(*ap* Endless and Eternity in short;) they were both *sentenced* to be *tossed* in a *blanket*, in order to prove by sensible demonstration, which could go *highest*, and as the *Tatler* expresses it, “to adjust the *superiority* as they could agree on it between themselves.”

The observation of the *Spectator*, (No. 119) that, generally speaking, “there is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of *Justices’* wives, than in an assembly of *Duchesses*,” must be received with some allowances. *Duchesses* can have no disputes. Their rank is known not only to themselves, and to each other, but to every body with whom they are likely to associate, and the Nobility may rejoice in being, for the most part, exempt from the confusions and perplexities of a *promiscuous Drawing-room*.

“I have known my friend Sir *Roger de Coverley’s* dinner almost cold,” adds the *Spectator*, “before the company could adjust the ceremonials of precedence, and be prevailed upon to sit down to table.” And who has not seen the like, where it has been left entirely to the master or mistress of the house to arrange a company of *untitled* guests? Who has not seen the formal

circle, standing like a parcel of statues, when dinner has been announced, waiting to have the question of precedence settled without their concurrence, though prepared in their hearts to resent the slightest mistake, or unexpected preference? How often have I wished that they could be prevailed upon to join hands, and twirl and twist themselves out of the room in a circle having neither head nor tail, after the fashion of a *round-robin*? True it is, that after all, the dinner table would divide them again, and present fresh objects of competition, in regard to the upper and lower ends, or dignified middle, of the festive board; nearness to, or distance from, the master or mistress of the house; for we are far past the days of *Elizabeth*, in which our ancestors used to divide their tables into upper and lower messes by a huge salt-cellar in the middle, *below* which the *wine* was never allowed to circulate, and *above* which were sure to be placed all the *daintiest* dishes. In 1597, *Hall*, depicting the humiliating state of a 'Squire's Chaplain, says that he must not "ever presume to sit *above the salt*;" as I have before shewn.

This custom however extended far into the XVIIth century, as may be seen in Massinger's

Play of the *City Madam*, 1632. I apprehend it was connected with the feudal customs, when the Baron and principal persons of his *household* sat down to the same table. In Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, we read, "at your 12 penny ordinary, you may give any Justice of Peace, or young Knight, if he sit but one degree towards the equinoctial of the salt-cellar, leave to pay for the wine."

It is a pity that people will not devise or adopt some means of satisfying *their own minds*, independently of other circumstances, for this is all that is actually necessary to the comfort of the whole party. Whether Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. having *neither of them any red-book distinctions*, go first or sit highest, nobody can care, but Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. themselves, and therefore they would act wisely to be prepared for every alternative. One of the Chapters in *Charron's* celebrated Treatise on *Wisdom*, begins, "*Nihil est æqualitate inequalius*;" there is nothing more unequal than equality. And indeed, it must be confessed, there is commonly no greater jealousy or hatred, than that which takes place between persons who are equal the one to the other. Notwithstanding what I have said about Du-

chesses, I remember one who was so affable to her *inferiors*, as to be almost degraded in the eyes of the world, by the company she kept; yet having by birth and inheritance, some pretensions to *royalty*, if she happened to be amongst other Duchesses, it is scarcely to be told, how high she carried herself.

In the "*Right of Precedence*," attributed to *Swift*, we have an expedient proposed, which might help the sticklers for precedence in case of *equality*, admirably. I shall give it in the very words of the author. "And I would farther observe," says he, "for the use of those who love *place* without a *title* to it, either by *law* or *heraldry*; as some have a strange oiliness of spirit which carries them upwards, and mounts them to the top of all companies, (company being often like bottled liquors, where the *light* and *windy* parts hurry to the *head*, and fix in *froth*.) I would observe, I say, that there is a *secret* way of *taking place* without *sensible precedence*, and consequently without offence. This is an useful secret, and I will publish it here, from my own practice, for the benefit of my countrymen, and the universal improvement of man and womankind.

It is this—I generally fix a sort of first meridian in my thoughts before I sit down, and instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in company I may sit above, in point of birth, age, fortune, or station, I consider only the situation of the table by the points in the compass, and the nearer I can get to the *East*, (which is a point of honor for many reasons, *porrecta Majestas ad ortum Solis*) I am so much the higher; and my good fortune is, to sit sometimes, or for the most part due *East*, sometimes N. by E. seldom with greater variation; and then I do myself honor, and am blessed with *invisible* PRECEDENCY, mystical to others; and the joke is, that by this means I take place (for place is but fancy) of many that sit above me; and while most people in company look upon me as a modest man, I know myself to be a very assuming fellow, and do often look down with contempt on some at the upper end of the table. By this craft I at once gratify my humour, (which is *pride*,) and preserve my character, and am at meat, as wise men would be in the world,

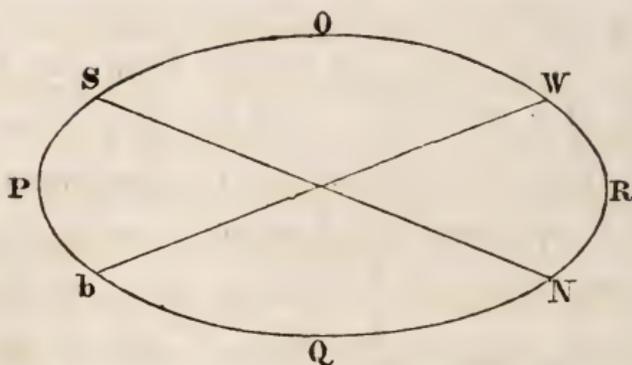
“ *Extremi Primorum, extremis usque priores.*”

And to this purpose, my way is to carry a little

*pocket compass* in my left fob, and from that I take my measures imperceptibly, as from a *watch*, in the usual way of comparing time before dinner; or if I chance to forget that, I consider the *situation* of the *Parish Church*, and this is my never-failing regulator."

This plan of *Swift's*, (if it be really his) may be all very well as far as it goes, but I confess I think it might be sooner settled, and perhaps with somewhat more satisfaction, or at least amusement, without the aid of any *first meridian*, *pocket compass*, or *Parish Church* at all. For why should not every body make their own seat at table due *East* at once, and thereby throw all the rest of the company into places of less dignity and honor? How delightfully pleasant for instance, must it be, to Mrs. E. and F. after having been led into the room, fifth or sixth of the party, dangling upon some *boy's* arm, or *smilingly linked together* for want of male supporters; and after having seen Mrs. A. Mrs. B. Mrs. C. and Mrs. D. taken before them, to observe the latter, scattered about the dinner table, like the leaves in autumn, to the *North* and *South* and *West*, without order or distinction. How pleasant to contemplate them, triumphing in their

*fancied* superiority, all the while that they may be 10, 20, or even 30 points from the actual post or seat of honor. But the great beauty of such a scheme is, that in this manner every body may be accommodated exactly according to their own wishes and feelings, for what Mrs. E. or Mrs. F. may do by Mrs. A. and B. and C. the latter may quite as fairly do by Mrs. E. and F. and thus it must be an ill wind indeed, not only that should fail to blow some good to some of them, but that could blow any harm to any one of them. All would be sure to enjoy, what upon such occasions, all appear most to covet and desire, namely, *supereminence* and *distinction*; each individual would not only be precisely in the *East*, but would have the *felicity* of seeing their *competitors, rivals, friends, and acquaintance* comparatively *below them*, either in the Cardinals or Collaterals round the whole compass, from *East by South* or *East by North, East South East* or *East North East*, to the very lowest station of all, due *West*. Some tables *are* round, *like a compass*, but it might be managed spite of the squareness, ellipticity, or ovality of others; as for instance;



Let O, P, Q, R, represent the table, and let little b stand for the last lady that came into the dining room; and suppose her to be squeezed in somewhere between the points P and Q. Then let *her* seat be for the time *due East*. Draw a right line from little b through the centre, and where it touches the periphery on the other side, mark W. The N and S points will be easily found by another line drawn through the centre, at equal distances from O and R, and of course the rest of the company will occupy seats in the cardinal or collateral points, nearer to or more remote from the *East*, as it may happen, but all of them comparatively *lower*. In this manner the *first* may be *last* and the *last first* all round the table, and nobody know any thing about it, except as far as every one's private feelings are gratified, by an assurance that they themselves

occupy the first seat, whatever becomes of the others ; and if Swift be right, that all place is but fancy, fancy will be reality in this case, to the satisfaction of every individual however ambitious—Q. E. D. Is not this a problem deserving an Hecatomb? may I not cry out *ευρηκα*?—I must at the same time declare, that if I have any rival in such a discovery, it seems to be the *Grand Seigneur* ; that is, some ancestor of the present *Turkish Emperor*, who, upon a jealousy arising between the *Military* and the *Lawyers*, as to *precedence*, very sensibly appointed, that the *left* hand should be the place of honor for the *former*, and the *right* for the *latter*. By which means, whenever afterward they came in the way of each other, *each party felt* that it had the precedence.

After all, let me not be mistaken. I have proposed the above scheme for the accommodation of *untitled ladies* ; allow me to add then, that I have in view only *those* untitled ladies, who may be really in danger of suffocation from the pangs and workings of mortified pride. I know that there is a vast majority of *untitled ladies* in this kingdom, quite independent of *such* expedients. *How great* a majority I need not stop to

calculate, when I state, that it includes all the *well-bred*, and all the *good-humoured*.

There is a fashion prevalent at this moment, which I think will one time or other be altered. I mean, that of the ladies of highest rank sitting *next to the master of the house at the bottom of a long table*. This naturally sends the young ladies, or ladies of no rank, towards the *top*, and occasions a mixture of the company between the extremes, oftentimes very unsuitable or awkward.

Having like a Geometrician, talked a good deal about A's and B's, and C's and D's, in the setting forth, and demonstration of the above problem, I am led to observe, that *alphabetical rank*, if really well managed, (not otherwise) is a very commodious resource in cases of *necessity*, approaching as nearly as can be to *accident*, and thereby excluding all suspicion of premeditated preference. On such a scale for instance, how could Mrs. P. possibly be offended at being made to give place to Mrs. Bouncing B.; nay even Mrs. C. herself could have no ground of complaint. To be sure, (and this would be the hardest case of all) Mrs. *Izzard* must be prepared for ever to go last, unless she should be fortunate enough to get her husband knighted, which would at once place her even

above the *untitled* wife of *Great A* himself!—  
What a triumph!

Alphabetical arrangements however, after all, are liable to some objections. They have lately I see been oddly enough adopted in announcing (the most public perhaps of all sublunary events,) the *arrivals* at Bath! Were the scheme generally applied, it would be less objectionable, but as it is at present managed, it is entirely confined to plain Mr. and Mrs.'s, Misses, &c. Every *titled* person, of what rank soever, from a *Duke* to a *Captain* in the *Army*, having a preference, and being arranged *distinctly* as follows:—

ARRIVALS.—The *Duke* of W. *Countess* of X. *Archbishop* of Y. *Viscount* B. *Lord Bishop* of L. *Sir Timothy Trollop*, *Lady Fanciful*, *Honorable Mr. Thingyemibob*, *Mr. Looksharp*, *M.P. General O.* *Judge M.* *Admiral K.* &c. &c.

And then follow in *alphabetical* columns.

<i>Mr. &amp; Mrs.</i>	<i>Mr.</i>	<i>Miss</i>	<i>Mrs.</i>
<i>Applepie,</i>	<i>Foughtfor't,</i>	<i>Long'dfort,</i>	<i>Ranto't,</i>
<i>Bitit,</i>	<i>Gotit,</i>	<i>Mourn'dfort,</i>	<i>Sigh'dfort,</i>
<i>Cutit,</i>	<i>Hadit,</i>	<i>Noddedatit,</i>	<i>Tookit,</i>
<i>Dividedit,</i>	<i>Keptit,</i>	<i>Open'dit,</i>	<i>View'dit,</i>
<i>Eatit,</i>	&c.	<i>Peep'dinto't,</i>	<i>Wonit!</i>
&c.		<i>Quarter'dit,</i>	&c. &c.
		&c.	

Now in such an arrangement there may be evidently much positive injustice; for many plain *Mr.* and *Mrs.*'s may in reality be very great people, and much above those who are placed before them; for it should be observed, that every *sort* of *title* appertaining to the husband is made to elevate his lady; so that while *Mr. C.* having £30,000 a year for his fortune, and married perhaps to a Baronet's daughter, is reduced to *merely alphabetical rank*, as a *plain Mr.* and *Mrs.* they may see above them, *Captain* and *Mrs. E. Major* and *Mrs. F. Doctor* and *Mrs. G. General* and *Mrs. H. Serjeant* and *Mrs. J.* and so on; which is enough surely to mortify, if not offend, all such *alphabetical Mistresses*, not to say a word of their unfortunate husbands, who shall have obtained no titles, and may therefore stand dreadfully responsible for all the degrading consequences. I should advise the Editors of the Bath Papers to consider this matter a little more maturely.

As an illustration of Swift's maxim, that "*Place is but fancy*," I shall insert a story I have heard of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, and for which I confess I am disposed to give him much credit. At the dinners he was wont to give at Cambridge, while Master of Trinity College, a gen-

tleman whom he was often obliged in courtesy to invite, but who was far from being a favourite with the learned Doctor, without regard to the rank or consequence of the other guests, invariably pushed himself up to the *top* of the table; to the right or left, that is, of the Doctor himself. The latter wearied and provoked at last, by the gentleman's arrogance and presumption, one day, when he saw that he had taken his usual seat, above the rest of the company, very gravely walked to the top of the table, and taking up his own chair, carried it to the bottom, thereby so entirely reversing matters, that he who had strove so earnestly to be *first*, became literally last. This I think was an excellent way of teaching the offender a little *Christian* humility, and reminding him of the parable in the XIVth Chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, verses 7, 8, 9, &c. which all such sticklers for precedence and lovers of "*chief seats*" would do well to peruse.

The classical reader may amuse himself if he please, by some curious cases in point, (that is, as to the arrangement of *dinner* or *supper* parties,) by referring to *Plutarch's* Convivial Questions, particularly the second question in the first book. I wish it were not too long to be inserted in this

place, as there are some very good remarks and arguments in it;—and in another part of his works, he mentions a curious circumstance, to shew how much attention the Romans paid to matters of etiquette, ceremony, and (what we are particularly writing about,) PRECEDENCE. He intimates that when any persons invited to their table, those to whom a *triumph* had been decreed, they publicly, and by special messengers, made it their request to the *Consuls*, that the latter should *not* attend or be present at the supper; wishing to be at liberty to appropriate the highest place or *seat of honor* to their dignified guests; which it seems could not be done in the *presence* of the *Consuls*. What modern Master of the Ceremonies, or Lord Chamberlain, could be more particular? What courtly ceremonies have *we* that exceed this measure of *precaution*? It might I think be an amusing novelty to introduce into our present system of invitations and engagements. Let us fancy some of our beau monde proceeding upon this Roman plan, and sending out concomitant cards, *positive* and *negative*. “Pray come, for we wish to make much of you.”—“Pray *don't*

come, for we wish to make much of *those*, whom it would be impossible to make much of, if *you* who are *so much more*, should make your appearance." — I rather wonder this has never been adopted. How amusing to have two cards given to the *same* servant to *deliver*. " Mr. and Mrs. E. hope to have the honor of seeing Mr. and Mrs. B. to a *select* party of friends on Monday the 23d."—" Mr. and Mrs. E. particularly request the favor of Lord and Lady F. *not to come* to their party on Monday the 23d, it being a very select party of *plebeians*, intended to do *honor* to Mr. and Mrs. B. with which the *noble* presence and company of Lord and Lady F. would necessarily interfere."—Though this is never done, I *would not answer* for its *never* being *thought of*, in the appointments that take place both in town and country. I can easily fancy that it comes in, as a regular *Thinks-I-to-myself*, when those important concerns called *dinner-parties*, are upon the *tapis*, (as the French would say) that is in the course of *arrangement*. It may be taken both ways of course ; as when Lord and Lady F. for instance, are invited *positively*, a request may be made to Mr. and Mrs. B. in the form of a *negative* message, to keep at

a distance, for fear of offending the Nobility of the former. I would advise the engravers and venders of our invitation cards, to consider how easy a method this would be of doubling their employment and their gains at once. The form might be something in this way, with the usual gaps for “*his*,” “*her*,” “*their*,” &c. “*him*,” “*her*,” “*them*,” to be supplied as occasion may require, not forgetting the little *s*, *s*, at the end of the verbs, in case the *invitor* or *prohibitor* be a single person, and which *sometimes* are overlooked, to the great confusion of the *Grammar*.

	present	compli-
ments, and request the favor of		
	not to come to see	
between the hours of		
on	the	instant.

An answer is desired.

I have added, “an answer is desired,” as of course it must be expedient to prevent any unpleasant *rencontres*, and though *accidental visiting* after a particular time of day, is now so generally

exploded, there is no answering for the force of *curiosity*, or the *desire* some people feel, to disturb the harmony of parties, *suspected* to be formed on principles *too select* and *exclusive*. I am not sure indeed, that this plan has not absolutely been adopted, for in *Nichols' Literary History*, in the Life of *Daniel Wray, Esq.* the latter agreeable writer speaks in one of his Letters, of having ably managed to render a dinner party small and *select*, by sending one gentleman out of the way, tempting two others out of town by rumours of the small pox, and inventing a most *Urbane* way of *uninviting* Lord A.

We know *one* instance, in which it is the etiquette previously to send a list of the *intended* company, to be *approved* (or otherwise) by *the high personage* expected to be present, at certain feasts, public or private assemblies, &c. &c. If such a *power* were given to private individuals, of settling who they might *choose* to *meet*, what confusion might ensue, before a dinner party or assembly could possibly be arranged! For (not in the metropolis indeed, where all things are upon a different footing, but) within the limits of that mystical, nay oftentimes as it would seem, *bewitched* circle, a *country* neigh-

*bourhood*, there are always persons disposed to consider, not merely WHO but WHAT they are invited to meet; not whether they are friends or relations, *amiables* or *agreeables*, but whether they are *great* and *noble*; and who have an odd knack of regarding their *equals* as their *inferiors*, and their *superiors* as their *equals*. Invite them to meet Lords and Ladies, it is very well; they are in their *proper place*, though nominally of no such rank. Invite them to meet no Lords and Ladies, Knights or Baronets, they are degraded by being thrust into a *second class*, “*no better than themselves!*”

In Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, there is a good Chapter on the expression, “*bonne Compagnie.*” “*La bonne Compagnie,*” says he, “peut avoir plus d'un local: l'opulence ne la suppose pas; la mediocrité ne l'exclut point. Elle est parmi ceux qui ont le moins de pretention a ce titre, si souvent cité, si peu défini. Chaque Société aujourd'hui y pretend exclusivement. De là des scenes fort plaisantes: le president soutient que le conseiller n'a pas le ton de la bonne compagnie: le maître des requêtes fait le même reproche au financier; le negotiant trouve, l'avocat empese, et celui-ci ne veut pas voir le

notaire. Il n'y a pas, jusqu'au procureur, qui ne fasse la satire de son voisin l'huissier priseur."

But to return to the subject of *Precedence*. The superstitious have gone so far as to suppose, that *Orders of Precedence* have subsisted even in Heaven; and would persuade us, that they know the ranks and distinctions of *Angels*, as perfectly as they know our own degrees of Nobility. As we have Princes, and Dukes, and Marquesses, and Earls, and Viscounts, and Barons; in *Heaven*, they assure us, there are the *nine Orders of Seraphim and Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels*. This arrangement, of what has been called the *Angelic Hierarchy*, we owe in the first instance, as some say, to *Dionysius the Areopagite*, the Disciple of *St. Paul*, and the first Bishop of Athens. But it is only an absurd tradition. *Casaubon*, with all the severity of old fashioned criticism, calls them all a parcel of asses who believe any such thing. There was a *Pseudo-Dionysius Areopagite* in the fourth century, or later, to whom it is much more justly to be ascribed. But let us owe it to the *first*, the *fourth*, the *fifth*, or the *sixth*

century, the wonder is that it should have continued to form an important part of the popular creed, not only so low as Shakspeare's time, but for nearly a century afterwards; as may be seen in Heywood's "*Hierarchie of the blessed Angells, their names, orders, and offices,*" printed and published in the year 1635. Calvin, (a name dear to many in these days, who call themselves after him, without thoroughly knowing, understanding, or following him,) speaking of the conceit of *Dionysius*, wisely enough calls it, "*mera garrulitas,*" mere nonsensical talk. One would think, says he, (from the confidence with which he speaks,) that he had come down from Heaven, to amuse us with an account of what he had seen there, though St. Paul had already told us, that what *he* saw, when rapt into the third Heaven, was *unutterable*, or as I conceive him to have meant, *indescribable* and *inexplicable*. *Dionysius*, I am persuaded, saw no more than *we* see, though he has been so exceedingly particular in "*the heraldry of Angels,*" (to use a *pulpit* expression of the learned Bishop Horsley,) as to "*tell us*" (to cite the same eminent prelate) "*exactly how many orders there are, and how many Angels in each order; that the different orders have*

their different departments in *government* assigned to them ; some, constantly attending in the presence of God, form his *Cabinet Council* ; others are his *Provincial Governors* ; every kingdom, in the world, having its appointed guardian Angel, while others have the charge and custody of individuals.—As, for instance, in the *Dionysian Hierarchy*, to Adam is assigned *Razael* ; to Abraham, *Zakiel* ; to Isaiah, *Raphael* ; to Jacob, *Pieliel* ; to Moses, *Metatron*, &c. &c.” — How very like, (I almost tremble to say,) to the beginning of the *Diable Boiteux* !— Bishop Horsley, I admire greatly for his learning, and regard him as a Polemic of the largest *calibre*, but I think he suffered himself sometimes to be betrayed into language below the dignity of a Church pulpit. As he did not disdain however to discourse of the “ *heraldry of Angels*,” “ *Angelic Prime Ministers*,” and “ *Cabinet Councils*,” I trust it will be a fair excuse for my having cited him in a work like the present. In exposing the Hierarchy of Dionysius, I am far from intending to invalidate the truly scriptural doctrine of heavenly superintendance, or the Ministry of Angels, of which the learned Bishop is so able an advocate ; and which two of our own

greatest Poets, have in the very language of inspiration, so beautifully described. See Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, Book ii. Canto 8. *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. l. 677.

The learned Bishop observes, that this Heraldry and Hierarchy of Angels, is nothing better than the Pagan Polytheism, somewhat disguised and qualified, every nation in the Pagan system having its tutelary deity, subordinate to Jupiter, the sire of Gods and men. Upon which I cannot help observing, that the *Fairy Mythology* of the Goths and Scandinavians, seems to be analogous to both systems; the *bright* and *swart* Elves, *benignant* and *malignant* Fairies, being the constant attendants of mankind, in all the circumstances of their lives, their domestic employments very particularly; of which an excellent account is to be seen in Dr. Drake's *History of Shakspeare and His Times*, 1817.—Of *Fairy Titles* we subjoin the following specimen from Scot's amiable and sensible work, the *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, *Bull-beggars*, *Spirits*, *Urchins*, *Elves*, *Hags*, *Fairies*, *Satyrs*, *Pans*, *Faunes*, *Sylens*, *Kit with the Cansticke*, *Dwarfes*, *Imps*, *Nymphes*, *Changlings*, *Incubus*, *Robin Goodfellowes*, *the Spoone*, *the Mace*, *the Man in the Oke*, *the Hell-*

*waine, the Fier-drake, the puckle Tom Thombe, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, and Boneless.* I have already spoken of the Pagan Mythology, (or Pagan *Heraldry* if you please,) at the outset of my work; the Bishop proceeds to shew that the *Jewish* Rabbins, who lived after the dispersion, were the people who transferred the honors of the tutelar *Deities* to the different orders of tutelar *Angels*; I shall give a sketch in consequence of this hint, of the *Jewish* Orders of Precedence; not *above*, (that is in the *heavens*,) but *below here*, upon *earth*; the ancientest express distinctions of order, rank, and precedence, are I believe to be found in their *Mishnah*, where it is regularly settled that

A *Master* of the *Law* is before the *King*;

The *King* before the *High Priest*;

The *High Priest* before the *Priest anointed for the War*;

The *Priest anointed for the War* before a *Chief* of any of the *Priests' Courses*;

A *Chief* of the *Priests' Courses* before the *Head* of a *Family*;

The *Head* of a *Family* before a *Commander* of the *Revenue*;

A *Commander of the Revenue* before the *Treasurer* ;

A *Treasurer* before an ordinary *Priest* ;

A *Priest* before a *Levite* ;

A *Levite* before an *Israelite* ;

An *Israelite* before a *Manzer* ;

A *Manzer* before a *Nethin* ;

A *Nethin* before a *Proselyte* ;

A *Proselyte* before a *manumitted Bondsman*.

This order was principally arranged for the schools or public lectures, but the regularity of it may serve to shew, how universal the feeling is, and has been, which directs the mind to such arrangements ; and how it has pervaded all descriptions of beings, from the *Angels of Heaven*, (according to their King at Arms, the *Pseudo-Dionysius* of the fourth or fifth century,) to the *Tailors* of our own days ! For in regard to the latter, the newspapers of the summer only just past, supply us with the following strong evidence of *their* sentiments upon this head, as expressed by themselves in the following remonstrance. If it should not be true, it is not the less to my purpose ; since it is the object of this book to assist Tailors, as well as all other members of society, to ascertain their real and pro-

per rank, and if any attempts were made at *Preston*, to put those above them, who ought not to be so placed, they had a right to remonstrate, if not in the very terms, yet certainly in the very spirit of the address ascribed to them. I shall give the account exactly as it appeared in the newspapers.

**DIGNITY OF TAILORS.**—The Tailors of Preston have put forth the following notice:—To the Public.—The Tailors' fraternity of Journeymen respectfully present the following notice to the public:—that in consequence of the situation which they are to be placed in at the ensuing *Guild*—a situation which they consider *derogative from the dignity of their sacredly instituted profession*, they do not intend to *favor* the procession with their attendance, except they are permitted to take that situation which the high antiquity of their trade demands—*a trade first taught by instinct, and matured in the earliest age*. They are prepared to *prove their inalienable right to the first situation*, from unquestionable authority; nor did they entertain the most distant idea, *the high antiquity of their honorable profession would have been disputed*. The only privilege they wish—the only right they require, is to be allowed to move in

*that situation which has always been assigned to them from the creation of the world to the present time, (the last Guild excepted,) and they are resolved never to be disgraced by tamely accepting of any other.*”—Manchester Guardian.—[N. B. the Guild is an ancient festival celebrated annually at Preston.]—Now this is admirable, if they don't overdo the matter—for in going back to trades and professions of *clothing*, “*taught by instinct,*” or “*sacredly instituted,*” do they not run a risk of bringing into rivalry, the *Gardeners* and *Leather Breeches-makers*? Were not the *leaves* of trees, and *skins* of animals, the first articles of clothing *taught by instinct*, or *sacredly instituted*? I merely ask the question as a caution against the return of the next Guild, which is said to be annual, and when we may expect similar remonstrances to appear, if the case be not previously decided in favor of the Tailors.

Their going back to the *Creation* puts me in mind of the answer I once heard given by a servant to a lady of high rank; what they call a *batch* of new Peers having just been made, the lady was not sure whether she was in the habit of visiting (that is exchanging cards) with one of the new Peeresses; and she referred to

the footman in waiting, who was accustomed to deliver such cards. “Do I visit Lady H.?” was the question; to which the servant properly enough replied, “your G—ce has *not* visited her *since the Creation.*”

In the XVth, XVIth, and XVIIth centuries, the different ranks in society were distinguished by the several birds of prey appropriated to their sports, as follows;

An *Eagle*, a *Bawter* (Vulture), a *Melown*; these belong unto an *Emperor*.

A *Gerfalcon*: a *Tercell* of Gerfalcon are due to a *King*.

There is a *Falcon* gentle and a *Tercell* gentle; and these be for a *Prince*.

There is a *Falcon* of the *Rock*; and that is for a *Duke*.

There is a *Falcon* Peregrine; and that is for an *Earl*.

Also there is a *Bastard*; and that Hawk is for a *Baron*.

There is a *Sacre* and a *Sacret*; and these ben for a *Knight*.

There is a *Lanare* and a *Laurell*; and these belong to a *Squire*.

There is a *Merlyon*; and that Hawk is for a *Lady*.

There is an *Hoby*; and that is for a *young Man*.

There is a *Goshawk*; and that Hawk is for a *Yeoman*.

There is a *Tercell*; and that is for a *poor Man*.

There is a *Spave-hawk*; she is an Hawk for a *Priest*.

There is a *Muskyte*; and he is for an *holy-water Clerk*.

To this list the *Jewel for Gentre* adds,

A *Kesterel* for a *Knave* or *Servant*.

Brute animals *themselves* have been supposed to be not insensible to the distinctions of rank and precedence. In that very entertaining work, the “*Diary of an Invalid*,” we read of the *Cows* in Switzerland having bells of different sizes suspended to their necks, in *proportion to their merit*; “and it is said,” (observes the author,) “that these animals are so susceptible of feelings similar to our own, that if the leading cow fall into disgrace, and be deprived of her honors, she exhibits all the mortification of wounded pride, and angry jealousy at the promotion of her rival. And the question of precedence excites as much bitterness in the pastures of the Alps, as it can do in the drawing room of the Thuilleries or St.

James's."—According to Horace indeed, there is a sort of transmissible Nobility amongst them ;

*Est in Juvencis, est in equis patrum*

*Virtus: nec imbellem feroces*

*Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam.*

A circumstance particularly dwelt upon by Plutarch in his treatise *ὑπερ ευγενειας*, to prove that Nobility, and good parentage, have always been accounted the root of great qualities.

I fancy our sportsmen understand this Nobility very well. I remember two greyhounds sent from Newmarket to a relation of mine, with a regular pedigree of a yard long from *King Dumpling* ; and I am almost confident that I knew a dog once that died of *pride* ; it happened to be one of King Charles's breed. The following is said to be a literal translation of the pedigree of an Arabian horse, well known in Nottinghamshire a few years since. " In the Name of G—D the Merciful ! the cause of the present writing is, that we witness that the grey horse Derrish, of Mahomet Bey, is of the first breed of Nedjee horses ; whose mother is the grey mare Hadba the famous, and whose father is the bay horse Dahrough, of the horses of the tribe of Benhi-

haled. We testify on our conscience and fortune, that he is of the breed concerning which the Prophet hath said, ‘ the true runners when they run strike fire ; they grant prosperity until the day of Judgment.’ We have testified what is known ; and G—D knows who are true witnesses.”—[Followed by six signatures.]

Heralds have assigned distinguished rank to objects of all kinds, as in Sir John Ferne’s exemplification of his second species of Nobility, Nobility natural ; “ which consists,” says he, “ in the great variety of creatures ; as for example, among the *Planets* the SUN is the most noble ; among the *Elements* FIRE ; among the *Plants* the CEDAR ; *Flowers*, the ROSE ; *Metals*, GOLD ; *Gems*, the DIAMOND ; *Fish*, the DOLPHIN ; *Birds*, the EAGLE ; *Beasts*, the LION ; and *Men*, the KING.”

The oddest sort of regulated precedence I remember to have ever stumbled upon, is in the laws of the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon King Æthelbert. It relates to *fingers* and *toes*, and *thumb-nails*, and *great toe-nails*. “ A penalty of 20 *scyllinga* is enjoined for the loss of the *thumb*, and 3 *scyllinga* for the *thumb-nail*. The loss of the *great toe* is to be compensated by ten *scyllinga*,

and the other *toes* by *half the price* of the *fingers* ; and for the *nail* of the *great toe* 30 *sceatta* must be paid to bot." (Wilkins Leg. Anglo Sax. p. 61.) In times when the *were* and *weregeld* were in use, and intended to mark exactly the rank and importance of persons, the above cannot be considered in any other light than that of marking the exact rank and importance of the particular parts of persons here enumerated ; and indeed antiquarians have been found to turn it to this use ; for by discovering it to have been the decided intention of the legislator, to estimate the *toes* at *half the value* of the *fingers*, which is shewn to be the case by comparing the compensation for the *thumb* and *great toe*, it has been decided that the 30 *sceattas* for the *nail* of the *great toe*, must have been meant to be equal to *half* of the *three scyllinga* exacted for the *thumb-nail*, and therefore that 20 *sceattas* were equal to one *scyllinga* !—Now this is an admirable discovery, but how should we have got at it, if King Æthelbert had not, with all the force of kingly authority, previously determined, that *thumbs* should rank before *great toes*, and *fingers* before *common toes*, and *thumb-nails* before *great toe-nails*?—It is amazing to what a variety of uses Heraldry may

be applied. There seems however to have been some confusion in the *toe* and *finger* orders of precedence as well as in others, for by some ordinances, the *little finger* appears to have taken place of the *great toe*, while the *fore finger*, *ring finger*, and *middle finger*, all ranked below the *great toe*, and in different degrees.—As to other parts, there is no good reason to be given, why, as was the case, an Anglo-Saxon *shoulder* should have ranked above a *thigh* in the proportion of 20 to 12, and above an Anglo-Saxon *arm* in the proportion of 20 to 6.—To almost every part of the human body, a particular importance or rank if you please, was assigned, of which a judgment may be formed from the following liberal allowances ; for xx shillings any body might lame the *shoulder*, divide the *chine-bone*, cut off a *thumb*, pierce the *diaphragm*, tear off the *hair*, and fracture the *skull* of any of his friends or neighbours. For xii shillings he might break their *thighs*, cut off their *ears*, wound their *eyes* or *mouths*, or injure their *teeth* so as to affect *their speech*. For xi, they might cut off any body's *little finger* ; and for x shillings their *great toe*. For ix shillings they might indulge themselves in slitting their neighbour's *nose*, and for only viii shillings cut

off a *fore finger*. I shall go no further. This is quite enough to shew, what great attention was paid by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors to the marshalling of the several *Members* of the State, according to their exact value and importance, whether *twelf-hinds*, *six-hinds*, *twi-hinds*, (as has been observed in a former section) fingers, thumbs, toes, great toes, noses, ears, eyes, diaphragms, shoulders, thighs, arms, teeth, hair, skulls, and chine-bones! — beards, and what not?

Among the *Pipuarians* there seems to have been one great oversight in regard to the *were* or *mulct* for the killing of a Bishop. The murderer of a Bishop was permitted to atone for his crime, by giving as much gold as was equal to a tunic of lead of the *height of the guilty person*, and of a determinate thickness. Now was not this exposing the Bishop to the vengeance of his *short*, more than of his *tall* enemies, and even prompting the former to commit a crime, which the calculating prudence of the latter might dispose them to avoid?

It is quite surprising to what odd distinctions, people have had recourse to mark their rank and

consequence. The Chinese women cripple their feet, to shew their quality ; and in Coryates Cru-  
dities, there is a curious account given, of the *Champines*, or high-heeled shoes, worn by the ladies of Venice, which though extremely incon-  
venient, so as to require persons to support those who wore them, and notwithstanding which they were frequently liable to fall, yet were worn the higher in proportion as the persons using them were more noble. Coryatte himself saw one of these nobles in stilts, get a dreadful tumble from the mere height of her *Champines*.

It is impossible to set bounds to the love of distinction, or disputes concerning precedence ; of which we have a memorable instance in the account given us by Colonel Munro, of a mutiny in the army in India, under his command. Having found it indispensably necessary to punish some of the ringleaders, four were ordered to be tied to the guns, and the artillery officers directed to *blow them away*. Just as the dreadful sentence was going to be executed, four grenadiers stepped forth, and insisted upon it that as they had always had the post of honor, they were

strictly *entitled* to be *blown away first!* The others therefore were untied, and the grenadiers blown away according to their *desire!*

Queen Elizabeth had a curious way of settling points of precedence. In speaking of the proficiency in Latin literature, of George Buchanan and Walter Haddon, she was used to say, “Buchananum *Omnibus antepono*—Haddonum *Nemini postpono.*” At the late Election of a new Lord Rector of Glasgow University, there was a *speech* made, in which the merits of the *two* Candidates Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott, were so nicely balanced, as to settle matters as nearly as possible upon the footing of Queen Elizabeth’s distinctions. *Each* of the Candidates severally, in the estimation of the learned and ingenious Orator, seemed to be clearly *above every body* and *below nobody.* If Sir James was *first of all,* Sir Walter was *second to none,* and *vice versâ.*

The most provoking thing is, when *Kings* or the *Representatives* of *Kings,* quarrel about precedence ; for then,

“ The cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,  
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,  
Nay all who it inherit, may dissolve,”

ere either of the parties can be induced to give way.

In the year 1600, negotiations were set on foot for restoring Peace between the Queen of England and the King of Spain, at Boulogne ; but proved abortive, because the Plenipotentiaries found it impossible to adjust the ceremonies among them, to the satisfaction of their respective Courts. The precedence had from time immemorial been yielded to the Crown of England, by the Crowns of Castile and Arragon, and Elizabeth maintained, that it still belonged to her, notwithstanding the union of these Crowns, and the conquest of Grenada, since Spain considered as *one* kingdom was greatly inferior to England in point of antiquity, which was the only ground on which a point of this sort could be settled. But the Spanish Ministers could not perceive the force of this reasoning ; they claimed the precedence on account of the superior extent and power of the Spanish Monarchy. Elizabeth, in order to prove the sincerity of her pacific disposition, even went so far as to offer to agree to an *equality*, but they rejected the offer, and insisted that the *superior* dignity of the Catholic King should be recognised. To this the Queen as

peremptorily refused her consent, and soon after the Plenipotentiaries left Boulogne *re infectâ*; that is, to speak *morally* and *philosophically*, (not politically,) war with all its horrors, was to be allowed to rage still longer upon the earth, destroying its thousands and tens of thousands, because one man and one woman could not agree upon a point of etiquette!!

We have an account that Conrad III. Emperor of the West in the XIIth century, refused to kiss Emmanuel Commenus, the Emperor of the East, while the latter was sitting, and himself standing. I give great credit to the sage counsellors of the two Kings, for their management in getting over this kissing difficulty. They so contrived that the two Kings should never meet but on horseback, where both being seated, they might kiss each other as long as they pleased, without any loss of dignity on either side. “*In equis se viderent, et ita ex parilitate convenientes, sedendo se et osculando salutarent.*”—There were many forms of kissing observed amongst the Roman Emperors; the feet, the hand, the knee, or the lips. Sometimes they used to kiss the fore finger and thumb, in token of homage, turning about the body at the same

time. Tiberius appears not to have liked kisses of ceremony and form much. "Oscula Cottidiana," says Suetonius, "prohibuit edicto."—How much he liked some other sorts of kissing, may be learned from Martial. Critics have thought that the Catholic custom of kissing the *Pope's toe*, was rather heathenish than Christian in its origin, being rather an homage paid to the gold and pearls on the sandal of Caligula, than to the cross on his Holiness's slipper. This is a question I cannot decide, and shall therefore return to the subject of kingly precedence.

Nothing could be better upon an emergency of this nature, than the trick which that semi-barbarian *Peter the First* played to *Lewis the Fifteenth*. It has so much humour in it, that I wonder it has never been made the subject of an historical caricature. When *Peter* visited *Paris*, *Lewis* was a *child*, and one day, when they were going out together in state, some difficulties arose in the French Court, how it should be managed, that in getting into the carriage, the *little King* should take place of the *great Emperor*. *Peter* perceived what they were about, and not willing to compromise his *imperial* dignity, as they were passing through the crowd, between

the palace and the coach, he pretended to take compassion on his *baby brother*, and to save him from the pressure of the people, fairly took him up in his arms, and conveyed him to the carriage, as a nurse would carry her infant.

Philip the Second of Spain being reprov'd by the Ambassadors of Germany, because he would have every man speak to him kneeling, excused himself by observing, that he did it "only lest he being so short, his taller subjects should be above him."

Buonaparte seems to have had some good notions upon the subject of diplomacy; notions which might greatly help to remove some of those difficulties, which are often found to impede business of the highest importance to the well-being of mankind. He would not acknowledge Ambassadors to be the actual representatives of their Sovereigns, because nothing they signed could be valid till ratified at home. Nor do Sovereigns treat them as equals, by returning their visits, &c. On these grounds, an Ambassador might reasonably submit to ceremonies, which might be degrading to Sovereigns themselves; and according to Mr. O'Meara's report of his observations, in *his* estimation Lord Ma-

cartney and Lord Amherst might have performed the *Ko-tou* before the Emperor of China, without compromising the dignity of their royal master, since the *Mandarins* did so ; upon this express condition however, that any *Chinese* Ambassador should in *London* submit to such forms of etiquette, as the *Princes* and *Nobles* of Britain observe. Now there is surely a great deal of good sense in this, though very little delicacy by the bye, in the Ex-Emperor's *illustration* of his feelings upon the subject ; for I shall not be expected I think to add, what *he* himself would have done, had it been the *etiquette* with his own *grandees*, (a pretty *etiquette*!) sooner than relinquish the objects to be attained for the sake of a mere ceremony. Whoever has *not* read the book need *not* trouble themselves to look for the passage to which I allude.

It was a laughable piece of pride in the people of *Padua*, to take offence, as they are said to have done, if a noble Venetian ever appeared in their streets, not in his full dress gown, but in a short coat, as *if he fancied himself* taking his walk at his ease, in a *mere country village*.

But it is time to come to a conclusion ; and therefore to render the case of *Precedence* clear

and *intelligible* to *all classes* of persons, I cannot I think do better, than subjoin a few remarks upon it, to be found in the 69th Number of the *Tatler*. In *Young's Universal Passion*, there are some very *strong* lines to the purpose; but I rather prefer the following for its simplicity and extreme good sense.

“ It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a *gentleman*, to rank a man among the *vulgar* for the *condition* of life he is in, and *not* according to his *behaviour*, his *thoughts*, and *sentiments*, in *that* condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honors, and in *that* state of life has thoughts and inclinations *below* the meanest artificer; is not such an *artificer*, who *within his power* is good to his friends, moderate in his demands, and chearful in his occupation, very much *superior* to him, who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a *preference* in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more *grace* than himself? *Epictetus* has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. It is not, says he, to be considered among the actors, who is *Prince*, and who is *Beggar*, but

who *acts* Prince or Beggar *best*. The *circumstance* of *life* should not be that which gives us *place*, but our *behaviour* in *that* circumstance is what should be our *solid distinction*. Thus a wise man should think no man *above* him or *below* him, any further than as regards the *outward order* or *discipline* of the *world*. For if we take *too great* an idea of the *eminence* of our *superiors*, or *subordination* of our *inferiors*, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to *both*. He who thinks no man *above* him but for his *virtue*, none *below* him but for his *vice*, can never be *obsequious* or *assuming* in a wrong place, but will frequently *emulate* men in *rank below* him, and *pity* those *above* him.

“ This sense of mankind is so far from a *levelling* principle, that it only sets us upon a *true basis* of **DISTINCTION**, and doubles the *merit* of such as *become* their *condition*.”

C. Haycock.

THE END.

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